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THE PICTURE OF LAS CRUCES.

I.

THERE is not in the whole of the lovely Mexican land, and it is doubtful if there is in the wide world, a more picturesque and delightful city than the city of Morelia, or one more fascinating to the artist eye and soul. So at least Ralph Ingraham thought, as he paced slowly along the beautiful Calzada de Guadalupe, drinking in, as it were, at every pore the perfect picturesqueness of the scenes around him. For Nature had given Ingraham a true artist's soul, and his friends among the kindly fraternity of the pencil and the brush were often heard disinterestedly to lament that he had not the spur of necessity to force him to efforts which are seldom made without that disagreeable but salutary incentive. Yet he had won an honorable place among them by work that could not be decried as that of an amateur, but was of a sufficiently original character to prove his ability and give promise of better things in the future, were love of art and the strong creative impulse that we call genius to triumph over the temptation to dilettanteism offered by great wealth.

But never had the qualities which conflicted with the artistic half of his nature been more in abeyance, or the artist more vigorously alive within him, than on this exquisite morning in the Calzada of Morelia. The great stone causeway forty feet wide, with stone parapets and benches along its sides, and double rows of giant trees shading it, while masses of roses rioted among their stems, appeared to him the most delightful of promenades. An aqueduct crossed the valley in a succession of graceful arches, and, spanning the Calzada with one great arch, gave him an opportunity to read in half-effaced characters that this structure was erected in a year of famine by the then Bishop of Michoacan, Fray Antonio de San Miguel Iglesias, in order to provide work and so procure food for the starving people. Ancient churches with richly and quaintly sculptured façades, and dwellings enclosing courts full of

flowers, lined the way, while overhead arched a sky of brilliant sapphire, and far and fair spread the lovely valley, encircled by heights bathed in magical light and color.

Presently Ingraham found what he had been in search of, a good point for a sketch, and, turning, beckoned a boy who, like himself, was idling along the causeway, only in a more pronounced manner, for he had collapsed upon one of the stone benches, with the sketching-trap which he had been engaged to carry beside him, while he watched the unaccountable movements of the stranger who had retained his services. The beckoning gesture, however, brought him to his feet, and his dark eyes quickened as he saw the trap unlimbered, the easel set up, the umbrella opened, and the canvas placed.

"It is a picture, señor, that you will make?" he said, in a half-interrogative, half-assertive tone.

Ingraham smiled. "When it is done you can tell what it is," he replied. "Meanwhile—what is your name?"

"Pancho, señor."

"Well, Pancho, you can either stay here and wait until I am ready for you, or you can go, and return in two hours."

"And you will paint, señor?"

"Yes, I shall paint."

"Then," said Pancho, with decision, "I will stay."

He said no more, but, subsiding into a corner of the bench nearest the spot where the painter had set up his easel, watched the rapid progress of the sketch which the latter began, with intent, absorbed interest evident in every line of his face.

An attractive face it was, like those of many of his race. A bronzed-tinted skin, delicate features, large dark eyes under level brows and sweeping lashes,—who that knows Mexico does not know this face, with its charm alike of beauty and expression, seen as often under the ragged head-covering of the peasant as the silver-laced *sombrero* of the gentleman? It is a face full of artistic possibilities, of the artistic genius which this extraordinary people possess and display in a hundred ways,—in architecture, painting, modelling, and music. To this boy there was a pleasure, which no *gamin* of another race would have found, in observing such work as he had never seen before. Often had he sat for hours on the pavement of some great old church, watching the painters frescoing the soaring domes with glowing forms of saints and angels; but never before had he seen an artist sit down in the open air and transfer to a canvas before his eyes the Calzada with its noble old trees, its carved benches and parapet, and the arches of the aqueduct beyond, by strokes that looked like magic in their swiftness.

Ingraham, for his part, entirely forgot his silent companion as he worked with that sense of satisfaction in his work which an artist feels who is conscious of success in catching an effect that he desires, and in making his own some fragment of that great beauty of Nature which is as baffling as it is enchanting. There is an elation as great in such success as the corresponding depression when the success is not attained, and Ingraham only expressed aloud his inward sense of this when at the end of more than two hours' work he threw his head

back, took in the effect of what he had done, and said, audibly, "That is pretty good!"

"Permit me to agree with you," observed an unexpected voice, speaking in English at his shoulder. "It is very good."

The young man started and turned, full of astonishment and not a little vexed that his self-congratulation had been overheard by any one capable of understanding it. "Confound your impertinence!" was the thought in his mind and written legibly on his face, as he met the smiling glance of a man whose approach he had not heard at all.

"You must pardon me," said the latter, with easy courtesy, "but I have been admiring your picture for some time, and the temptation to answer and agree with you was irresistible."

To show vexation would only have made the situation ridiculous: so Ingraham smiled in return as he answered, "A man who talks aloud in a public place cannot be surprised if he is overheard; but I was not aware that I had a listener, much less one who understood English."

"English is my native tongue," replied the other, "though probably you would not think so to look at me."

Upon this, Ingraham did look at him, taking in his whole appearance with a comprehensive glance, and decided that he would certainly not have thought so. What he saw was a spare man of medium height, fully as dark as the average Mexican, with a thin, keen face lighted by quick observant eyes and full of shrewd expression. In attire he was altogether Mexican, wearing the close-fitting breeches decorated with silver buttons and the short jacket of the country, together with an elaborately-trimmed *sombrero*, while the small foot in its pointed shoe and the slender hand with finger-ends deeply yellowed by cigarette-smoking were points that intensified his striking resemblance to the native type.

"You would never take me for a 'gringo,' eh?" said this easy personage, smiling, in reply to the glance that travelled over him. "I am a pretty good imitation of a Mexican, I flatter myself, and pass for one anywhere. You see, when I came to Mexico, a quarter of a century ago, foreigners, especially Americans, were not in as good odor here as they are now, and it saved trouble if one adopted the national habits and did not challenge remark by one's appearance. I lost no time in becoming *plus royaliste que le roi*, and now I have almost forgotten that I was ever anything else than a Mexican,—probably because I made my identification complete by marrying one."

Ingraham laughed. He saw that he had made an acquaintance out of the ordinary, and, having a large spice of bohemianism in his disposition, determined to encourage this frank stranger, at least as far as the point where amusement is apt to become boredom.

"You are to be congratulated upon your success," he said. "I should certainly never take you for anything but a Mexican. Nature, however, gave you an appearance which made your assumption of the character easy."

"Yes, Nature made me a spare, dark man," replied the other. "But that was only the foundation. In order to change one's national type,

much is needed besides a tint of skin. There are habits, manners, a hundred indefinable things— But pardon my egotism! I am wandering far from your charming picture. You must really allow me to remark that you are evidently a painter of great talent and skill."

"You are very kind," said Ingraham. "I cannot do less than remark in turn that you are evidently a person of appreciation and cultivation."

"I know a good picture when I see it," was the confident reply. "I have always been a lover of art,—when I was young, as a connoisseur; later, as a more practical matter. You are a stranger in Mexico, probably, señor?"

"From your point of view,—that of a quarter of a century in the country,—yes. I have been here only a few months."

"And you are (forgive the question) a painter by profession?"

"I have no higher ambition than to be reckoned so."

"Then, Señor Painter, has it occurred to you to consider or to know that you are in a country rich not only in such natural beauty as this,"—and he waved his hand toward the scene around them,— "but also in works of art, paintings of the great masters, which, so far from being known and catalogued as they are in Europe, are many of them in obscure places, totally unknown to the world?"

"No," answered Ingraham: "I cannot say that I am aware of anything of the kind. I have found some fine paintings in the churches, a few of which were apparently without recognition of their value; but nothing has led me to believe that there are a great number of such works of art in the country."

"Ah!" said the other. He drew a cigarette-case from his pocket, opened it, and offered it to Ingraham, who declined the proffered civility by a gesture, while he resumed work on his picture, putting in touches half idly here and there. The cigarette having been lighted with the care a Mexican always displays in this operation, the other end of the double-headed wax taper put back in its box, and a deep whiff of smoke exhaled, the stranger went on:

"It would astonish you if I were to tell you how many such works of art are to be found in this country. I do not speak of the great *Murillo* of Guadalajara, or the *Titian* of *Tzintzuntzan*—"

"I must see that picture, by the bye," interpolated Ingraham.

"But of many, equally fine, that are buried in country chapels, where they are seen only by Indian worshippers, or in private houses, where they have drifted from the despoiled convents and monasteries. Some of these pictures"—he lowered his voice impressively—"might be purchased for a comparative trifle, and disposed of most advantageously in London or Paris, or even New York. It is a speculation which I have long had in view, but in which I need intelligent co-operation—and capital."

To the credit of Ingraham's self-command, it may be said that he did not move a muscle, although this seductive offer, for such he readily interpreted it to be, thrilled every nerve of the painter and the collector. His own experience, limited though it was, told him that the man's assertions might be true, and that, if he could successfully manage the

matter, some of the treasures spoken of might become his own. There was a moment's pause before he could control his voice sufficiently to say, carelessly,—

"The co-operation and capital ought both to be easily obtained if the pictures really exist. There is not an art-dealer in one of the great cities you have named who would not give you *carte blanche* if you could procure for him genuine Murillos and Titians."

"Very true, if I could convince him of my ability to do so," was the reply. "But that is difficult without exhibiting the paintings, and the paintings are not to be obtained without money. Behold my dilemma! Now, if it were possible that you, señor,"—and the keen eyes surveyed the young man very closely,—“could command the confidence of these dealers, as I judge from your evident talent may be the case, you might make your visit to Mexico more profitable than by painting pictures of your own, however admirable.”

"But before entering into any negotiations of the kind, one would like to be assured of the existence and value of these paintings, to see and judge for one's self, if possible," Ingraham suggested, quietly.

"There would be no difficulty in that," replied the other, quickly. "Good faith once assured,—and you will pardon me that I mention what is of essential importance in all business arrangements,—I could convince you by such ocular demonstration as no painter would think of questioning."

"In that case, we will talk of the matter farther," said Ingraham, as he began to put away his canvas and close up his trap. "Perhaps you will do me the honor to take dinner with me at my hotel, when we can more fully discuss the subject. Here is my card."

The stranger received the bit of pasteboard and bowed. "I am very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Ingraham," he said. "Allow me to reciprocate the introduction." And from a breast-pocket of the jacket came forth a pocket-book, and out of that a card, which he presented with another bow to Ingraham, who read inscribed thereon,—

"Gilberto Rosa."

"Your name, as well as your appearance, is Mexican, señor," he observed. "Yet I understood you to say you are an American from the States."

"And have you never heard of translating a proper name?" asked the other, smiling. "All foreigners living in Mexico use the Spanish form of their Christian names, and I saw no reason why the rule might not be applied to a surname, especially when the change only involved the difference of one vowel."

"Your name in English, then, is——"

"Gilbert Rose, at your service. The change, you perceive, is not very great."

"But certainly much more musical," said Ingraham, with a smile. "Señor Rosa, I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you at my hotel, and until then will bid you good-day. Pancho,"—the boy on the bench sprang alertly to his feet,—“*vamonos!*”

II.

"I suppose," said Ingraham to himself as he sauntered back along the Calzada, "that the first thing a prudent man would do would be to find out who this plausible Mexicanized American is, and how much credence may be attached to his stories of unknown treasures of art. But why should I take that trouble? No doubt he is an adventurer; but what possible harm can he do me? He certainly cannot impose worthless pictures upon me, and there is the probability that he may have discovered something of real value. When one thinks of the history of this country, of its past opulence and splendor, and of the extreme likelihood that many of the works of the great Spanish painters found their way here at a time when no one took note of such things, there seems a very decided probability that he is speaking the truth. Certainly a fellow of this kind, shrewd and with cultivation enough to know their value, would be just the person to unearth such treasures; and if he should lead one into adventures by the way, why, so much the better. Adventures, perhaps, would be even more desirable than possible Murillos and Titians. Life is a terribly humdrum affair; and if Señor Rosa can for a little while assist in making it otherwise, I care not how much of a sharper he may prove. A few inquiries, however, may not be amiss.—Pancho!"

"Señor."

"Do you know the gentleman who has just been talking with me?"

"Certainly, señor. Every one knows Don Gilberto."

"And what does every one know of Don Gilberto? Who is he?"

Pancho hesitated. However extensive his knowledge, it was evidently a little difficult to formulate, and after a moment he could only reply, "He is a *gringo*, señor, and married to Doña Joséfa Valdez."

"And is that all you know of him? What does he do?"

"Many things, señor. He buys and sells lands and mines, he travels and knows every one,—he has much business (*muchos negocios*), Don Gilberto."

"Is he rich?"

"Oh, no, señor" (with conviction). "He is not rich, but he has much business, and it may be that he will be rich some day. Doña Joséfa has told my mother, who is her *lavandera*, that Don Gilberto will be very rich when he has sold the great mine of La Luz to some English señores."

"Ah!" said Ingraham, with a smile. He could place Don Gilberto very easily now. It does not require a long sojourn in Mexico to become familiar with a class of speculators, mostly of foreign birth, who are ready to sell anything in the country—mines, haciendas, whatever one may chance to desire—at a moment's notice. That they are not themselves the owners of these things does not at all matter. They can put their hands upon what you want at once, they assure you, and it is only a question of putting your own hand deeply enough in your pocket to secure it. The enterprising *gringo* who called himself Señor Rosa plainly belonged to this class, and was only a little out of the

ordinary, inasmuch as he tempted a painter with tales of unknown pictures bearing the names of great masters. "He is a genius in his line, and deserves to make a fortune," thought Ingraham; "but I hope he will not sell the mine until he has given me a chance at the paintings, else I fear he will become a collector and absorb them himself."

That he had correctly estimated the man he was quite sure by the time they had finished an agreeable dinner together. If a sharper, he was certainly not a vulgar one, and there were indications about him which went far to prove to Ingraham that whatever he was now he had been at one time a gentleman, and was a man of liberal culture. He talked well and easily on many subjects, and did not betray the cloven hoof of the speculator until, over the wine and cigars, Ingraham himself led the conversation in that direction. And then the flood-gates were opened! As the young man listened, interested and amused, he could not but own that there was a singular fascination in these stories of mines of fabulous richness waiting only the magic touch of capital to develop them, of haciendas with leagues of territory and almost uncounted flocks and herds, where coffee and cane grew side by side, of forests filled with the rare, precious woods of the tropics, and even of the buried treasure of which so many tales are rife in Mexico. But at last he said, laughingly,—

"Come, come, Señor Rosa, do not tantalize a poor knight of the brush any farther with these wonderful chances for fortune. Let me hear something now of the pictures and where they are to be found."

"To find them is easy," was the quiet reply, "but the question is—after they are found? What then? If we are to enter into business negotiations, it is well that terms and conditions should be made clear at once."

"With all my heart," said Ingraham. "Let me hear what you propose. You will readily perceive that, knowing nothing, I can propose nothing."

The other looked at him intently for a moment, as if he were bringing all his powers of penetration to determine how far the *débonnair* young stranger was to be trusted; and the result of the scrutiny was so far favorable that he spoke presently with an apparent impulse of candor:

"In a matter of this kind some degree of mutual confidence is necessary. To treat a gentleman as if he were an unscrupulous dealer prepared to take any advantage of one, would be a mistake that I flatter myself I am incapable of making. I shall speak to you frankly, Mr. Ingraham, and then we will settle what is best to be done for the benefit of both of us. As I told you this morning, I have long had my eye upon some pictures which are undoubtedly of great value. What would you say, now, to a genuine Velasquez?"

"I should say," replied Ingraham, "that I would want very convincing proofs of its genuineness."

Don Gilberto waved his hand. "If you are the artist I suppose you to be," he said, "you will not want any other proof than merely to look at it. The picture speaks for itself. But there are other proofs. It has never been out of the possession of the family for which it was

originally painted, and the family tradition is unwavering that it is an original Velasquez."

"And can it be purchased?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"There are few things that cannot be purchased—if one offers enough," was the reply. "The family owning this picture are now comparatively poor; they suffered much in the revolution, and they would not refuse to sell it. I am sure of that. But I have never been secure enough of my own profit to be able to offer them their price."

"Let me see the picture," said Ingraham, "and if it is what you believe, the price will be forthcoming."

"And the profit?"

"The profit!" He paused a moment, then decided that he would continue to support the character of a wandering painter, not presumably overburdened with worldly wealth, which chance had given him. "The profit we will divide. There can be no difficulty about that. Only convince me that your picture is genuine."

"I wish I were as certain of eternal salvation as of its genuineness," said Don Gilberto, piously. "And it is but one of many hidden away in the nooks and corners of this country. Why, I know a little chapel on the lake not far from here—the church of an obscure Indian village—that has no less than three splendid Riberas!"

"How did such a church come to possess such treasures?" asked Ingraham, breathlessly—for surely statements and possibilities like these were enough to take away the breath.

"The padre of this church is an eccentric," replied Don Gilberto. "He is a man of private fortune, but so peculiar that he has been left to spend his life in this village, where, by the bye, he is perfectly happy. The pictures are his personal possession. Once he went away on a journey, and he came back with these treasures. Where he obtained them he never said, but it is supposed by the few people who know of their existence and their value that he purchased them from some of the dispersed religious communities. There were many such pictures in the rich old monasteries, and, since nothing was easier than to take a canvas out of its frame, roll it up, and carry it away, very few of them came into the possession of the government. Here is an example—which I know to be a fact. At the spoliation of the great monastery of San Francisco in the city of Mexico, two pictures fell by some means into the hands of a soldier, who sold them both for twelve hundred dollars. The purchaser immediately carried them to Europe and readily obtained for them sixty thousand dollars apiece. They were fine Murillos."

"And do you know of any pictures still in the country and in private hands equal to these?" Ingraham inquired.

"Equal I could not say, for those I did not see. But I know of the existence of many pictures of great value. Some I have seen, others I have heard of. They are generally to be discovered in places where you would least expect to find them."

"What a country it is!" said Ingraham, who began to feel excitement pulsating in his veins.

"Ah!" Don Gilberto lifted his shoulders: "when you have lived

in it for a quarter of a century you feel that you are only beginning to know it. Mexico, Señor Ingraham, is one of the few countries left in the world where the marvellous is still possible. It seems to you, no doubt, being an artist and a man of cultivation, brilliant, picturesque, and interesting——”

“Beyond anything that I had imagined,” said Ingraham, fervently.

“But what you see on the surface is commonplace compared to the depths in the life of the country which no stranger can possibly know. What stories I could tell you of the people, what glimpses I could give you of the existence which they still lead, almost untouched by what is called modern civilization, which, as you well know, is death to the romantic and the picturesque!”

“Señor Rosa,” said Ingraham, “I perceive that you are the man for whom I have been looking ever since I entered Mexico. All those with whom I have come in contact heretofore have been eager to prove to me how far Mexico is progressing toward that civilization you accurately describe, which is making the whole world so dreadfully and hideously alike that there will soon be no place left in it for the lover of the romantic and the picturesque. My effort has been to refrain from expressing to these people the horror with which I regard their achievements, and at the same time to remove myself as far as possible from the effects thereof. But a stranger has indeed limited opportunities for seeing anything below the surface of a country. Therefore I shall be deeply your debtor if you can afford me any of those glimpses of which you speak.”

“It will be my very great pleasure to do so,” replied the other; “for allow me to say that if I am the man for whom you have been looking ever since you entered Mexico, you are the man for whom I have been waiting for half a decade. You shall have glimpses of Mexican life such as are offered to few strangers, and at the same time the opportunity to realize a fortune from the pictures I will show you.”

“I begin to suspect that you have stepped out of the Arabian Nights,” said Ingraham, laughing; “but I accept your offers. How soon can you show me one of these pictures—say the Velasquez?”

“The Velasquez is one that I can show you most easily, for it is in a house where I am sufficiently intimate to take you without previous arrangement. Can you leave Morelia with me to-morrow?”

“Readily. Where shall we go?”

“First, to Patzcuaro, a place in itself well worth seeing if you have not seen it,”—Ingraham shook his head,—“and thence to a hacienda where we shall find the picture of which I have spoken. The family are connected with my wife, and I can introduce you as a distinguished artist who, having heard of the painting, desires to see it. You can then form your own opinion of it; and incidentally you will find yourself in a Mexican household where only the purest Mexican customs exist, where, in fact, all things are exactly as they were a century ago, except that the family have, in the interval, managed to lose the most of their wealth, and with it a great part of their importance. But this will not make them less interesting to an artist like yourself.”

“On the contrary, said Ingraham. He smiled as he spoke, with

an exhilarating satisfaction in the prospect before him. No shade of misgiving crossed his mind. Let Don Gilberto be what he would,—and that he was an adventurer of a rather slippery type the young man still believed,—he was evidently possessed of a knowledge of the country so great, and was opening the prospect of an experience so alluring, that even if the Velasquez should prove to be spurious, the quest for it offered sufficient elements of interest to compensate for a possible disappointment.

III.

It was, however, with a certain sense of whimsical amusement, directed against himself, that Ingraham waked the next morning to the consciousness that he was booked for an adventure into an unknown country with an unknown companion, in search of something almost as fabulous as the Golden Fleece. For one of artistic temperament,—which means generally all things sensitive and impressionable,—he was very little a person of moods; but he could not, any more than the rest of us, altogether escape the defects of his qualities, and to him also came in some degree that subtle ebb and flow of feeling, that depressing sense of the unsatisfactoriness of all things, which in one of his temperaments is the reaction almost certain to follow upon any mood of more than ordinarily keen excitement or interest.

This reaction was strongly upon him in the cool, clear light of those waking hours, when such reactions are generally likely to make themselves most strongly felt. "I am a fool!" he said to himself, with unflattering brevity. "I am about to undertake what will probably be a very fatiguing journey, with a man who I have no manner of doubt is a sharper, to look at a picture that is certain to prove a spurious daub! And that, too, when I am in a good vein of work!" He gazed regretfully at his sketch begun on the Calzada the day before, and it seemed to him better than he had imagined it to be,—so much better, indeed, that the inclination to return and complete it at once became almost irresistible. "I have the greatest mind to throw the whole thing over!" he thought, impatiently, as he rose.

But what was there in the freshness and brilliancy of the morning which had power to change his mood, when he presently stepped forth from his chamber? Exquisite and indefinable, indeed, is the charm of the early day in Mexico, exhilarating alike to mind and body, communicating its ineffable buoyancy to the most jaded energies and the most despondent spirit. For a creature so responsive as Ingraham to resist its influence was impossible. His spirits rose like mercury: the prospect before him assumed an entirely different aspect; he suddenly saw that it abounded in possibilities of interest and pleasure. The Velasquez! He said to himself with a laugh that he had no belief in the Velasquez; but the adventure, the visit to the old house where it was supposed to be, the glimpse into the inner life of this fascinating country,—these things were surely worth much fatigue and possible boredom. As for his sketch, Morelia would be as beautiful, its Calzada

as picturesque, when he returned, as now, and he had meant to see Patzcuaro in any event.

It was a very cheerful companion, therefore, whom Señor Rosa found awaiting him, and with whom he presently set forth. That anomalous gentleman himself seemed to be in excellent spirits, the result also of the morning influence, perhaps; and it struck Ingraham that he was more Mexican than ever in appearance, probably owing to the fact that he had put the last touch to his costume in the form of an ivory-handled revolver, which protruded from his hip-pocket, below the short jacket that made no pretence of concealing it. A stranger to the country might have supposed from this warlike preparation that there was some danger in the expedition. But Ingraham had by this time learned that pistols in Mexico are regarded as purely ornamental adjuncts, and are seldom, if ever, brought into use.

His own chief impedimenta—to wit, the sketching-trap—received a glance of unqualified approval from Señor Rosa. “That,” he said, “is well! You are not only going to see, but to make, pictures. And let me tell you that you will enter an artist’s paradise, one of the most beautiful regions of the globe, and a *terra incognita* to people who are running the world over in search of the picturesque. Do you know that Patzcuaro signifies in the Tarascan tongue ‘place of delights’? And, although they had no advantages of comparison, the people who named it were right. In climate, in beauty, in every advantage that Nature can lavish, you will acknowledge when you see it that it is truly a place of delights.”

“All Mexico seems to me that,” said Ingraham,—“a place of delights and an artist’s paradise, beyond any other country that I have ever wandered into.”

“But when you see Patzcuaro you will see its crowning beauty,” said the other, confidently.

Ingraham did not attach much importance to this assurance, for he knew that the artist and the mere lover of natural beauty often look at the same scenes with different eyes, and he did not suppose that he could possibly find anything more enchanting than he had already found in this land of abounding picturesqueness. There was, consequently, a surprise in store for him when the railroad made its final pause at the foot of the high hill on which is situated the city of Patzcuaro, that ancient stronghold of Tarascan chiefs, from whence went forth the embassies which welcomed peaceably the first Spaniards that ever set foot in Michoacan, brown-robed friars, sons of the gentle St. Francis.

Up this hill, along a winding road of two miles, a diligencia conveyed the travellers and their luggage in the accustomed manner of Mexican diligencias,—that is, with a fine disregard of any obstacle of less size than a house; but its tremendous jolts were hardly heeded by Ingraham as he hung out of the window, enraptured by the view opening below him,—the sparkling lake from which the city takes its name, the green islands upon its bosom, the mountains draped in heavenly tints as they receded into distance, the smiling valley set with domed towns and villages. Wider and wider spread the picture as the lum-

bering vehicle mounted higher ; but although Señor Rosa kept a gratified and observant eye upon the young artist, as far as attention to his own comfort and a futile attempt to hold himself in his seat would allow, he made no remark upon the scene. He was reserving himself for a more supreme occasion.

But, once within the city, it was difficult to tear Ingraham from the contemplation of its picturesqueness. Delightedly he wandered through the narrow, irregular streets, where each step seemed to transport him farther from the New World into the heart of southern Spain. The heavy-columned *portales*, the Moorish houses with their slender pillars and horseshoe arches, the shrines and crosses at every nook and corner, the great lanterns swinging from iron chains stretched across the street, the market-place overflowing with tropical color,—all were to him so full of pleasure and artistic possibilities that it was almost by sheer force that his companion finally conveyed him up the causeway that leads to the Hill of Calvario. There on the summit, at the parapet-guarded spot known as Los Balcones, where an obliging *ayuntamiento* have placed stone seats for the benefit of those who wish to take in at their leisure one of the fairest views to be found upon this earth, he finally asked his triumphant question :

“And now what do you think of Patzcuaro?”

It was a full minute before Ingraham answered. Not that he had any doubt what he thought of Patzcuaro, but he was taking in the surpassing loveliness of the scene as if it were a divine elixir, and words seemed less than nothing in the face of it. Presently he replied, without turning his eyes from those enchanting leagues of shimmering water, those islands cradled in emerald beauty upon it, and those aerial heights bathed in the translucent tints of the wonderful atmosphere, “I think that if your Velasquez proves to be the sheerest fraud, I am more than repaid for our journey by this alone.”

“Ah !” said the other, in a tone of satisfaction, “I knew that you would think so. I have in my life seen most of the beautiful scenes of the world, but few or none more beautiful than this. Lake Lemau, now——”

Ingraham quickly lifted his hand with a silencing gesture. “Spare me!” he exclaimed. “Never intrude the memory of one beautiful scene upon the contemplation of another. The variety of Nature is as infinite as her loveliness. Why will people insist that she shall be alike, by forcing comparisons that are always odious? For me, when I find such a picture as this, I do not wish to remember any other : I simply desire to steep myself in its infinite charm.”

He sat down as he spoke on one of the stone seats, and, taking off his hat, so that the soft, fresh breeze fanned his brow, gazed with delight at the scene before him, a scene to live forever in the memory of any one who has once looked upon it. The lovely lake, with its mountain-girt shores and fairy islands, stretched away into a distance fairly magical in color,—color which seemed to Ingraham a more delicate, ethereal, divine thing than he had ever seen or imagined before. At his feet lay the picturesque city, with the sunlight glittering on its Moresque domes and towers, and afar spread the green valley, set with

gleaming towns, while against the wooded background of the hills surrounding the lake rose the graceful campaniles of distant churches, around which clustered villages embowered in tropical verdure. It was all dream-like in its beauty,—uniting the wildest freshness of Nature with the charm of a civilization drawn from the deepest sources of human history and human art. Ingraham felt his senses thrilled by the spell of the associations, as well as by the visible loveliness of the scene. But his knowledge was yet too imperfect for him to realize how far this exquisite lake, lying so high above the ocean-tides, in a wonderland of atmosphere and climate, is more perhaps than any other spot in Mexico the meeting-place of the ancient life of the country and that new yet also old life which the Spaniard planted with his flag and his cross.

“‘A place of delights!’” he said at last, speaking to himself, though aloud. “Surely yes. No later comers will ever challenge the name its old possessors gave it.”

“One may be quite sure of that,” said his companion, briskly. “The atmosphere alone is enough to make it one of the most delightful places in the world. Have you ever felt anything like it?—so stimulating, yet so balmy? We are more than seven thousand feet above the sea, you know. This is the highest navigable water on the globe. And yonder is the steamer on her way among the islands. You must take a trip on that before you return to Morelia.”

“Yes,” said Ingraham, with a start of recollection, “I want to go to Tzintzuntzan. Why did I not think of it earlier? We might have gone to-day.”

“To-day, no. The horses from the hacienda are no doubt by this time awaiting us at the *fonda* below. I telegraphed yesterday that we would be here to-day. They are expecting us. If you are ready, we will return now.”

Ingraham rose with a sigh. It was hard to tear himself away from the picture which he seemed to have only begun to enjoy. But it was a consolation in leaving to think that whenever he returned he should find it awaiting him, untouched in its beauty, its magical freshness and charm, and he assured himself that he would return soon and remain long. Let him only settle this matter of the Velasquez, in which he had now scant faith or interest, and he would come back to Patzcuaro for an indefinite period. Never had he felt more gratitude for his leisure, unlimited by any such demands of necessity as limit the time of most men, than in contemplating the prospect of a prolonged sojourn on these enchanting shores.

“If it is necessary to go, I am ready,” he said; and then as they began to descend the causeway he asked, “How far is it to the hacienda?”

“About four leagues,” was the reply. “If you knew where to look, you could see it from the Calvario,—at least part of the lands. If they have sent good horses, we shall be there in less than three hours.”

“You seem to know the people very well,” Ingraham observed.

“Did I not mention that there is a connection? My wife is related to the family, and my daughter is at the hacienda at present.”

"Indeed!" said Ingraham. He made no farther comment, but his belief in the Velasquez descended a few degrees lower.

As they approached their hotel, a man who had been leaning in the door-way with an air of patient waiting came forward to meet them. He was a typical Mexican *mozo*, or servant, of the class found only in great houses. His dark, clear-cut face, of the pure native type, was keenly intelligent, and, even to the ordinary observer, altogether trustworthy, and his slender, well-knit figure was well set off by his picturesque dress. Breeches of deer-skin were partially unbuttoned on the sides, and out of them flowed the folds of the white *calsones* worn below. His waist was girded by a scarlet sash, his short jacket, also of deer-skin, was elaborately braided, and his richly-trimmed *sombrero* must have cost at least a half-year's wages.

"Ah, Miguel!" cried Señor Rosa at sight of him. "I thought I should find you here. Have you been waiting long?"

"A little time, Don Gilberto," replied the man. "When I arrived they told me you had just gone out."

"You have come from the hacienda this morning, of course?"

"Certainly, señor."

"Then you will want some time to rest and feed the horses?"

"That is already done, señor, and I have come to know at what hour you wish to start."

"It is early yet. We have all the afternoon to make four leagues. Let us take two hours for dinner and digestion. Yes, that will do. Bring your horses in two hours."

"*¡Sta bien*, señor. In two hours they will be here."

He lifted his hat and departed.

"A perfect servant, that," said Don Gilberto, looking after him. "One of the family as much as the members of it. His own family brought up for generations on the hacienda. Faithful, attached, absolutely honest; his master would trust him with anything, and be perfectly secure in doing so. Now let us order dinner. That is something in which one should never allow one's self to be hurried."

Two hours later the horses were at the door, better-looking and better-equipped animals than Ingraham had expected to see, with Miguel and another *mozo* of less dignity in attendance. They mounted; the inferior *mozo* took charge of the sketching-trap; they clattered through the narrow streets, and soon found themselves in the open country beyond.

In the course of the ride Ingraham discovered that he had not up to this time appreciated the companion whom fate had given him at that individual's full value. Perhaps Don Gilberto discerned that the young man's interest in the expedition was flagging, and desired to revive it. At all events, he exerted himself to talk more entertainingly than he had talked yet, drawing upon an apparently inexhaustible store of knowledge of the country through which they were passing,—knowledge of its past and present, its vicissitudes in war and peace, its traditions and stories, its great families and estates. Vivid, dramatic in the extreme and full of wild romanticism, most of these stories were; and as they rode onward in the golden afternoon, through

the wide valley, outspread like a pastoral idyl and framed by hills of heavenly fairness, Ingraham had a pleasant sense of turning his back upon the nineteenth century, with its prosaic jar and fret, and entering into the heart of a land where all the elements of romance appeared to meet and mingle, where social conditions forgotten by the modern world still existed, and all things seemed possible to the fancy.

They made such good progress that in less than the three hours of which Don Gilberto had spoken he told Ingraham that they were well upon the lands and fast approaching the residence of the hacienda. "As far as the eye can reach," he added, with a comprehensive wave of the hand over the valley, "once extended the estates of the family. But they are now much reduced. The present hacienda is not more than three leagues in extent."

"One cannot exactly commiserate a man as a pauper who possesses nine miles of such territory as this," said Ingraham, looking over the richly fertile lands around them. "By the bye, who is the possessor? You have not yet mentioned his name."

"Don Luis Fernandez del Valle," replied the other, in a tone which implied that the name meant much. "There is no older family in Michoacan, nor any which possessed in times past a greater influence. But they were unfortunate in the revolution; they found themselves on the losing side, and ever since have been under a cloud. Nevertheless, Don Luis is a man of great ambition. It is easy to see that his heart is set on climbing the ladder to its utmost height again. He has influence still,—a Fernandez del Valle *must* have that in Michoacan,—but he lacks money; and, here as elsewhere, money is the key that unlocks all doors. I know his ambitions, I know that he has been much in Mexico of late, and I know also that nothing is gained in Mexico without this,"—he made the significant gesture with the forefinger and thumb which means coin: "therefore I have brought you to see the Velasquez. At this time—for he desires much to be our next governor—he will be tempted to sell it as he may never be tempted again."

"Let me only be assured that the Velasquez is genuine," said Ingraham, whose hopes began to revive a little, "and I think I can offer him a temptation that, under such circumstances, he is not likely to resist."

"I have no fear of your opinion of the Velasquez," said the other, with a confidence which if assumed was very well acted. "But some diplomacy will be necessary, and that you must leave to me. Meanwhile, here we are at the gates. Yonder is the *casa grande*."

As the great gate-way was thrown open and they passed through, Ingraham saw before him, crowning a gentle slope and in strong relief against a darkly-green, wooded mountain, that seemed to rise almost immediately in the rear but was in reality a mile or two distant, one of the most picturesque piles, and most strongly suggestive of a feudal castle, that he had yet seen in the country. Built of gray stone, with the solidity of a fortress, in two stately stories,—the lower massive and solid as if for defence, the upper arcaded on the sides that were visible,—and with the beautiful open belfry of a chapel rising at one end, it looked, in its noble proportions and massive strength, capable of defy-

ing time and change, and of sheltering generations within its gray old walls for centuries yet to come, as during centuries of the past.

"A fine old house, isn't it?" Don Gilberto observed, as they rode up the slope that led to the open space in front of its vast, arched entrance. "I said to myself that it would be certain to delight you. And yonder is Don Luis awaiting us in the door.—Ah, *mi amigo*, how goes it with you!"

IV.

Altogether in harmony with the house on the threshold of which he stood, was the man upon whom Ingraham's glance fell at the last words of his companion. A tall and stately figure in the richly picturesque dress which Mexican gentlemen now seldom wear except on their estates, he had the poise and bearing of one accustomed to command, while his face, with its look of power in the breadth of the olive brow, the bold chiselling of the features, and the expression of the deep dark eyes, recalled the type of those great Spaniards of the sixteenth century who conquered and ruled a new world. "What a subject for a picture!" the young man said to himself as his glance took in the whole scene,—the great archway, the court with its pillars opening in perspective behind, and the figure of the *haciendado* as he stood in his dress of dark cloth laced and embroidered with silver, his handsome head uncovered, showing its fine intellectual outlines. As the horsemen drew up, he came forward, and, Don Gilberto throwing himself from his saddle, the two men embraced and patted each other on the back in the fashion of the country. Then the latter turned toward Ingraham, who had meanwhile dismounted.

"I was not able in my despatch to let you know whom I was bringing you," he said to his host; "but I have now the pleasure of introducing a distinguished painter from the States, Señor Ingraham."

"I am happy to make the acquaintance of Señor Ingraham, and to welcome him to my house," said Don Luis, in excellent English, as he grasped the young man's extended hand.

"Señor Ingraham speaks Spanish perfectly," observed Don Gilberto.

Ingraham laughed at this transparent flattery. "Very far from perfectly, señor," he said to Don Luis, "but sufficiently to understand and be understood. Not half so well, however, as you speak English."

"Oh, it is not perfect by any means, my English," replied Don Luis, with a slight, deprecating gesture, "but I have travelled in your country and in England, and have had the practice which you perhaps have lacked in Spanish. But enter, señor, enter! This house"—he indicated it by a graceful gesture as they passed under the great portal—"is yours. Honor me by considering it so."

A paved court, in which a thousand men-at-arms might have manœuvred with ease, was surrounded by apartments of various uses, the most of which were plainly storehouses and domestic offices. On one side, near the entrance, a broad stone staircase led to the second story. Up this the three gentlemen proceeded, Don Gilberto explaining as

they went how his friend was an enthusiast in art and very anxious to see all the fine paintings in Mexico, so he (Don Gilberto) could not fail to introduce to his notice the Velasquez of the Fernandez del Valle. By the time this had been explained, they had passed across a landing at the turn of the staircase, and, mounting its second flight, found themselves on a wide, tile-paved corridor, or gallery, which encircled the four inner sides of the court. Here a lady received them. She was advanced in age and very plainly dressed, but had the same stately figure, the same fine patrician head, as Don Luis. Don Gilberto hastened forward to greet her, and the master of the house presented the new guest.

"Here, my mother," he said, "is a distinguished painter from the States, whom our good friend Gilberto has done us the favor of bringing to our house. And this, señor, is my mother, the Señora Doña Antonia Roméro de Fernandez del Valle."

Ingraham bowed deeply, but the lady held out her hand with a cordial gesture. "You are welcome, señor," she said. "Do us the honor to consider our house as your own. You come from Patzcuaro to-day?"

"From Morelia, señora."

"In that case you must be tired, and ready for the *merienda*. You will take a cup of chocolate? Come, Gilberto, my friend."

"With your permission, a little later, Doña Antonia," replied that gentleman. "Where is Carmen, that she has no greeting for me?"

"She has probably not heard that you have arrived," Doña Antonia answered. "But yes—here she comes."

And along the corridor at that moment came a girl, hastening with quick, light steps toward them, who seemed to Ingraham's first careless glance little more than a child. She was dressed in the extreme of simplicity, her gown of cotton print was fashioned as plainly as possible, and the only touch of grace about her costume was the *rebozo*, of some silky material and soft neutral tint, which she wore thrown over her head and wound in drapery about her neck and shoulders. So quiet and reserved was her air, so childlike and unworldly her aspect, that as she advanced she looked like some young novice from the cloister.

It was only when she reached them and lifted her face toward her father that Ingraham perceived with surprise that she was possessed of a beauty which he would not have expected to find in Don Gilberto's daughter. It was a beauty like the brilliancy of flowers, that struck upon the senses at once and left no room for question—at least to an artist's eye, though it was possible that her timidity and lack of manner might have concealed it to an ordinary observer. Later, Ingraham knew the details of the face by heart, but now he only received an impression of exquisite fairness of complexion, delicately-chiselled features, and dark Spanish eyes, of wonderful softness and beauty, set under finely-pencilled brows. The hair, which her *rebozo* almost entirely covered, but which showed in delicate rings and tendrils about her temples, was of purest gold,—not the pale tint sometimes called by that name, but the ruddy hue of the precious metal itself. As she

turned her head the same hair was to be seen hanging in two shining plaits, like braided sunshine, down her back as far as her waist.

Don Gilberto met and embraced her affectionately. "Ah, Carmencita," he said, "it is a pleasure to see thee again! We miss thee much at home, but thou art well and happy here with thy good *madrina*, no? One has only to look at thee to see it."

"Very well and happy, papa," the girl answered, with the caressing softness of Spanish speech. "And are all well at home,—mamma and the little ones?"

"All well, and salute thee with a hundred loving messages. Thy mother bade me say that she would have sent some things she has for thee, had I not left unexpectedly and in haste."

"You are on your way to the mine, papa?"

"No: this is my destination. I bring an American gentleman—See, here is an opportunity for thy English!"

He drew her forward as he spoke, and the dark lustrous eyes looked up at Ingraham, who on his part regarded her with unconcealed admiration.

"This, Mr. Ingraham," said Don Gilberto, "is my daughter. She is supposed to speak English; but I fear it is very much a matter of supposition only, for I have never been able to induce my children to speak my own tongue."

"That is because we know that we do not speak it well," said the girl, essaying the language with a charming blush and a very foreign accent. "But it will give me much pleasure to try to speak with Mr.——"

"Ingraham," said that gentleman, as she paused. "It is a name rather hard of pronunciation for lips accustomed to Spanish sounds. But one's name is like one's temperament: one can't get rid of it."

"Follow my example and translate it," said Don Gilberto. "What is your Christian name?"

"Ralph. As untranslatable as Ingraham, I fear."

"On the contrary. Ralph is plainly Raphael, and that is a very common name with us. So we will christen you Don Rafael. That is better than Mr. Ingraham, Doña Antonia, eh?"

"Much easier for us, at least," answered Doña Antonia, smiling. "And you do not object, señor?"

"I am delighted," Ingraham replied. "It seems to make me a more picturesque and interesting person in my own eyes. I shall feel flattered if you will allow me to be Don Rafael as long as I am within the walls of——"

"Las Cruces," supplied Don Luis, as he in turn paused. "That is the name of our hacienda, señor. But here are some more members of the family, who have come to greet an old friend and welcome a new one."

A group of children—a girl of ten or eleven, a boy two or three years younger, and a tiny maiden of four or five—came trooping along the corridor as he spoke, and were presented to Ingraham by Doña Antonia, as Elvira, Arturo, and Concha. "The children of my son," she added. "Their mother is dead."

These small persons saluted the stranger with the graceful courtesy in which Mexican children are carefully trained, and then threw themselves, as it were, upon Don Gilberto, with whom they were evidently on terms of closest intimacy and who plainly stood high in their regard. They were still clinging around him as the entire party moved, at Doña Antonia's second bidding, toward the dining-room for the *merienda*, or afternoon collation.

The room which they entered seemed to Ingraham, in its immense size and the extent of the table that filled its centre, as suggestive of feudal customs and traditions as everything else around him. Unlimited hospitality seemed expressed by the board at which fifty guests might have found place; while the simplicity of remoteness and earlier times breathed in the absence of any adornment to the apartment, which, to modern eyes, was almost austere in its bareness. Yet not ugly, for the walls and ceiling were covered with the bright, delicate fresco-painting in which Mexicans excel, and the great windows framed enchanting glimpses of distant mountains, plains, and sky. The little party gathered at one end of the long table, cups of foaming chocolate were brought to them by a *mozo* dressed in spotless white cotton, and Ingraham as he sipped the fragrant beverage said to himself that he had been fortunate indeed in embarking upon this adventure. Where could he possibly hope to find anything more novel, picturesque, idyllic, than such surroundings? And of the quality of the people who dwelt within these walls he had not entertained a moment's doubt since he first stepped under the door-way. More wealthy and consequently more influential they might have been in the past, but never more emphatically of the class to whom the inheritance of good blood, and the qualities and virtues which in other times were supposed to accompany such an inheritance, had come down through centuries. Every artist is in greater or less degree a physiognomist, and he had no difficulty in reading the characteristics imprinted on the countenance of his host as the latter sat in a stream of light from an open door, his striking head thrown into relief against the delicately-painted wall behind him.

"Ambitious, yes," the young man thought, remembering what Don Gilberto had said; "but unscrupulous, no. This man could not, if he tried, lose the sense of honor. He is born to rule, however,—his brow and nose prove that,—and rule he will, unless circumstances are too overpowering against him. He is also very proud, too proud to be arrogant, and altogether a very fine specimen of what one finds in but few places in the world now, the born *seigneur*. Doña Antonia belongs to the same order. No, the Velasquez may not be genuine,—most likely it is not,—but, if so, these people are not aware of the fact. A fraud in this house is impossible."

Meanwhile the Velasquez was naturally the topic of conversation, and Don Luis, with some surprise that any one should have thought it worth such a journey perceptible in his manner, was giving its history to the stranger.

"That it is a genuine Velasquez, señor," he said, answering Ingraham's thoughts, "I am unable to declare with certainty, for I am myself no judge of works of art, and we have no evidence concerning it beyond

a family tradition that has never been questioned. There is no doubt, however, that about two centuries ago one of our ancestors, the Marqués Fernandez del Valle, resided many years in Spain, where he was a great favorite at court, owing to his immense wealth, which he spent lavishly, and his many gifts and graces of person and mind. At this time the celebrated Velasquez was the court painter, and there seems, therefore, nothing improbable in the story that he painted the portrait of the young wife of the Marqués,—a Spanish lady of great beauty and high rank. The portrait was painted, it is thought, immediately after the marriage, following which the married pair led a very gay and brilliant life in Madrid for several years, and the Marquésa became as great a favorite at court as her husband. But suddenly this brilliant life came to an end. There was a tragedy—we know not the particulars. But one of the greatest nobles of the court was found run through the heart,—it was said, in a private duel,—and the Marqués abruptly returned to Mexico, bringing his wife with him. They did not make their home in the capital, as every one anticipated, but came here at once; and after the Marquésa had once entered this house, she never left it again until she died a few years later. There are stories that she was a prisoner, and that in loneliness and solitude—for the Marqués was seldom here—she expiated some great sin. But she was very beautiful, and her life ended very sadly, so we will endeavor to think no ill of her. It is possible that there had been some great mistake."

"It is a story that adds interest to the picture," said Ingraham. "Poor lady! whether she were guilty or innocent, it was a hard fate to be torn from the most brilliant court in Europe and brought here to be imprisoned."

Don Luis shrugged his shoulders. "In those days," he said, "men like the Marqués were absolute lords, in all except life and death, of those dependent on them. And I should not call the punishment severe. Even now there would be few to blame him had he run his sword through *her* heart also. As it was, he gave her time for penance, granting that she had anything to repent. But now, as I perceive that you have finished your chocolate, I will have the pleasure of showing you the portrait of the lady herself. You will, no doubt, be able to judge whether or not it is the work of the great painter to whom it is credited."

Ingraham rose with alacrity. Few and simple as the words of the story had been, they sufficed to fill his imagination with suggestions of passion and tragedy that were like a sensible atmosphere about him as he walked with his host around the wide, arcaded corridors, and thought of the expiating penance wrought out within these fortress-like walls. A beautiful, mournful presence seemed to glide before him and lift appealing eyes to the blue, alien sky that overarched the court. How often, in the long sadness of her exile, had the Marquésa walked here, and thought, no doubt, of the brilliant days that had once been hers in distant Spain! This interest in the human story, for the time, overpowered that which he felt in the authenticity of the painting. Whether Velasquez or another had painted it, he should like to see the

portrait of the dead woman whose story had taken so strong a hold upon his imagination.

Presently, on the side of the great quadrangle over the entrance, Don Luis paused, and, pushing open a door, drew back with punctilious courtesy, and by a gesture invited his guest to enter. Ingraham hesitated, for, in contrast to the brilliant light which filled the court, all looked dark within; but Don Gilberto, taking his arm, led him forward into what he then perceived to be a large and lofty *sala*, the windows of which were closed by heavy wooden shutters that excluded all light. Don Luis crossed the floor and opened one of these, letting in a flood of sunshine, and giving at the same time so marvellous a view of valley and distant mountains that at another moment Ingraham would have had eyes for nothing else. But now he was absorbed in the aspect of the room thus revealed,—one altogether characteristic of such great old Mexican houses as that in which he stood. While superb in space and noble in proportion, it contained very little furniture; and what it did contain was of most undoubted antiquity. Indeed, it might readily be that the apartment had undergone no change worth consideration since the Marqués of Don Luis's story had brought from Spain those richly-carved seventeenth-century cabinets, those old chairs lined with Spanish leather, and the quaintly-inlaid sofa which occupied the place of honor at the head of the room, with rows of chairs facing each other on each side, and the tawny skin of an immense *toro* spread before it on the floor, giving, as it were, a touch of the wild, primitive life of the vast Mexican plains to what would else have seemed an apartment transported from some ancient castle of Spain.

"What a fine old room!" exclaimed Ingraham, speaking his impressions aloud with artistic frankness. "And what harmony in everything! There is scarcely an article here less than two centuries old. I never dreamed of finding such an apartment in America."

"You are in Mexico, señor," said Don Luis, "where we are very old, and where we still cling to many things that you in your country have discarded."

"We have never had an opportunity to discard anything like this," said Ingraham, looking around with covetous eyes. "Our country was for the most part a howling wilderness, and the few settlers in it were living in log cabins and fighting Indians, when your stately ancestors were surrounding themselves with such pomp and luxury as this, and living like Oriental princes on their vast estates. By Jove! I should like to have had a Mexican ancestor! What superb Cordova leather!"

Don Luis smiled. The type of Americans whom he had previously known would have pitied, if they had not sneered at, the antiquated character of his surroundings, and would have been capable of advising him to furnish his room in modern style. It was a new and agreeable sensation to see a representative of the most modern society stand absorbed in admiration before relics of the past which it is to be feared the Fernandez del Valle themselves had never rated at their true value.

"Come, come," said Don Gilberto, who knew the *sala* too well to find it interesting, and who would himself have preferred a little more modern furnishing, "you want to see the picture. It is yonder at the end of the room. With your permission, Don Luis, I will open another window."

He walked down the spacious apartment, the others following, and as they paused before a painting that in the obscurity could only be dimly perceived, he unbarred one of the heavily-shuttered windows opposite. Throwing it open, a flood of light poured over the canvas, and Ingraham, stepping back, uttered an uncontrollable exclamation.

"How beautiful!" he cried; and then, "It *is* a Velasquez, by heaven!"

V.

To an artist of the school that holds no higher name in art than that of the great Spanish painter, this was a supreme and thrilling moment. A Velasquez, buried here on this remote Mexican hacienda! It seemed incredible; and indeed, in the shock of his surprise, Ingraham knew how little he had credited it; and yet it was true! He had not a moment's doubt of its genuineness as he stood gazing at the picture like one entranced. He had not spent weeks in the gallery of Madrid, steeping his spirit in the contemplation of the master's works, to be mistaken in one of them now. No other hand than that of Velasquez, he could have sworn, had held the brush which laid those colors on the canvas before him. And what a superb example of the painter's best work it was, as if, delighting in the beauty of his subject, he had lavished all his skill upon it! With an honest rush of enthusiasm the young man turned to Don Luis.

"There is not a finer Velasquez in any gallery of Europe,—no, not even in Madrid!" he said, emphatically.

Instantly he felt a slight but significant touch upon his arm. Don Gilberto, standing just behind him, was evidently shocked at a proceeding so unbusinesslike as praising the wares he desired to purchase. Ingraham with difficulty restrained a laugh. He had forgotten the character of possible purchaser and speculator in which he had come; but he never remembered with a greater sense of satisfaction than at this moment the comfortable balance lying at his banker's. If the picture could be purchased, he vowed to himself that it should be his, no matter what the cost might be. Meanwhile Don Luis replied, quietly,—

"It has always been esteemed a fine picture, señor. And she was very beautiful, the Marquésa, no?"

"So beautiful that she was worthy of having Velasquez for her painter," Ingraham answered. "It is no wonder that tragedy centred about her. Such a woman is born to make tragedies."

And indeed he would have been dull who could have doubted this, looking at the brilliant, imperious face, its beautiful lips slightly touched with disdain, and its dark, splendid eyes filled with depths of possible passion, gazing out of the canvas straight into the heart of whosoever

looked upon her. Ingraham felt a shiver pass over him as he met those eyes, something akin to the shudder that superstition says marks the moment when an unconscious foot treads over the spot that will be one's grave. Across the centuries they seemed still speaking a language as old and as young as time, the language of an enchantment that might steal away the senses like the cup of Circe. It was plain that this woman had in life owned no common spell, but one equal in degree to her surpassing beauty. The superb figure stood in its robes of pearl-embroidered satin and brocade against one of those deep yet luminous backgrounds of Velasquez which are the despair of modern painters, while every line and tint of the face was laid upon the canvas with so matchless a realism that the proud, delicate features, the hair of wonderful red-gold, and the deep dark eyes, seemed like an image upon a mirror, so strong was the impression produced of vigorous potent life. And, as he gazed, what resemblance was it which grew upon Ingraham in that fair and fascinating countenance? For a few minutes he struggled to grasp it; then, as if with a flash of inspiration, he turned to Don Gilberto.

"Do you not perceive a striking resemblance in your daughter to this portrait?" he asked.

"In my daughter—Cármen?" repeated Don Gilberto, much surprised. "No, I have never observed it. Yet—now that you make the suggestion—I do perceive a likeness, though I should not call it striking."

"That is because there is a great difference of expression," said Ingraham. "In point of fact it is *very* striking, for the coloring and the features are almost identical in the two faces. Put your daughter in a dress like this, give her the bearing of a woman of the world accustomed to command and adulation, above all, rouse in her the knowledge of her own power and the will to exercise it, and you would think that the Marquésa herself stood before you restored to life."

Speaking with that subtle instinct of the artist which sees below the surface so much that is hidden from ordinary eyes, the young man in his enthusiasm forgot the personal nature of his comments. But it was evident that he interested as well as surprised his auditors. Don Luis looked at the picture with a new attention, as if deriving from it a new impression, and then, with the quiet decision that characterized his utterances, said,—

"You are right, señor. No one has ever observed it before, but Cármen is indeed like this picture. The Marquésa, you understand, is her ancestress, as well as mine; but it is surely strange that a likeness should appear in so remote a descendant."

"Not so strange as you imagine," replied Ingraham. "In every old race these resemblances have a trick of reappearing in different generations. One can trace them only by means of family portraits; but I have never seen a gallery of such portraits in a great house in Europe without being struck by the manner in which some strong individual type has laid, as it were, its impress on the race and can be traced now and again through its generations for centuries. If you could bring here the portraits of the women of your house since the

day when the original of this picture entered it, I would wager much that you would find her type recurring at intervals, sometimes after having long lain dormant. But seldom, I think, could it have been reproduced more faithfully than in the present generation."

"The likeness is astonishing, now that one's attention is drawn to it," said Don Luis, still gazing at the picture. "And it is more astonishing still that nobody has ever before observed it."

Ingraham smiled. "Pardon me," he said, "but that is not astonishing either. You never thought of looking for such a likeness; and it is, moreover, disguised by the great difference of expression and manner."

"So well disguised," said Don Gilberto, "that I think you must possess remarkable powers of penetration to have discovered it, and that after seeing Cármen only once."

"An artist sees these things at a glance," Ingraham answered. "And the resemblance was the more readily perceived by me because I looked at both faces as a stranger. Familiarity dulls perception."

"There is at least no doubt that you are right," said Don Gilberto, who was evidently well pleased at this indisputable proof of the good blood that flowed in his daughter's veins. "The likeness grows upon one! Those are Cármen's eyes, features, hair! *Caramba!* How have we been so blind as never to observe it before? If she were dressed like this picture, it would indeed be the Marquésa herself brought to life!"

"An experiment I should like to make," said Ingraham, "would be to paint her portrait in the same manner as this—may the shade of Velasquez forgive my presumption!—and thus display fully all the points of likeness and of difference. It would be very interesting."

Don Gilberto looked at Don Luis. "*Mi amigo*," he said, "is there any reason why Señor Ingraham should not make such an experiment? I, too, should find it interesting."

Don Luis made a gesture which even before he spoke seemed to place Las Cruces and all that it contained at his guest's disposal. "If Señor Ingraham will consider my house his own and command everything in it, he will confer the greatest favor upon me," he said. "As for the experiment of which he speaks, it could not possibly be other than interesting to all of us."

"I really spoke without considering it a practical possibility," said Ingraham, "and yet——" He paused. After all, why not make it a practical possibility? Leisure was his in unlimited degree, and, if Don Luis was to be taken seriously, unbounded hospitality was offered him, while temptation could hardly have worn more seductive form. A noble Velasquez to study, an attractive original subject to experiment with, and the inner life of a deeply interesting people to be observed as few strangers ever have an opportunity to observe it. Brief reflection was required to show him that to let such opportunities as these escape would be an act of stupidity of which he felt himself incapable. Moreover, his most important business was, if possible, to secure the Velasquez, and this he felt sure could be accomplished only by time and diplomacy. Any excuse for staying at Las Cruces was therefore to be desired. The pause in which he weighed these con-

siderations was not more than a minute in length. He looked up, met again the dark, imperious eyes of the Marquésa, and turned to his host.

"Señor," he said, "I should like of all things to paint the picture of which I have spoken, using this portrait as a study. But to do so would require a stay at Las Cruces of several weeks. Could I venture to intrude upon your hospitality so long? Pray answer me with the frankness of my race, rather than with the courtesy of yours."

"I answer you," said Don Luis, smiling, "with perfect frankness when I tell you that your stay at Las Cruces, prolong it as you will, can only be a pleasure as well as an honor to us. I shall myself take the greatest interest in watching the progress of the picture which I sincerely hope you will paint."

"Then I shall certainly paint it," said Ingraham, with emphasis, "if Doña Carmen will consent to sit to me."

"There is no doubt of her consent," said her father. "She is but a child, and will do as she is told. She is a woman, also," he added, "and will be immensely flattered. Have no doubt about her."

"You will wish to paint here, señor?" asked Don Luis, with a glance around the *sala*.

"Here? Oh, no," Ingraham answered. "Have you not some vacant room that I can use as a studio, and to which this picture might be for a time removed?"

"There are many vacant rooms," replied the owner of the house. "Come, examine them, and choose which will suit you best."

So it was a small procession, for Doña Antonia's aid was invoked in the choice, which a little later made the rounds of the many vacant chambers of Las Cruces. Ingraham was led into one vast apartment after another around the great quadrangle of the first court, and then around a second court behind. There was not much difficulty in making a choice. Any of these chambers, with their large windows letting in floods of light, their tiled floors and high vaulted ceilings, would have made an ideal studio; but he finally selected one on the rear court, partly because of its greater seclusion and possible immunity from interruptions, but chiefly on account of its north light.

"This will be perfect," he said, after he had unbarred the windows and let in the radiance of the vast depths of luminous sky. "If ever I am to prove myself a successor of Velasquez, it should be in such an atmosphere and amid such surroundings as these."

Doña Antonia, who up to this time had only heard that the young artist desired a room in which to paint, now evinced curiosity with regard to what was to be painted therein. "It will be your portrait, perhaps?" she said, addressing her son.

Don Luis shook his head. "The señor has selected a fairer subject," he replied. "He has been much struck by the resemblance of Carmen to the portrait of the Marquésa, and he wishes to make an interesting experiment by painting her portrait in the same manner."

"Her portrait!" repeated Doña Antonia, with something of a gasp. "Not—Carmen's?"

"Yes, Carmen's," answered her son, quietly, while Ingraham observed that a slight flush rose into Don Gilberto's dark face. "Why

not? She has seemed a child to us until now, but the señor here, with his artist eyes, has discovered that she is a beautiful woman."

"Cármen!" said Doña Antonia again. It seemed impossible for her to restrain the expression of her astonishment, and of something evidently deeper than astonishment, some angered sense of a violation of the fitness of things. She drew herself up, the *grande dame* showing in every line of her figure and face. "I should have thought," she said, "that if any portrait was to be painted in this house it would be of yourself, its head, or perhaps of the children——"

Don Gilberto, with a slight motion to Ingraham, walked across the room and paused by one of the open windows. "You see how it is," he said, without looking around, as the young man came to his side. "Doña Antonia's sense of the importance of the family is outraged that you have not chosen Don Luis, or one of the children, or perhaps herself, as your subject, instead of Cármen."

"But I don't understand," said Ingraham. "Is not your daughter one of the family also?"

"My daughter is—my daughter," replied the other, a little bitterly, "and that means nothing here. On her mother's side she is a distant and obscure connection—what we call at home a poor relation—of the Fernandez del Valle, and as such they recognize her, treat her with tolerant kindness, but never for one moment think of her as a social equal. You will soon find what is her position,—that of a dependant merely,—and you will not then be surprised at this old woman's indignation."

"But I fancied——" began Ingraham, and then paused, somewhat at a loss to express himself.

"You fancied," interposed the other, with the tone of bitterness still in his voice, "that, because it is '*mi amigo*' and all things smooth and courteous on the surface, these proud people forget that I am a poverty-stricken stranger, who lives by his wits, and that Cármen is my daughter, with only a few drops of their blood to render her worthy of notice. Not at all. I have won a certain place with them because I can be of use,—my wits, you see, being rather keen,—and she is Doña Antonia's god-daughter, and a pet in her childhood of the old lady's. But, for all that, our place is below the salt, you understand, and I fancy the project of the portrait will have to be abandoned."

"Never!" said Ingraham, with energy. "I don't know when I have been so possessed by the idea of a picture; and sooner than abandon it I will paint the whole family—including Doña Antonia herself! Portrait-painting is not my line; but I dare say I can manage to hit off such marked types. And Don Luis is a fine subject. I should rather enjoy painting him."

"Before you undertake so large a commission," said the other, dryly, "why not consider the alternative of negotiating at once for the Velasquez, taking it away, and then, if you like, painting Cármen at your leisure in Morelia?"

"Because," replied Ingraham, after a short hesitation, "I do not believe that Don Luis would entertain the idea of parting with the picture, if the proposal were sprung upon him at once. I think that

time will be required to bring him to the point of even considering it; and it was this belief which made me take the opportunity for delay afforded by the plan of painting your daughter's portrait. But you know the man better than I do. If you think he can be tempted, sound him at once. There is no delay necessary on my part."

Don Gilberto regarded the speaker with some surprise. The tone of the last words seemed to him rather remarkable to be assumed by a mere producer of pictures. "Are you prepared," he asked, "to make any offer?"

"Certainly," Ingraham replied, promptly. "Offer him ten thousand dollars." Then, catching the increasing surprise of his companion's look, he added, with a recollection of his assumed character, "I run no risk in saying this. The picture will easily bring twenty thousand in the world. That will give ten thousand to divide between us."

"You are so certain of its value as that?" asked the other, cautiously.

"Absolutely certain," replied the young man, impatiently. "Here comes Don Luis. Speak to him if you will; but I have little idea that he will entertain the proposal—now."

"I must speak to him alone," said Don Gilberto, hastily. "There are certain chords that I know how to touch. Leave the matter to me."

"Señor," said Don Luis, coming up to them and addressing Ingraham, "my mother misunderstood a little the object of your painting, but, now that I have made her comprehend, she is quite willing that you shall do as you like in the matter. You will understand that it was impossible to proceed without her consent, since she is not only the mistress of the house, but *Cármen* is her god-daughter."

Ingraham bowed. "*Dofia Antonia* is very kind to give her consent to a painter's caprice," he said. "There now remains only one other person's consent to gain."

Don Gilberto with a smile pointed through the open door. "Yonder is *Cármen*," he said. "Go and satisfy yourself that her consent is easily gained."

VI.

Cármen was passing along the corridor without, intent upon some household duty, when, to her great surprise, the American stranger issued from an unexpected quarter—a room that she knew to be unoccupied—and addressed her.

"Pardon me, *señorita*," he said, in Spanish, which he judged to be a better vehicle of communication than her English, "but I have your father's permission to make a request of you."

"Of me, *señor*?" she said, pausing with the look of a startled fawn.

"Yes, of you," he answered. "But first let me inquire if you have ever observed the portrait of your ancestress, the *Marquésa*, which you know I have come here to see?"

The surprise on her face deepened, and her large dark eyes opened widely with something which seemed to him almost apprehension. "Surely, señor," she replied. "I have seen it all my life."

"Seen it, yes—but *observed* it, I said. For instance, have you ever perceived that there exists between that picture and yourself a striking resemblance?"

She looked at him now with what he could not possibly mistake to be other than astonishment in which there was not one element of flattered pleasure, but rather of extreme repugnance. "A resemblance between myself and that portrait!" she repeated. "You must be mistaken, señor. How could such a thing be possible?"

"Possible or not, it is so," Ingraham replied. "There is between yourself and that picture a striking likeness,—more striking even than I supposed," he added, as his gaze dwelt on her steadily.

Under that intent artist-gaze, which had not, however, a tinge of impertinence in it, she flushed deeply, and the thick-fringed lids sank over her eyes. "If it is true, señor, it is very strange," she said. "I am but remotely connected with the family of Fernandez del Valle, although they are kind enough to acknowledge the relationship."

"Nevertheless the Marquésa is your common ancestress, and you have inherited her face," said Ingraham, positively. "It is not uncommon to see such a type as hers reappearing at intervals through generations," he went on. "I have just remarked to Don Luis that I have often traced a likeness of the kind in a gallery of family portraits. But I never saw a more interesting example of the possibility than you present."

And again the keen, intent look was fastened on her face, as if through all outer differences he perceived more and more the likeness of which he spoke, as in truth he did perceive more clearly her remarkable beauty, concealed though it was from ordinary observation by lack of training, manner, and dress. It was no wonder, he reflected, that he had been the first to trace the resemblance which existed between this unformed child and the brilliant court beauty whose imperious charm Velasquez had fixed upon his canvas. He felt the pride of a discoverer in regarding her; and his fingers fairly longed for the brush by means of which he would be able to show to all what he alone now perceived.

"And so I come, señorita," he continued, after a brief pause, "to the favor I have to beg of you. I wish to be permitted to paint your portrait. I hope that you have no objection."

"To paint my portrait, señor!" She seemed able to do little more than echo his words, and Doña Antonia's displeased astonishment had not been greater than that which spoke in her voice and now uplifted eyes. "But—you will pardon me—why?"

Ingraham laughed. To answer frankly, "Because you are very beautiful, and full of undeveloped possibilities which it will give me pleasure to develop on my canvas," seemed too direct to meet the case. So he might have spoken to a woman of the world, but not to this girl in her ignorance and simplicity. "Because you are, if you will allow me to say so, a very good subject for a picture," he replied, "and

because it will interest me, and interest your family, to see the likeness to the Marquésa brought out and made evident, as I hope to make it in my picture."

"But why, señor?" she repeated, with an insistence and a reluctance which surprised him. "Why should you, or they, be interested in that? What is it to any one if I chance to look like this woman who has been dead so long?"

"It is simply an interesting experiment, señorita," he replied, a little at a loss how to explain to her the delight he would take in the work for its own sake, and the intense eagerness he felt to begin it. "Your likeness to this portrait is wonderful in my eyes, and, if you allow me to paint you, I will make it equally wonderful to the eyes of others."

She did not answer immediately, and, remembering her father's confident assertion that she would make no difficulties, Ingraham wondered for a moment if her hesitation might not be set down to coquetry; but a glance into the dark eyes made him sure that it was not so. And then, for the first time, he saw in those eyes that she was not altogether the child which her appearance seemed to indicate. In their depths there was something that surprised him,—an intelligence for which he was not prepared, and a deep reluctance to agree to what he asked which naturally only made him more eager to obtain her consent.

"You are afraid of the experiment," he said, quickly. "But I will make it easy for you. There is really nothing to dread. I shall not fatigue you with long sittings. And I shall make a very lovely portrait. I promise you that. I do not flatter myself that I can develop the power of Velasquez; but I have never before felt inspired as I feel inspired by the thought of this picture. I am fairly thrilling with the desire to get to work on it, and it will be a terrible disappointment to me if you do not consent to allow me to paint it."

In his eagerness he spoke in English, and so impetuously that it was difficult for the girl to follow him; but the last words were intelligible to her, if only from the appeal of look and tone which accompanied them.

"I should be sorry to disappoint you, señor, since you are so anxious," she said; "but if I speak the truth I must tell you that I feel a great dislike to this which you ask."

"But why?" demanded Ingraham, impatiently. "It is—it must be—because you have some totally wrong idea about what is asked of you. I only want you to sit to me for an hour or two every day, for a time not exceeding a fortnight."

"The time does not matter at all," she answered, gravely. "I would sit to you all day if it were necessary. But it does not seem to me that there is any necessity for this. If it is true that I resemble the Marquésa, what does it matter, and why should you wish to paint my portrait on that account?"

"It is difficult to explain, if you do not understand—" Ingraham began, with a sense of despair, and then, to his relief, hearing footsteps and voices approaching, he turned toward Don Gilberto and Don Luis. "I am driven to invoke your assistance," he said, address-

ing the former. "The señorita has no desire to have the wonderful likeness between herself and the beautiful Marquésa revealed, and she is averse to the idea of sitting to me. Can you not explain to her that I am not asking anything very dreadful?"

"What is the matter, Carmencita?" demanded Don Gilberto, turning to the girl. "Why are you averse to sitting to the señor, since he is kind enough to wish to paint your portrait?"

"Because there does not seem to me any reason for it, papa," she answered, looking at him with the dislike to the idea of which she had spoken manifest in her whole attitude and expression.

Don Gilberto frowned. He was not usually an unamiable man, but when he frowned his family knew that he was to be obeyed. Just now his daughter's unexpected opposition irritated him exceedingly; for he had learned that Ingraham was right, and that if Don Luis ever consented to sell the Velasquez it would only be after long and careful diplomacy had brought him to that point. It was essential, therefore, that Ingraham should remain at Las Cruces in order to exercise this diplomacy; and the only means by which he could remain was through the excuse of the portrait. Don Gilberto was consequently little prepared to be patient with his daughter's hesitation, and he drew his brows together in a manner which plainly indicated as much.

"This is nonsense!" he said, shortly. "I have promised Señor Ingraham that you would allow him to paint your portrait, and I fancied that, like any other woman, you would be flattered by his desiring to do so. Let me tell you that he is paying you a compliment which you do not seem to appreciate at all."

Cármen looked at Ingraham with a glance of apology. "I am sorry," she said, "if the señor thinks that I do not appreciate his compliment. It is no doubt very kind of him to wish to paint my face; and since you also wish it, papa, I shall of course be glad for him to do so."

The words, like the glance, were gentle and submissive, but Ingraham was convinced that her reluctance to what he proposed was as great as ever. He felt a momentary sense of compunction at having, as it were, forced consent from her. But the feeling was only momentary. He said to himself that the dislike could only have its root in ignorance, and that it would yield at once when she found how little was demanded of her; while his fancy was too strongly set on painting the picture to deny himself the gratification. Moreover, like Don Gilberto, he was sure that to obtain the Velasquez a stay at Las Cruces was absolutely necessary. And other excuse for staying, beside the painting of this portrait, there was none.

He therefore bowed gratefully. "It is you who are kind, señorita," he said. "I should hardly feel at liberty to accept your consent, since I think you still feel a little reluctance in giving it, if I were not sure that you will not find the ordeal at all dreadful, and that you will soon be interested in the result I hope to produce. Believe me,—I speak with the frankness of an artist,—some day you will be glad that such beauty as yours is not to pass out of the world without leaving at least its shadow behind."

She gazed at him in surprise too great even for embarrassment. Evidently, the idea of beauty as connected with herself had never before entered her mind. Nor was she the only person to whom it was a new suggestion. Don Luis, for the first time in his life, looked at her with the eyes of a stranger,—in fact, it might almost be said, for the first time in his life looked at her at all,—and he, too, perceived, under the familiar aspect of the humble, child-like favorite of his mother, the beauty which Ingraham had at once discerned. Something in his eyes drew Cármen's glance, and when she met his intent regard—a regard as if he too were studying her as a stranger—her astonishment suddenly broke into confusion. She blushed deeply, and looked at him appealingly. "The señor is laughing at me," she said.

"No, Carmencita," Don Luis answered, kindly. "He is not laughing. You have been a child to us, and we have not observed; but your likeness to the portrait of the Marquésa is indeed wonderful, and that means that you are very beautiful. It is true."

He spoke with the gravity of one who makes an important announcement; and the girl, thus solemnly assured of the fact of her own beauty, stood for a moment as if uncertain what to do or to say in a situation so entirely novel. Ingraham watched her with amusement and interest. What a new type she was! For the first time her individuality, apart from her physical perfection, appealed to his imagination. "She may prove an interesting study in more ways than one, perhaps," he thought. And then he said,—

"The señorita must forgive me if I cannot refrain from expressing surprise that the woman lives who needs to be told that she is beautiful. My canvas must fulfil the neglected duty of her mirror in proving it to her beyond a doubt. And, by the bye,"—he turned to Don Gilberto,—*"I have no canvas with me of a suitable size. Can I obtain what I want in Patzcuaro?"*

"Doubtful," that gentleman replied. "But if you will give me your measurements, I will send what you want from Morelia. It means the delay of only a day or two, for I shall return to-morrow."

"That will give a little time for Doña Cármen to become accustomed to the idea of standing for her portrait," said Ingraham, with a smiling glance at the girl. "I am anxious to copy the picture of the Marquésa as far as possible in every detail, and I only wish it were possible to duplicate the costume."

"To duplicate may not be possible," said Don Luis, "but there are in this house many rich old dresses and stuffs belonging to the past, which I am sure my mother will take pleasure in showing to you. Among them you may find something suitable to your purpose."

"And do you think," said Ingraham, doubtfully, "that Doña Antonia will consent?"

"I am sure of her consent," Don Luis replied. "Let us find her."

To find Doña Antonia was not difficult. They met her on the corridor of the great court almost as soon as they entered it, and when she heard the request she smiled with a graciousness which Ingraham did not expect. Her manner seemed to say that, having by her son's

desire consented to the whim of the painter, she was willing to assist him in carrying it out in all its details. Moreover, he fancied that there was gratification in the alacrity of her consent. Opportunities for exhibiting these relics of the opulent past were doubtless few, and Doña Antonia was perhaps not sorry for an excuse to draw them forth and impress the *gringo* with their splendor.

"Yes, we have many old costumes, señor," she said; "some that have been handed down for centuries. They will interest you, and I shall have pleasure in showing them to you, even if you do not find what will serve your purpose. Come with me."

She led him into a spacious chamber which he judged to be her own. Like all other rooms of the house, it was simply and very sparsely furnished, containing two small, hard, narrow beds placed in opposite corners, with very primitive lavatory and toilet arrangements, but Ingraham's glance fell at once on several great carved chests of dark wood, with heavy locks, fit companions for that chest in which the hapless bride of "The Mistletoe Bough" met her fate. In such chests the trousseau of a princess might in old days have been conveyed over land and sea. Doña Antonia smiled at the quickening interest of his glance.

"You like these, señor?" she said. "They are very old and very secure. No one could easily carry them away. There have been times, *valgame Dios!* when had they not been so immovable they would have been carried away with all their contents. But let us hope that those days will never come again. These I use for the clothing of the household at present, but yonder stands one that has not been opened for many years. It is full of ancient things. We will examine it."

"What a lucky fellow I am!" thought Ingraham, as he saw the clumsy old keys fitted in the ponderous locks. "Suppose I had not met Don Gilberto on the Calzada of Morelia; I should have missed all these delightful adventures."

But when the great lid of the chest was raised, and two women whom Doña Antonia summoned began to draw forth the treasures it contained, he even forgot to congratulate himself on his good fortune, so lost was he in admiration, so beset with covetous desire to make some of these beautiful things his own. For here were such rich old stuffs, such exquisite embroideries, such brocades and damasks, with tints harmoniously faded by time, as he had never seen in equal profusion in the bric-à-brac shops of Rome or Madrid. One after the other they were lifted forth, until the whole room seemed to glow with color, and to suggest a hundred memories of courts and palaces and those grand ladies of the past, who in such superb fabrics gaze in stately splendor from the canvases of the great painters. Here was a robe of richest Venetian silk, mellowed by time to an incomparable ivory and covered with brocaded masses of flowers in tints that simply ravished the eye. As the waiting-women shook out its glistening folds and held it up, and the children, who had been attracted as bees by honey, cried out that it was "*hermosissima*," Ingraham turned quickly to Doña Antonia.

"Señora," he cried, "it is in this dress, above all, that I should

like to see the *señorita*, and—if you will graciously allow me—to paint her. It belongs to the same period as the portrait. I am sufficiently a judge of styles and fabrics to be sure of that; and if I am permitted to paint her in it, I think that you cannot fail to be charmed with the result.”

“Your judgment is good, *señor*,” Doña Antonia answered. “This dress is certainly of the same period as the portrait, for, according to a family tradition, it belonged to the *Marquésa*, and therefore has been carefully handed down in all its details, even to the shoes which were worn with it.—*Manuela*, are they not there?”

“*Si, señora*,” answered the woman addressed, lifting from the chest, as she spoke, several articles that had fallen from the folds of the dress as it was shaken out. Doña Antonia handed the shoes to Ingraham. They were such as could hardly be matched out of the collection of the *Hôtel de Cluny*,—antique, very small, and fashioned of the same rich brocade as the dress. A strange sensation assailed the young man as he took them in his hand and thought of the slender, arched feet that had once worn them. It was difficult to realize how long those feet had mouldered into dust, while he held these shoes that still bore their shape and impress.

“This is far more than I could have ventured to hope,” he said, eagerly. “*Señora*, you will allow me to paint Doña *Cármen* in this costume, is it not so? You cannot refuse what I shall esteem at once a great privilege and a great pleasure!”

He looked at her entreatingly. Those who knew him best often said that there was a very beguiling quality about Ingraham when he chose to exert it. Perhaps Doña Antonia felt it now. She certainly smiled as she met his eyes.

“I know of no reason why you should not be gratified, *señor*,” she said, after a slight hesitation. “*Cármen* is in a certain sense a daughter of the house, and it is therefore not unfitting that she should wear the dress. Would you like to see her in it at once?”

“At once, if you will be so kind,” replied Ingraham. “I am very curious to find whether her resemblance to the portrait, which is in my eyes so remarkable, will be increased or lessened by her appearance in this dress.”

“Go to the *sala* and wait,” said Doña Antonia. “I will bring her to you presently.” Then, turning to one of the women, she added, “Bid Doña *Cármen* come to me.”

VII.

It was by this time sunset, but a brilliant glow from the western sky was filling the great *sala* with glory as Ingraham stood again before the *Velasquez*, absorbed in admiration alike of the genius of the painter and the beauty of his subject. In the flood of light now pouring upon it, the portrait seemed more than ever a thing of life, the splendid eyes held his with a more potent enchantment, the lips smiled with a more

disdainful loveliness, and the whole spell, alike of the woman and of the art that placed her on the canvas, seemed more absolutely irresistible. Never had Velasquez appeared to him so great as in the work his brush had wrought here; and never had he felt himself thrilled to the heart by the beauty of living woman as now by the mere shadow of this woman whose sceptre had so long since been wrested from her hand by death, and her magic philter spilled.

"There is nothing those eyes might not lead a man to forget," he said to himself as he gazed into their mysterious depths and felt their fascination like wine in his veins. "Good or bad, guilty or innocent,—who could look on her and ask such questions? One would have no alternative but to lay one's heart down at her feet, that she might tread on it if she liked. For such a woman men would commit crimes and dare dangers without number. I have never before comprehended how such things might be; but now—— Thank God that you are dead!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy, speaking aloud.

A low, apparently irrepressible laugh sounded behind him and made him turn quickly. In his amazement he recoiled a step, for there stood the woman he had addressed—alive.

The shock of surprise was so great that for a moment he did not remember or comprehend that *Cármen* stood before him. He only saw, line for line, tint for tint, the original of the portrait hanging on the wall. The same red-gold tresses were piled like a crown above the fair brow, the same wonderful dark eyes gazed out of the beautiful face, the same distinction was in the poise of the head and the fine, melting lines of neck and shoulders, the same rounded grace of form was revealed by the perfectly fitting robe of rich old brocade, with its accessories of pearl-embroidered stomacher and priceless lace. It was as if the *Marquésa* had stepped from her frame, to stand in the sunset radiance, more young, more fresh, more fair than when Velasquez painted her three centuries gone by.

"It is a miracle!" Ingraham exclaimed at last, looking from the picture to the living girl. "The likeness is beyond anything that I imagined. *Sefiorita*, you are transformed!"

It was no exaggerated phrase. The nun-like maiden who had glided along the corridors of *Las Cruces* an hour before, in her clinging gown and shrouding *rebozo*, seemed to have absolutely nothing in common with this brilliant vision. And it was a transformation which did not rest altogether nor chiefly on the mere accident of dress. Deeper than that it lay, in manner and bearing so changed that Ingraham felt as if some process of magic had taken place before his eyes. For what had touched the chords that roused this wonderful resemblance? Was there some spell in the ancient robe the girl had assumed, some potent influence left by her who had once worn it? Or, in the mould of flesh so wonderfully handed down, and fashioned in a likeness stronger than is often seen in mother and child, did there lie hid the resemblance that now displayed itself in every turn of gesture? How else should one who in her short existence had known only poverty, obscurity, and the dependence which is not likely to produce the manner of a great lady, wear court attire as if born to it, bear herself

with all the pride of long descent, and in her splendid beauty seem ready to challenge the notice of a king?

These things astonished Ingraham more than the personal resemblance which at first appeared to him so great; and as he gazed, even admiration was for a moment lost in the sense of astonishment. "It is simply marvellous," he repeated, "your resemblance to this portrait! I could not have conceived anything so amazing! Is it possible that you are not yourself aware of it?"

Thus challenged, *Cármen* lifted her eyes to the picture, and he fancied that there was something of reluctance in the glance. But if so, the expression vanished after a moment. The eyes of the portrait seemed to meet and hold hers in the resistless and, as it were, living spell that he had himself felt; and as she gazed, he could not but observe that the resemblance between herself and the painting grew more marked through the subtle medium of expression. Unconsciously, and almost as if acting under the influence of magnetism, she lifted her head with the very air of the proud beauty, the same smile slowly curved her delicate red lips, and the same light awakened in her eyes. After a moment, she turned and looked at Ingraham; and it was no imagination on his part that he felt something of the same thrill that had passed over him when he first met the eyes of the *Marquésa*.

"Why did you thank God that she was dead, señor?" *Cármen* asked, speaking for the first time; and her voice seemed to him as changed as her manner. Its full, sweet cadence was now as imperious as the light in her eyes.

"Because there seemed to me infinite possibilities of harm in her beauty," Ingraham answered. "But I was premature in thanking God that she was dead. She lives again in you, señorita; and, if you will, all her power may be yours."

"Why not?" she asked, as if speaking to herself. "Power is sweet, is it not? I do not know, for what power have I ever had? Not even so much as to order one of the tasks of my life. But now I feel as if it might be sweet, and as if"—she spoke slowly—"it were mine."

"It is yours," said Ingraham. Despite himself, he uttered the words with a solemnity which at another moment would have made him smile. But he had a strange sensation, as if the sudden development of a character, like the bursting open of a night-blooming cereus, were at this moment taking place before his eyes. More than once in the heart of the tropical night he had seen that lovely miracle of nature, the sheathing leaves of the long, green, close-shut bud folding back within an hour to reveal the unearthly beauty of its dazzling flower; and he felt as if the same miracle were repeated now.

"The power that is the birthright of beauty is indeed yours, señorita, in full measure," he went on, after a short pause. "But, if I may be permitted to ask, I should like to know what has wrought so sudden and so great a change in your sentiments? You could have had no such thoughts as these when a short time ago you were reluctant to allow me to show, by painting your portrait, how great is your resemblance to this picture."

"No," she answered, "I had no such thoughts. But something stirred in me—I know not how to say it—a dread, a foreboding of anything that might connect me with this picture. From my earliest childhood it has had an influence over me which I cannot comprehend or explain. In looking at it I have always had strange feelings, as if something were folded here"—she laid her hand on her breast—"which would one day make itself felt, as if there were thoughts and desires in me not born of my own life, which the mere sight of it wakened. And there was also something in me which shrank from and feared this waking. I speak to you obscurely, señor, because I do not myself understand that of which I speak. I am only sure—I cannot tell you how or why—that this picture has always had power to rouse in me longings for things so far from my life that I know not how I ever dreamed of them. And so it was that I felt averse to your request."

"You interest me extremely," said Ingraham,—which was indeed true; since to find such a psychological problem as this was even more remarkable than to find the genuine Velasquez which hung before him. "But now?" he asked, eagerly. "Are you averse to my request now?"

She looked at him with something which was almost scorn in her brilliant glance.

"Why should I be averse to it now?" she asked, in turn. "All that I shrank from and dreaded, without knowing why I dreaded it, has come to pass. I seem to have put on another being with this dress, which belongs to me as if I had worn it in another existence. I have looked at myself in a mirror, and I know that I am as like *her*"—she glanced at the portrait this time proudly and without reluctance—"as if I were her daughter; and, like her daughter, I have inherited all her passions and desires. But I am no longer afraid of them. I feel now that it is well to be beautiful and to have such power as she possessed. No, señor, I am no longer averse to your request. You may paint my portrait."

A princess could not have given the permission more royally, but for a moment Ingraham was too confounded to reply. What had he done? This was what he asked himself, forgetting that he had done little beyond what a child does who exposes a hidden spark of fire to a fanning breeze. The novice-like girl who first came into his sight had within her, already dimly perceived by herself, all the dormant characteristics which her physical appearance indicated. For Nature's signs never fail, though we may often fail in reading them aright. Of the exact nature of that close and intimate bond between the spirit and the matter which clothes it, no one has ever been able to speak with full knowledge; but we know with the certainty of experience that by the outer we may tell unerringly the character of the inner man, by the shape of the head read the capacity of the brain lodged within, by the outline of the features recognize the disposition, by the very quality of the skin find an index to the temperament. And in all this the mystery of inheritance plays its full part. With family looks, family characteristics are handed down from one generation to another; and whenever we find a striking physical resemblance we find a moral re-

semblance equally great. By what strange working out of hidden law, or trick of chance, this girl had been clothed with a garment of flesh exactly reproducing that of her remote ancestress it is impossible to say; but given the reproduction of the type, there followed as an inevitable result the reproduction of those traits and tendencies of character of which the flesh is but the material expression and index.

Thoughts like these passed rapidly through Ingraham's mind as he stood silent for a moment after Cármen had last spoken; and before he collected himself sufficiently to answer her, Doña Antonia, accompanied by Don Luis and Don Gilberto, whom she had paused to summon, entered the *sala*.

"Ah, señor, it is more wonderful than you imagined, is it not so?" she said, as she advanced. "I thought that you were dreaming when you talked of Cármen being like the Marquésa; but when I put the dress upon her—*Madre de Dios*, it was like magic! Cármen seemed to vanish, and it was as if the Marquésa stepped from her frame and looked at me.—Have you ever seen anything like it?" she asked, addressing the two men who followed her, and indicating the girl by a gesture.

It did not surprise Ingraham that they both looked at her for a moment as if stupefied. Evidently their former recognition of the likeness had not prepared them for such a startling vision as this. And Cármen, instead of shrinking and blushing under their steadfast gaze, as on the corridor only a short time before, met it now with the composure of one to whom the consciousness of beauty made admiration the most natural of consequences.

"*Caramba!*" said Don Gilberto at last, rolling out the word in a manner to express the extreme of astonishment. "I can hardly believe that this is my Carmencita! It is a great lady; it is the Marquésa herself!—Had you any idea that the likeness was so astonishing?" he asked, turning to Don Luis.

Ingraham's attention thus directed to the latter, he was struck by the expression with which he was regarding the young girl. His deep dark eyes were fastened upon her with a look in which amazement and admiration were mingled, so that for an instant he did not seem even to hear Don Gilberto's question. Then he started slightly and answered,—

"No: it is wonderful; it is a revelation! I ask myself if we have all been without eyes, that it was necessary for a stranger to come and show us this extraordinary thing. I have never seen or known anything like it. Cármen has disappeared. It is, as you have said, a great lady who stands there now."

"Then the great lady will disappear and Cármen shall return," said the girl. She made them a deep courtesy,—such a courtesy as might have become a court,—and, turning, walked with perfect grace and self-possession down the long *sala* to the door. They all watched her breathlessly, the same surprise, the same thought, in the mind of each: how had she learned such a manner and bearing? What marvellous instinct had in her case supplied the place of training?

The sunset radiance seemed to fade out of the room as she left it,

and they looked at each other a little blankly, as people puzzled by something beyond their powers of comprehending.

"*Caramba!*" said Don Gilberto again. "After this I shall believe in magic."

VIII.

Ingraham, too, believed in magic in the days which followed this remarkable day of his arrival. When he caught a glimpse of *Cármen* again—which was not until the late evening meal—he already began to ask himself if the scene in the *sala* had not been a dream, if the picture of the *Marquésa* had not so bewitched him that his own imagination had played him the trick of fancying that the girl had looked at him with the very eyes and smile of the long dead woman and spoken to him with her voice? Had he not dreamed that singular confession she had made of the power the picture exercised over her? He could not but ask himself these questions as he saw the quiet, unobtrusive maiden in her simple dress, plain and poor as that of a servant, glide with retiring manner and bent head into the dining-room, where, scarcely lifting her eyes, she seated herself at the end of the table occupied by the children and proceeded to supply their somewhat clamorous wants. No one noticed her; she was plainly filling her ordinary place and duties; but Ingraham caught once or twice a puzzled look in the eyes of Don Luis, as, like his own, they sought that bent head, with the golden hair smoothed in simplest fashion and hanging in its accustomed shining braids down her back.

After supper she disappeared completely, and the three men who sat together on the corridor smoking and talking until bedtime did not again allude to the Velasquez, or to the singular resemblance which had been revealed. It was only when Ingraham retired to his own apartment that Don Gilberto, following him there, again spoke of the picture.

"It is the unexpected which happens," he observed, as he placed himself on a wooden-seated chair, severely primitive as most of the other furniture was, and watched the young man open his portmanteau. "I had little idea when we started for Las Cruces that I should leave you here engaged in painting *Cármen's* portrait, with no certainty at all of obtaining the Velasquez."

"Has Don Luis refused to part with it?" asked Ingraham, sitting down, in turn, on his hard narrow bed and regarding the other by the light of the single candle which faintly strove to illuminate the large apartment.

"He refused, yes, but not in such a manner as to exclude hope," the other answered; "else I should make short work of *Cármen's* portrait, which is but an excuse for your remaining. If Nature by some freak has chosen to make the girl a living counterpart of the *Marquésa*, who was certainly no model of virtue in her day, the fact is not of such happy augury that it should be emphasized in the manner you propose, except that thereby you are enabled to stay here and by slow degrees, perhaps, work upon Don Luis."

"You had better give me some idea of what arguments will be likely to have an effect upon him," said Ingraham. "After all, it is a deucedly impertinent thing to ask a man—a gentleman of long descent—to part with what is not only an invaluable work of art, but to himself and his family the equivalent of a patent of nobility."

"There is only one argument that I know of to move him or any other man, and that is self-interest," replied the other, with cynical coolness. "As I have told you, he is ambitious; and to further his ambition he needs money. Offer him enough, and in my opinion the Velasquez will be yours."

"Was not ten thousand dollars enough?"

"It will be well to increase the offer. There is no risk if you are absolutely sure that the picture is a genuine Velasquez."

Ingraham did not think that further assurance was required on this score; he simply nodded and said, "I am willing to go as high as fifteen thousand if necessary. But let us first be sure that it is necessary. For myself," he added, "I find the prospect of staying here and painting Doña Carmen's portrait so interesting that I am sincerely obliged to Don Luis for not accepting our offer at once."

Don Gilberto gave the easy speaker a quick glance, as if he would fain read him more thoroughly than he had yet been able to do. But a dim candle is a very baffling light by which to read anything, so after a moment he spoke, not without some hesitation:

"That is another point on which we must have a few words before we part, Mr. Ingraham, and these words I hope you will not misunderstand. You do not, I am sure, need for me to remind you how entirely our meeting was a matter of chance, and how little we know of each other. Stop!"—as Ingraham was about to speak. "Let me finish by saying that I have not forgotten days when I associated with gentlemen in my own country, and when I meet a countryman I never have the least difficulty in determining whether or not he is a gentleman. If I did not fully recognize this fact with regard to yourself, I should not be leaving you at Las Cruces now. But a man may be a gentleman and yet forget some things—for instance, how easily a girl who has seen nothing of the world can be impressed. You have been instrumental in revealing to us to-day that Carmen is no longer a child, but a singularly beautiful woman. This beauty may lead you to forget that in her thoughts and experience she is still but a child, and that the language of compliment and flattery is absolutely unknown to her. She has never even heard of that amusement called flirtation, which I presume still flourishes in our country."

"It is an amusement so hopelessly vulgar that I know little more of it than that it exists," said Ingraham, coldly. But the amiability of his temper asserted itself the next moment, as he felt the reasonableness of the other's words. "I understand you perfectly," he went on, looking frankly at Don Gilberto, "and, since you know so little of me, hold you entirely justified in your warning. But if you knew me better, you would know that there is no need for it. Even if your daughter's beauty did not affect me solely as the subject of a picture, I think I may safely say that I am incapable of either flattering or flirt-

ing with her. I should be glad if you would set your mind at rest by believing this."

"I do believe it," said the other, heartily. "I only spoke to guard against a possible danger. Now"—rising—"I shall bid you good-by and wish you good luck. I start at daybreak. Your canvas will be here as soon as possible, and I depend upon you to let me know how you progress in your negotiations with Don Luis."

Ingraham promised to do so; but it may be safely asserted that possible negotiations with Don Luis were very little in his mind when he waked the next morning to find a flood of brilliant sunshine streaming into his room through an unbarred window. His first vague sensation, before consciousness fully returned after the deep, dreamless slumber which followed physical fatigue, was of something pleasant awaiting him, even as the first confused waking sense—more familiar to most of us—after pain or grief is of something disagreeable to be endured. It required only a minute for him to remember what the pleasure was which smiled upon him with the smile of the opening day. A new subject for a picture, and such a subject! He almost laughed with exultation as he sprang out of bed. What would not ——— and ——— and ——— (he ran rapidly over in his mind the names of half a dozen aspiring and already famous painters) give for such a chance as this which had come to him? Would they not call him half enviously, as often before, the Prince of Good Luck? He acknowledged to himself that it was luck almost too extraordinary to be true. "Taken all in all, the episode promises to be one of the most interesting I have ever known," he reflected, "and I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on my rare good fortune in meeting Don Gilberto."

He was still in this elated frame of mind when, breakfast over,—at least the cup of coffee (or chocolate) and bread which in Mexico, as in most southern countries, does duty for breakfast,—he suggested to Doña Antonia, who was the only member of the household he met, that, with her permission, he should like a sitting from Cármen as soon as possible.

It was not his fancy that Doña Antonia did not look very much pleased. "Will not the afternoon answer as well, señor?" she asked. "In the morning Cármen has many duties to perform. It will probably not occupy very much time, that which you desire, but it will be a distraction, and if she must put on the dress of the Marquésa——"

"That is absolutely necessary," said Ingraham, hastily but decidedly, for he felt sure that without the influence, occult or imaginary, of the court robe of the dead beauty, Cármen would not be in the least the subject he desired to paint.

"In that case," replied Doña Antonia, with equal decision, "it is necessary to wait until the afternoon."

The radiance of Ingraham's mood suffered something of an eclipse after this. If he was to be forced to waste the best light and best hours of every day in such fashion, the difficulties of painting the picture would be immense, and the delay most irksome to his patience and to that creative impulse now at high tide, but which in every artist is as certain to ebb as the waves of the sea, leaving the dreary period of

reflux, when labor is no longer delight, but drudgery. Such a period Ingraham dreaded in himself. "I must paint the picture while I feel like doing so, if I am to make a success of it," he thought, as he wandered discontentedly into the great *sala*, and stood once more, lost in admiration, before the portrait of the Marquésa. Such an opportunity had never, he was sure, come to any painter as now came to him, and was he to lose it through the obstinacy of a wretched old woman, with no appreciation of art, whose consent at this moment he would have liked to shake out of her by the application of physical force? It was while he meditated somewhat ruefully upon these things, that the thought of Don Luis occurred to him. Perhaps by his intervention he might hope to have this vexatious restriction against morning sittings removed, since it had been by the exercise of his influence alone that he had secured the privilege of any sittings at all. But where was Don Luis? His impatience could ill brook delay, and sign of the master of the house there was none. "He must be an uncommonly late riser," thought the young man, who knew little of the habits of Mexican haciendados. But he was soon enlightened in this particular. Meeting a servant on the spacious, empty corridors surrounding the inner court, his inquiry was answered by the information that "*el amo*" had, according to his custom, ridden out in the early morning, and had not yet returned. Would he return soon? It was likely, since he had gone out even earlier than usual, at the time of Don Gilberto's departure. Thus encouraged, Ingraham went down into the court and out to the entrance, where, lounging and smoking on one of the stone benches placed on each side of the deep arch, he watched with interest the busy scenes enacting on the open space before the house. The office of the *administrador*, which was one of the lower apartments, opened by an outward door immediately upon this space, and before it a succession of carts were arriving and departing,—the great, unwieldy carts of Mexico, with their high wooden wheels, into the composition of which no particle of iron enters, and their long teams of loosely-harnessed mules. Ingraham fetched his sketch-book and found some interest in making several graphic sketches of the picturesque groups formed by these carts, mules, and attendant men; but the sense of suppressed irritation, of longing to be doing something else, and of wasted time and energy, never left him, so that it was with an exclamation of unfeigned pleasure that, as the clatter of a horse's hoofs striking on the pavement under the arch caused him to look up, he saw Don Luis smiling from the saddle down upon him.

"Ah, Señor Ingraham, you find something in the *carretas* to make a picture!" he said. "They are very strange, our *carretas*, to your eyes, is it not so?"

"Very picturesque,—*carretas*, mules, and men," replied Ingraham, comprehensively, thinking again, as he spoke, what a subject for a painter his host made, in his riding-dress of embroidered buckskin, high boots, and long gloves, the broad *sombrero* shading his face, with its finely-cut features and clear, dark tints, while the richly-adorned saddle, from the high pommel of which the coiled *reata*, or lasso, hung, and heavy stirrups of stamped leather, set off the beauty of the horse,

in which, as in most Mexican horses, the strain of Arabian blood was strikingly evident. Horse and rider, framed by the great arch, made a picture that at another time Ingraham would have eagerly begged permission to transfer to his sketch-book or his canvas. But just now he was too impatient of delay to be drawn into prolonging it even by a subject so tempting.

"But I am a little surprised," Don Luis went on, as he dismounted and gave his horse to a *mozo* who came forward, "that you find the *carretas* more interesting than the picture you were so anxious on yesterday to paint. Or—I forget—it is the canvas from Morelia for which, no doubt, you wait?"

"No, señor," Ingraham replied, glad of so speedy an opening for his grievance; "I am not waiting for the canvas from Morelia. I had fully intended to make a preliminary study of the head of Doña Carmen this morning; but the señora your mother told me, to my great disappointment, that it was impossible to spare her from her occupations, for the purpose."

Don Luis frowned slightly. Dutiful and affectionate son as, like most of his countrymen, he was, that frown said distinctly that he was also master in his own house, and that he did not like his mother's interference with his distinctly expressed wishes. "I was not aware," he remarked, "that Carmen had occupations so important that they need interfere with the fulfilment of my promise to you. There is some misunderstanding. Come with me, and I will arrange the matter so that you shall not again be interfered with."

"I am afraid that I shall win, out of all this, the hearty dislike of Doña Antonia," thought Ingraham, as he closed his sketch-book with alacrity and followed the stately figure that, with ringing spurs, strode before him to the great stone staircase.

All the wide galleries surrounding the quadrangle above were empty and silent, save for the gliding form of a servant or two in the distance, when they emerged upon them. Don Luis gave a quick glance around, and then walked with decision down the echoing lengths of two sides of the court and up to a closed door at which he knocked with the head of his riding-whip. A voice, barely audible through the thick wood, gave permission to enter, and on the opening of the door a scene for which Ingraham was not prepared was revealed.

In the midst of a large, lofty room, scantily furnished with the simplicity which characterized most of the other apartments of the house, Carmen sat, occupied in sewing, an overflowing work-basket beside her, while the presence of the children with books and slates, and the fact that the oldest girl was reading aloud in a high, sing-song voice, sufficiently indicated that she combined the duties of seamstress and teacher. As the door opened, she lifted her head from the work over which it was bent, and the expression of extreme amazement visible on her face as her eyes fell upon the figure of Don Luis standing upon the threshold was sufficient proof that such an apparition had never stood there before.

"It is papa!" cried the children, in tones of mingled astonishment and delight, as, throwing down their books, they ran toward him.

But he lifted his hand with a deterring gesture. "Be quiet, my children," he said. "I have come to speak not to you, but to Carmencita.—Why is it," he asked, addressing the girl, "that you are engaged in this manner, after having promised our friend the Señor Ingraham that he should have the pleasure of painting you?"

As if for the first time aware of the presence of the person thus spoken of, Carmen turned her eyes toward him as she answered, "I have not seen or heard anything of the señor this morning. I supposed that when he wished for me I should be informed. Meanwhile, there was no reason why I should neglect my daily duties."

"It seems to me," said Don Luis, again frowning slightly, "that your duties are excessive. It is enough that you should undertake to teach these children a little, without burdening yourself farther with such work as that." And he pointed to the pile of garments beside her.

"It is what I have always done," said the girl, quietly. "Why should I find it more excessive to-day than yesterday? But if I am wanted by the Señor Ingraham, I must first speak to Doña Antonia, for she will expect this work to be finished."

"I will speak to her," said Don Luis, in a tone of brief decision; and, turning, he walked away, leaving Ingraham standing, at a loss whether to go or to stay, on the threshold of the invaded work-room and school-room in one.

But it was impossible to resist the temptation to linger long enough to let his eyes rest with pleasure on the details of Carmen's beauty as she sat with the strong light of the radiant sky pouring through a wide-open window full upon her, bringing out all the pearly fairness and exquisite delicacy of her skin, and the dazzling gold of her hair. Besides these details, there was little at this moment to attract attention toward her. Seated on a chair as lowly as her apparent lot in life, with head bent over her homely task, a stranger seeing her for the first time might have said, "What a pretty sewing-girl!" but would assuredly have beheld nothing to suggest resemblance to the splendid court beauty smiling from the canvas of Velasquez. Even to Ingraham's keen glance the likeness seemed for the moment to have escaped like a volatile essence. Where had it vanished? He was asking himself the question with a puzzled sense of something altogether strange and elusive, when Carmen suddenly lifted her eyes from the seam on which they had fallen, and met his gaze. As she did so she smiled.

"You are wondering what has become of the Marquésa, are you not, señor?" she asked, with something slightly mocking in her tone. "*Miré!* She has gone,—she is lying quietly in her grave,—and you have here only Carmen, who passes her days in sewing children's frocks and hearing their lessons."

"And has Carmen, while she sews the frocks and hears the lessons, no recollections of the Marquésa, no longings for a different life?" asked Ingraham, more and more interested in the singular personality of the girl.

She shook her head slowly. "When Carmen is wise, señor, she thinks of nothing besides the frocks and lessons," she answered. "And

indeed," lapsing suddenly into the first person, "what else do I know? All else are but dreams. This," resuming her needle, "is the existence to which I was born."

"When the Marquésa comes to life in you again, you will think differently, señorita."

She looked up at him, this time with a strange gravity on her face. "I am more than ever sure, señor, that it is not well the Marquésa should come to life again," she said. "And for that reason is it asking too much of you to beg you to abandon the idea of painting my portrait? I should be very grateful if you would do so."

"Señorita! it is impossible that I hear you aright," Ingraham cried, confounded by this request. "You have promised, and I must hold you to the fulfilment of your promise. How can I forego such a great pleasure and privilege? You do not know what you ask. It would be inexcusable to fail to perpetuate anything so wonderful as your resemblance to that picture! And is it possible that you have forgotten all that you said to me yesterday?"

"It would be well if I forgot it and you also, señor," she answered, with grave earnestness. "I talked like a fool. I almost think that I was under the influence of some spell; for why else should the mere putting on of that old dress have had such an effect upon me? I have been ashamed to remember the folly of my words ever since. It was true, as I told you, that I had known before some vague feelings of the kind, which made me shrink from any association with the picture; but I was like a creature transformed, I was not myself, while I talked to you in the *sala*."

"It was a most interesting transformation," said Ingraham, "and one which I would not have missed for anything. I wish I could make you understand half how interesting it was, and you would see the—the cruelty of your request. Of course I cannot insist on painting you against your will. But why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should you object to the development of your nature along its natural lines, if the painting assists in that development? I don't myself comprehend why it should do so; but the whole thing is so strange that, granting it does, why should you object?"

"Why should I object to having developed in me the nature, the longings, the tastes, of the Marquésa?" she asked, regarding him with almost startling energy. She turned with an unconsciously dramatic gesture and indicated her surroundings, the bare, work-strewn chamber, the children standing around in silent wonder, with well-thumbed books in hand. "Look at the setting of my life, señor, and answer that question yourself."

"But this need not always be the setting of your life," returned Ingraham, earnestly. "You are—pardon my frankness—far too beautiful to spend your days in such drudgery as this. It is an impossibility."

"On the contrary, when one is poor, very poor, it is a certainty," she replied, in a tone of deliberate conviction which surprised him. "As for my beauty, not one of those who have known me all my life had ever seen it until they looked at me with your eyes. When they

have no longer your eyes through which to look, they will forget it again, and I shall be only Carmencita, too little and obscure for notice. Let it be so, señor. It is best. Do not paint the picture, I implore you!"

What could Ingraham reply? To insist upon painting the portrait of one who thus earnestly, and almost with passion, implored him not to do so, seemed a positively brutal thing. And yet to resign this unparalleled opportunity, to miss the exquisite pleasure of such an artistic experiment, and to leave untouched a subject that would have tempted and delighted Velasquez himself, was more than he could bring himself to do. He stood silent, conscious of the dark eyes fastened upon him in an entreaty compelling as a command, unable to refuse their request, yet overwhelmed by the mere idea of the renunciation demanded of him.

It was in the midst of the pause while he so stood and Carmen so waited, each absorbed in the decision which hung trembling in the balance, that Don Luis suddenly broke in upon their preoccupation by appearing again beside Ingraham.

"The matter is arranged, señor," he said.—"Carmencita, my mother awaits you in her chamber. When you have changed your dress, she will accompany you to the room which Señor Ingraham has selected for his studio."

There was a moment's silence. Then, with Carmen's compelling gaze upon him, Ingraham forced himself to speak. "You are very kind, señor," he said, addressing Don Luis, "but I find—I think—that is," gathering himself together with an effort, "I believe that the sittings necessary for such a picture will prove very fatiguing to the señorita, as well as a great interruption to her occupations, and therefore I feel bound not to press a matter which will prove disagreeable to her. With your permission, therefore, I shall abandon the intention of painting her portrait."

"This is a very sudden resolution, señor," said Don Luis, regarding the speaker with excusable surprise. "Half an hour ago you were as eager to begin the painting as I am to see the result of your attempt. And for myself I cannot consent to be disappointed without some better reason than a fear, which I am sure is unfounded, of fatiguing Carmen by the sittings.—Can you not reassure the señor on this point?" he asked, turning to the girl.

She colored deeply at the appeal. "There is no fear that the sittings will fatigue me," she replied, in a low voice, "but Señor Ingraham has kindly recognized that I—I have a reluctance to the painting——"

"But this is folly," interrupted Don Luis, as shortly and peremptorily as he would have spoken to one of the children. "Your father has promised for you, this gentleman has remained here for the sole purpose of painting this picture, and I cannot allow you to disappoint him for a childish caprice. Go, go! Let us hear no more of this reluctance. It is not gracious to the señor, who is paying you a high compliment."

"I had no intention of being ungracious to the señor," said Carmen,

as submissively as she had spoken the day before to her father. There was no sign left of the passionate energy with which she had addressed Ingraham, as with down-dropped eyes and the obedience of a child she folded away her work and rose. "If the señor will excuse my folly," she added, as she approached the two men still standing in the door, "I will not trouble him again with my objections, and I shall come to his studio as soon as I have changed my dress."

IX.

Cármen kept her word. Ingraham heard no more of her objections to the picture, and when, at the first opportunity, he began to express in a half-hearted manner his regret that she should be forced to do what was disagreeable to her, she stopped him with what to himself he called her *Marquésa* air.

"Do not trouble yourself, señor," she said. "It was not you or I who decided the matter. It was fate. One is foolish to struggle against that. I am sorry to have seemed so inconsistent,—giving my consent one day and withdrawing it the next. But my objections are all over now. Do not imagine that I have any farther reluctance to your painting."

And of the sincerity, as well as the composure, of her words, there could be no doubt. Day by day it seemed to Ingraham that he could perceive more clearly the growth and development in her of all that her appearance indicated when she would come to him in the shining splendor of the old court dress, holding her head with the proud grace of the dead beauty, the sense of power, born of conscious loveliness, shining in her eyes and curving her lips. Day by day her resemblance deepened to the picture before which she stood, until, glancing from one to the other, Ingraham sometimes drew his breath, overcome by amazement, asking himself if concentration of ideas had not bewitched his sight and made him fancy such an identity not only of feature, but of manner and expression, between the portrait and the living girl. But that it was not an illusion born of his own imagination, he was convinced by the fact that its effect was as apparent on Don Luis as on himself. He too looked with astonishment at the transformation, and he too perceived, like Ingraham, that as time went on the resemblance to the *Marquésa* ceased to disappear when Cármen changed her dress and became again the familiar presence, half child, half humble dependant, of every day. At first she laid aside the manner and bearing of the great lady with her rich robes; but as she became, as it were, more and more completely saturated with the influence of the portrait, the very being of which she seemed to assume for so many hours of each day, she began to look, in her humble attire, like one who is masquerading, rather than the novice-like maiden who had glided unobtrusively as a shadow about the corridors of *Las Cruces* when Ingraham first saw her. Even *Doña Antonia* at length observed the change. More than once her eye rested with disapproval on the girl,

as with her golden head held high, in the very pose of the Marquésa, she entered or left the dining-room. Finally the comment came.

"I was afraid of the effect of this painting upon Cármen," she remarked to her son one day, as they sat on the corridor together, and the girl passed with her strangely altered step and bearing across their view. "I thought that the result of arraying her in a manner so unfitting her station in life, and having her portrait painted, as if she were a beauty or a person of distinction, would be to develop a dangerous vanity. I see that my fears were well founded. The girl is totally spoiled. Her resemblance to the picture of the Marquésa has turned her head. She has lost all her modesty of appearance and manner, and walks about the house with the air of a great lady. When I look at her I can hardly believe that it is Cármen."

"Nor I," said Don Luis, as his gaze still rested on the place where the graceful figure had disappeared. "It is an extraordinary case of what looks almost like a transformed personality. The Cármen whom we have known as a child seems to have vanished. But I do not think with you that it is a result of vanity. I believe that her change of manner is as unconscious as her change of appearance when she assumes the Marquésa's dress."

"Conscious or unconscious, it is the result of vanity, as I knew well that it would be," said Doña Antonia. "*Madre de Dios!* do I not know girls? As long as they are kept secluded and in ignorance, they are content and humble and all is well; but once let men begin to look at them and pay them foolish compliments, and all is over. Their heads are turned, they peacock themselves if one but glances at them, and there is nothing to do but to marry them off hand, if one wishes to avoid trouble and mischief. As soon as possible I shall return Cármen to her mother with that recommendation. And meanwhile I trust that this painter may not completely spoil her by his flattery. Her father and yourself have much to answer for. She was a good child, gentle, obedient, retiring, until this folly began."

"I do not think that Señor Ingraham flatters her," said Don Luis, quietly. "I have been present during many of the sittings, and he says little to her, or indeed to any one. He appears to be completely absorbed, and paints like a man possessed by a frenzy. The picture is growing under his hand marvellously like the work of Velasquez."

"Why not, since he has the Velasquez before him to copy?" asked Doña Antonia, serenely unaware of any technical difficulties in transferring to a modern canvas the matchless coloring of the great Spanish realist. "I am glad that you have sometimes been able to be present," she went on. "It is a protection for Cármen. For me to sacrifice my time is impossible. I have too much to occupy me to be able to spend hours in watching the daughter of Joséfa Valdez. I placed old Maraquita in the room; it was all I could do. But she does not understand English. For that matter, neither do I; but they would not speak English if I were present."

"They do not speak very much of either English or Spanish," said Don Luis. "I think that you may tranquillize your mind on that point. Señor Ingraham is thinking more of his painting than

of *Cármén*." "And more of my Velasquez than of both together," he was on the point of adding, but forbore in time; since he had no intention of speaking to Doña Antonia of Ingraham's offer for the picture until he had decided whether or not to accept it.

He was, however, mistaken in this opinion. Ingraham had, indeed, increased his offer, as he had promised Don Gilberto he would do; but, having done that, the question of making the Velasquez his own might almost have been said to have passed from his mind, so absorbed was he in the most fascinating and ambitious work he had ever attempted. Don Luis was right in saying that he painted like one possessed by frenzy. It was indeed the frenzy of the artist who sees within his reach the effect, the perfection at which he aims, and who, with an intense concentration, puts forth every effort to attain it. To him, at this time, all things became a dream except the attempt, in which all his faculties were strung to highest tension, to place worthily on his canvas the girl who day after day stood before him in all the glory of her beauty,—the fairness of her skin, the splendor of her hair, and the dark lustre of her eyes challenging him to paint them, as Velasquez had painted the *Marquésa*, for generations yet unborn to gaze upon with wondering admiration.

But in the midst of this feverish exaltation the reflux came, when, flinging down palette and brushes one day, he cried out, in a tone of despair, "It is impossible! I am a presumptuous fool ever to have attempted it. What insanity to dream that I could succeed! Velasquez must come back from the dead to paint you, *señorita*, as he painted you before."

Cármén did not answer for a moment. She was accustomed to his fanciful language on this point, and it made little impression upon her. But she quietly stepped forward and stood before the picture on his easel. As she regarded it, the color deepened on her cheek, a light kindled in her eyes, and she lifted her head with the proud gesture now become familiar to her. It was plain that the perception of her own loveliness, painted in such glowing tints, thrilled her with mingled pleasure and pride. Presently she glanced at the portrait of the *Marquésa*, and then turned to Ingraham, who was watching her curiously.

"Why is it that you are discouraged, *señor*?" she asked. "It seems to me that your work is as beautiful as this. It is as if Velasquez *had* come back from the dead, the two paintings are so much alike."

"Then my picture is but a servile copy," said Ingraham, who was in a mood in which encouragement became difficult. "I did not intend it to be that. I meant that it should have some original life,—even as you are yourself and not the *Marquésa*, however wonderful your resemblance to her may be."

Cármén again looked at the portrait of the *Marquésa*, encountering the gaze of its almost living eyes with her full glance. To Ingraham, still watching her, it seemed that, in the triumphant consciousness of her beauty, she felt at this moment upon a plane of equality with the woman whose splendid image had so long dominated her imagination.

"Yes, there is no doubt that I am myself,—another person altogether," she said at length, slowly. "Yet it is no fancy to believe that I think and feel as she thought and felt, that I long for the things which she possessed, and that I could do the things she did."

Remembering the story of the Marquésa, Ingraham felt a slight shiver pass over him at the last words, and as he gazed at the girl, with her strange resemblance to the woman whose fascination seemed to live in spite of time and death, deepening even as she spoke, he felt now, as more than once before, that if he had not been, as she declared, a mere instrument of fate, the time might come when he would hardly be able to forgive himself for the part he had played in her awakening.

"No," he said, quickly, "you could not do the things of which this woman was capable; and you dream when you fancy it is so. Some mental and spiritual likeness there must be where the physical likeness is so strong, for Nature's signs are never without meaning; but remember what different strains of blood enter into your being from those which entered into hers. Half of your ancestry is Anglo-Saxon. That alone makes a difference greater than you can readily understand."

Still gazing at the picture, Carmen shook her head. "It does not matter about that," she said. "I belong to her as much as if no other strain of blood were in my veins. I have felt it all my life,—ever since, when first brought here a little child, I crept into the *sala* and stood spellbound before her. That moment was like a second birth to me, for in that moment I knew what beauty was, and even my childish soul understood what power, triumph, pleasure might be." She turned and looked at him, her eyes dilating as he had not seen them since that first day when she came to him in the *sala* and told him of the influence of the portrait upon her. "Do you believe in possession, señor?" she asked. "Sometimes I have dreamed that from her long and bitter exile spent within these walls the Marquésa left something—I know not what—a power, a spell behind her, which I have felt more than others because I am moulded in her likeness. Do you think it possible that such a thing might be?"

"Who knows?" replied Ingraham, vaguely, although the suggestion appealed at once to his own responsive imagination. He was not likely to forget the deep impression the Marquésa's story made upon his fancy, even before he had seen her picture, and how for him the fortress-like court, the wide corridors, and the vast rooms had seemed pervaded by a presence whose beauty was full of the mournfulness of a tragic fate. Had the proud spirit of the woman suffering perhaps an unmerited punishment, in its long stress of agony, indeed left behind, in this which had been her prison, an influence specially to be felt by one who was like a vessel fitted by nature to receive it? He, too, looked up at the portrait. "Living or dead," he thought, "all things are possible to her." And then his eyes turned again to the girl who was her image. "Such a thing might be," he said, aloud. "We do not know: mysteries surround us on every side, and there is none deeper than that of our own nature. But why strive to probe into that which we can never know? There is a natural reason for all that

you feel, in the fact that you are fashioned in this woman's very likeness."

"And this likeness—what does it mean?" she asked, with a note of passion vibrating in her voice such as he had not heard from her before. "That I am to spend my life as an unpaid servant, in menial toil, with her proud spirit and her fiery heart within me, unrecognized? If that must be the end,—and I have known always that there is no other possible for me,—do you wonder that I shrank from this,"—turning quickly, she pointed to his painting,—“from putting on her very being for a time, only to fall back more hopelessly into my own?"

What a picture she made at this moment, as she stood in the rich robe of shining brocade, one white arm extended in a gesture full at once of energy and grace, her head thrown back on the slender column of her rounded throat, her eyes shining with a glow that made their splendor almost overpowering, and the intense light from the wide, unshuttered window smiting the red gold of her piled-up tresses! It was no wonder that Ingraham caught his breath, or that the old woman quietly sewing at the farther end of the room, over whose bent head their conversation passed unheeded, looked up in amazement, asking herself if her eyes were bewitched, or if this were indeed Cármen.

There was an instant's pause, no more, yet that instant was filled for Ingraham with a revelation that had the force of a shock, sending the blood leaping madly through his veins. Up to this time the artist only had been alive in him: absorbed in the most ambitious attempt of his life, he had looked at the girl only as an artist looks, intent upon wresting from Nature the secret of her rare tints and tones. But now, in this moment of artistic depression, the strong hold of absorption relaxed, and, like one rousing from a dream, he beheld her for the first time with the eyes of a man, and felt her beauty strike upon his senses with the potent touch of passion. And not her beauty alone. That cry of pain wrung from her—that protest against the crushing narrowness and bitterness of her fate—stirred his nature to its depths. Under any circumstances it would have moved him to profoundest pity, but now it opened all the flood-gates of love, passing beyond passion into the higher realm of tenderness which yearns to bless and protect. When she asked if the end of her awakening was to sink back more hopelessly into a life of unpaid servitude, not his heart alone but every faculty of his being seemed to answer, No. At this moment every other consciousness was merged in the overwhelming knowledge that he loved her, and in the exquisite thought that he had the power to make her life all that her nature demanded it should be. He moved toward her, a light altogether new shining in his eyes.

"Cármen, have no fear!" he cried quickly, in English. "That which you dread shall not be the end. I, who have wakened this new life within you, promise that you shall not fall back into the narrowness and subjection you have known. Your future shall be my care, your nature shall have its scope, if, Cármen, if——"

He paused abruptly, for a step suddenly rang on the tiled floor behind him, and, turning, he saw Don Luis entering the room.

X.

Cármen's glance fell on the new-comer at the same instant, and she was quick to read the meaning of the involuntary pause which he made just within the door-way, as his eye rested on the two figures, with their unconsciously dramatic pose, standing in the midst of the chamber. The passionate words which had just been spoken seemed still to vibrate on the air and make an atmosphere different from the usual quiet of the studio. She read the perception of this in that sudden pause, and without a moment's hesitation spoke.

"Enter, Don Luis," she said, with an accent of gracious permission, such as the Marquésa might have addressed to some gentleman of the court while Velasquez was painting her beauty in imperishable tints upon his canvas. "Enter, and tell the señor that his work is not a failure, as he seems to think."

"How is it possible for him to think that?" asked Don Luis, advancing into the room and halting before the picture. "*Caramba!*" he said, after a moment, in a low, deep tone. "It is a marvel!—Where are your eyes," he added, turning to Ingraham, "that you can look at this and think it a failure?"

It was indeed a strange moment that the painter had chosen to throw down his brushes in discouragement; and the sudden despondency that had overtaken him could only be comprehended by one who knew something of the moods which now and again overwhelm every worker in the realm of art, making all that he has accomplished seem worthless in his own eyes. This revulsion of feeling had come upon Ingraham more violently for the state of exaltation in which he had hitherto worked, and it had come, as it is more than likely to do, at a moment when he had touched a culminating point beyond which, for the time at least, he could not advance. The picture was by no means finished in detail, but the impression which it gave as a whole was of a force, a brilliant and daring vigor of treatment and depth of coloring, in which it was scarcely surpassed by the noble work of Velasquez placed beside it. And yet it was not, as Ingraham in his bitterness had said, a servile copy. The manner of the great Spanish painter was there, but only as a disciple imitates the greater art of a master; and the picture, which might readily have become a mere copy of the portrait of the Marquésa, was in reality full of original life. It was, after all, Cármen and not the Marquésa who looked forth from the canvas,—Cármen, with all her marvellous likeness to the dead beauty, with every line of her features and tint of her coloring, but with a different spirit informing the fair body. By some touch of inspiration Ingraham brought out the fact that, similar as every trick of bearing might be, it was a girl of nun-like innocence who masqueraded in the robes of a by-gone court, and whose lustrous eyes looked forth with the fearlessness of a child, rather than with the depth of meaning which lay in the glance of the woman whose misdeeds, real or imputed, had brought her to die in lonely exile. "By painting her portrait I will show how great the likeness is," he had said. And, lo! by paint-

ing the portrait he made manifest how great also was, of necessity, the difference.

"I am glad that you find the picture good, señor," he said, in reply to the question of Don Luis, "but for me it is a failure because I have not succeeded in producing the effects for which I strove. That is an old story in art, but it is ever new in its effect upon the artist. One works with feverish energy to embody some conception that seems so clear, so possible to the imagination, and suddenly one wakes and finds that one has failed. It may not appear as a failure to others; but no one can tell what was in the artist's mind save the artist himself."

"In this case, however," said Don Luis, "others are better able to judge of your success than yourself, since you have not been working on an ideal conception, but on the portrait of a living person. To me your success seems most wonderful. You have produced not a copy of Velasquez, but an original work full of a life that is startling; and while you have shown *Cármen's* astonishing likeness to the *Marquésa*, you have also individualized and painted her as herself. I, who am no artist, nevertheless know that to do this was most difficult."

"Have I done it?" asked Ingraham, half incredulously. A dullness of perception had fallen upon him. The picture seemed to him at this moment a tame and lifeless thing. He turned from it impatiently, to let his gaze rest again on the living subject, on the loveliness so deep and glowing which struck to his inmost being with a thrill like that which the portrait of the *Marquésa* had awakened in him when he first stood before it. Had he been mad, not to know what that thrill portended, what power it was which seized him even then in its strong grasp? Trifler with fancies more or less potent as he had been, like others of his generation, his class, and his race, he felt now the overwhelming force of elemental passion,—that passion common with simpler natures and races, but which in its fiery strength was altogether new to the man of complex modern emotions.

It is, however, a thing well known to the race of which came the man beside him. And when Don Luis—turning to utter a remark that died on his lips—caught the expression of the other's face, he knew at once what influence had laid its hold upon him. For emotion, however deep, may be disguised, but no disguise is possible for passion in its primitive strength. The dark eyes of the Mexican flashed, and his lips closed suddenly and sternly, as if suppressing words that sprang to them. He glanced quickly at *Cármen*, and, meeting her gaze, regarded her with searching intentness. There was an instant's pause, while old *Maraquita* sewed on steadily with bent head, and the light from the open window poured upon the little group, and upon the two pictures in which the same figure appeared,—there in the mellow tones of age, here in the freshness of colors just laid on,—while, as if by some strange miracle, this figure seemed to have stepped from the canvases on which its impress still remained, in order to stand, in all the glory of life and youth, between the two men whose glances were each fastened upon it.

If *Cármen's* wild fancies had some ground in fact, and the spirit

of the Marquésa, inherited or otherwise, existed within her, it was possible to understand why she bore these glances with a proud composure, as of one who breathed an atmosphere at once natural and exhilarating, why her bearing grew more assured, her color deeper, and her eyes more brilliant, under an observation which might readily have discomposed a girl so young and so unused to admiration. It was she who broke the silence at length by speaking, looking from Don Luis to Ingraham as she did so.

"If the señor has no farther need for me at present, I will go," she said. "Perhaps to-morrow he will not think so poorly of his work."

"It is possible," answered Ingraham, with a start. Words trembled on his lips,—words of entreaty that she would stay; but to what end? With Don Luis present, farther speech was out of the question, and painting was at this moment impossible to him. It was best that she should go, and later——

"Yes," he said, gathering himself together with an effort, "I have done all that I can to-day, and need not detain you longer. To-morrow I shall expect you as usual."

"To-morrow," she repeated, and, with a bend of the head, regal and gracious as her manner had habitually become, passed from the chamber.

There was another pause between the two men left behind, and then Don Luis spoke in his usual tone:

"What is the remedy, señor, for the discouragement which has so strangely fallen upon you with regard to your painting?"

"There is none," answered Ingraham, "except to leave the work for a time. Then I may return to it with revived perceptions and powers. This afternoon I shall take my sketch-book and go out among the hills. I have long desired to make such an excursion, but this picture has absorbed me. Now I must put the thought of it away from me, and there is nothing so powerful as the influence of Nature to distract and revive. If I should not return until after nightfall, do not be surprised."

"You will take a guide with you?" said Don Luis, regarding him keenly. "Our hills are dangerous for a stranger."

"They will not prove so to me," replied Ingraham. "I am familiar with mountains, and I shall not go far. I do not desire a companion, because solitude is what I seek."

"I understand," said Don Luis. And in his tone was a meaning which Ingraham on his part was far from understanding.

He understood it less because there was no such thought in his mind as the other imagined. He was sincere in saying that what he desired was a few hours of such deep and complete solitude as the lover of Nature can secure only in Nature's wildest haunts. He wished to look in the face this strange new passion which had seized him; perhaps, after the manner of his kind, to analyze it, and certainly to decide what his course of practical action should be. He had not the least idea of any such meeting with Cármen as Don Luis not only suspected, but entertained no doubt had already been arranged, and

when, after the mid-day meal, he set forth, it was with no other intention than he had expressed.

But chance brought *Cármen* across his way as he was leaving the house. It was in the lower court, just at the foot of the stairs,—she about to mount upward as he came downward,—that he encountered her. To refrain from pausing was impossible, especially since they were sheltered from intrusive eyes either above or below. His heart stirred wildly as her dark, lustrous glance met his own, and in that instant he determined to secure an interview in which he could utter all that was in his heart, could speak without fear of listener or interruption.

"*Cármen*," he said, quickly, "I must speak to you—alone. I must tell you what I was about to say when *Don Luis* came in upon us; and you must answer me. Your whole life depends on it. Tell me in what place you can meet me this afternoon. I have said that I shall be out until nightfall among the hills. Wherever you can be, I will await you. Do not fear to come."

Even in this moment it struck him that she must have been expecting such words, so quick was her apprehension, so ready her decision.

"I cannot leave the house," she replied, "until the evening rosary. After that is over I will linger in the church until all are gone, and then I will meet you in the *huerta*."

She paused only long enough to speak these words in a low, quick, but unhurried tone, and then passed on, leaving him alone.

XI.

Ever since *Ingraham's* arrival at *Las Cruces*, he had promised himself a day among the wild and beautiful hills that rose in the neighborhood of the house; but so immediate and so intense had been his absorption in the picture that the present was the first occasion on which he had set forth to fulfil his original intention. And now he found himself in no mood to fulfil it, no mood for study of the natural loveliness which surrounded him. With unseeing eyes, with thoughts turned inward, he walked through the picturesque village formed by the houses of the laborers on the estate. Straw-thatched and palm-embowered, these dwellings lined one side of a winding road; on the other a stream came tumbling down from the hills, filling the air with the music of its flowing water, its banks, green with richest verdure, presenting at every turn a picture which at another time would have stayed *Ingraham's* steps continually. But he walked steadily onward, seeing yet scarcely heeding the beauty around him, until he had left the village behind and found himself climbing the hills, still following the stream upward along its course, although the musical sound of its waters was now almost lost in the depth of the *arroyo* where they flowed. A bit of steep climbing,—more difficult in the thin air of this high region than on a lower level,—and he at length reached the *Cerro de las Cruces*, a height which derived its

name from the remains of three ancient crosses that crowned its summit, tokens of some tragedy so long past as to be forgotten even in the traditions of the people.

Here he flung himself down and for a brief time forgot even the dominating thought which absorbed him in the enchanting scene that spread before his vision. A great sense of wide space, of magical freshness, encompassed him. The free movement of the air, the strong sunshine beating on the shoulders of the giant hills and striving to pierce their sombre ravines, the infinite deeps of over-canopying sky, burning with the blue intensity of a jewel, the hurrying wind that came from leagues of shining water afar, the green valley stretching into remote distance, bounded by dream-like lake and more dream-like mountains, and the great chain of tossed and broken sierras, with their noble majesty of form and changeful loveliness of tint, all stimulated and exhilarated him, so that he drew a deep breath of absolute rapture. Never before had he felt so near to the heart of Nature; never had his inmost being so responded to the primitive, elemental forces of life. It was as if, lover of Nature as he had ever been, he had to-day gained a new sense, as if every rushing air that came to him, every ray of sunshine and falling cloud-shadow, had a message and meaning for his awakened soul. The wild, vigorous character of the scenery, the savage grandeur of the hills, the vast idyllic stretch of plain, filled him with a sense of existence wild, free, and untrammelled by the artificial barriers of life. His spirit thrilled with an exulting consciousness of power, as his glance, returning from its wide sweep afar, rested on that spot below, where the fortress-like walls of Las Cruces rose amid its gardens and encircling village. Within those walls *Cármen* dwelt, prisoned by fate and poverty as hopelessly as the *Marquésa* had been by the arbitrary will of a man, but, happier than the *Marquésa*, to her fate had sent a deliverer, one not only able to deliver, but to make life for her all, and more than all, of which she had ever dreamed. Never had he been so grateful for the possession of wealth as in this moment, never so keenly felt the value of the golden key which would enable him to open for her the door of a rich and varied existence. Not an instant's doubt occurred to him of his ability to do so. He felt supreme master of his own fate and of hers, as he breathed, like an elixir of vitality, the clear pure air of his high altitude and looked down upon the spot where in a little while he would meet her. It was part of the exaltation of his mood that he did not ask himself how much he knew of this girl who had so suddenly laid upon his being this hold of fascination. To considerations which at another time would at once have occurred to him—considerations of character and antecedents—he now gave not a thought. She was *Cármen*, and his whole nature claimed her as his own: that was enough.

And so, rapt in what was little less than ecstasy, into which the great rejoicing face of Nature seemed to enter and make a part, he lay on the mountain-summit, beneath the shadow of the ancient crosses, during the long golden hours of the afternoon. The sun was sinking behind the western sierras, and the valley at his feet lay in shadow, when, mounting upward through the thin, clear air, came the sound of

the chapel bell ringing the first call for the evening rosary. From his high eyrie he could see women, like pygmy figures, casting *rebozos* over their heads as they went toward the chapel. He did not stir until the third and last bell had rung, when, rising, he took his way down the mountain.

The interval between sunset and dark is not long in these regions, and a color-flushed twilight had begun to reign when he entered the *huerta*, or garden, where *Cármen* had said that she would meet him. It was a beautiful place, the like of which every Mexican country-house possesses, devoted to the culture of trees chiefly useful for their fruits. Of these there was every variety, a very paradise of tropical verdure, through which ran broad alleys, forming vistas of enchanting shade, and converging toward a central space where a great old stone basin brimmed with crystal water, drawn from the mountain-stream for the use of both house and garden. Stone seats gray with age were placed here, and the air was filled with the rich fragrance of orange-blossoms from the boughs which bent over them. Ingraham knew the spot well, for he had often lingered there in the siesta hours of the day, and he sat down on one of the benches, feeling that *Cármen* had chosen the time and place well. At this hour they would be secure alike from observation and interruption. The end of the house overlooking the garden contained the chapel, from which now came the shrill sweetness of boys' voices, singing between the decades of the rosary, and, when the exercises were over and the people gone, nothing could be easier than for the girl to pass into the garden while still supposed (if any one thought of her) to be lingering at her devotions. Assured of her coming, he felt no impatience in the time which elapsed before she appeared, but his eyes never left the momentarily darkening path down which she would come.

And at length he saw her figure moving toward him, with a grace of bearing such as, he said to himself, he had never known any other woman to possess. She was advancing swiftly yet without apparent haste, as one who had perfect control of herself and whose vivid energy of life was restrained by a dignity almost superb. The drapery of the *rebozo* shrouded her head and shoulders, even as when he had seen her first, but there was no impression now of anything novice-like or immature. When she emerged into the open space of the fountain, and the dying light fell fully on her face, he saw that her eyes were shining with the brilliance which only strong emotion waked in them, while she looked at him not with the shyness of a girl who came to keep tryst with a yet undeclared lover, but with the composure of a woman certain of herself and her command of the situation. As she approached he rose to his feet and advanced eagerly to meet her, but it was she who spoke first, looking and regarding him with her brilliant glance.

"I have come, as I promised," she said. "What is it that you wish to tell me?"

The quiet imperiousness of her words, instead of checking his ardor, acted upon it like a challenge. He looked at her with a glance as direct as hers, and full of deeper fire, while the force of passion

within him found utterance in words as simple and strong as itself. "I love you," he said. "That is what I wished to tell you. My heart, my life, my whole being, are yours. And, so loving you, I wish to set you free from all the irksome conditions of your life. You belong to me, *Cármén*, for I have found you and awakened in you the knowledge of what you are. Having done so, do you think that I will leave you to the narrow and bitter fate which threatens you? No: you must trust me and come with me! I can give you all that your nature demands, and love, such love as words are too feeble to express. *Cármén*, have you no love for me?"

It was the very appeal of love itself—of love overmastering and poignant—which filled his voice in the last words. A supplication, an entreaty, it was also a command, under which one who loved could not have remained silent. But *Cármén* hesitated before she spoke, and then her tone had in it an aloofness that struck upon his spirit as a chill.

"Señor," she said, "I know not how to answer you. I have not thought of love. Until you came, I lived the life of a child. Since then I have dreamed of power and admiration and the love which men might feel for me; but that I should love, I—no, señor, I have not dreamed of that. And yet——"

She paused, and through the deepening dusk her eyes flashed their splendid fire into his, as if sudden emotion leaped within her like a flame.

"And yet," she went on, with a quick indrawing of the breath, "to love is to live, is it not so? Then I shall love you when I have had time to think, to feel; for life rises within me like a fountain, and your words find an echo in my heart. And it is natural that I should love you, who have brought such change and awakening into my life, who look at me and speak to me as no one else has looked or spoken. No one else has thought the poor *Cármén* worth a glance, but *you*——"

"I find her worth all that a man can give and do and dare!" he said, taking her hand and kissing it, as they stood together in the orange-scented twilight. "Ah, *Cármén*, only love me, only let your heart speak for me, and what happiness is before us! If I could but inspire you with the confidence I feel that we are meant for each other, that my coming here was no mere chance, that I was sent to release you, my princess, from the cruel enchantment of your lot! In the old fairy-tales, which are but fables of life, the princess always belonged to him who rescued her, is it not so? And you, my *Carmencita*, belong to me by every right known to romance,—by right of finding, by right of waking, by right of passionate love and passionate desire to make your life all that Nature, when she fashioned you, intended it should be. I, who know the world, and have seen its fairest women, lay my heart and my life at your feet as I have never laid them at the feet of any other. I would give all that I possess, fortune, friends, country, for your love, if by no other means could I gain and possess it. *Cármén*, there is a light in your eyes which seems to say that you are mine; but speak to me,—tell me in your own sweet tongue that you love me, that you trust me, that you will come with me!"

She bent toward him as a stately flower sways on its stem, and the

eyes of which he spoke seemed in their luminous splendor searching his own.

"Señor—Don Rafael," she murmured, "it is as you say. Every right is yours. And if I give all that you ask,—for it will be easy to love you, and when one loves one trusts, is it not so?—will you take me away, into the world?"

"Can you doubt it?" he asked, drawing her with a quick motion into his arms. "I shall not lose a day in seeking your father and asking your hand. He will not refuse me: of that be sure. All shall be done openly and with honor, and, that it may be so, I will at once tell your friends and guardians here my purpose toward you."

"That is well resolved, Señor Ingraham," said a quiet voice near by, and, before either could move or speak, Don Luis stepped from one of the deep clumps of surrounding shade into the open space beside them.

XII.

Ingraham turned sharply,—not with a guilty start, but with the manner of a man who feels in every fibre a hot flush of rage and indignation.

"Don Luis!" he exclaimed, adding, with fiery disdain, "Do Mexican gentlemen, then, act as eavesdroppers?"

"Cármen," said Don Luis, addressing the girl, who had recoiled and now stood with one hand pressed upon her heart, "do me the favor to go into the house. Later I will speak to you. But now I wish to speak to Señor Ingraham alone."

Obediently as a child, Cármen turned and without a word moved away, along the path by which she had come. Ingraham was conscious of an impulse to detain her, to deny the right of Don Luis to send her away; but swift reflection showed him that this would be folly. It was better that she should go than remain to hear the words which trembled on his lips, to witness in what fashion he would deal with one who first played the spy and then arrogated to himself a right of interference which he did not possess. Trembling with anger, he was about to speak again, when Don Luis anticipated him.

"I do not understand English very well, señor," he said, gravely, "and therefore I did not comprehend the word which you applied to me a moment ago. But that is immaterial. I understand what you meant——"

"If you are in any doubt," Ingraham interposed, "I will tell you what I meant. I do not know the Spanish equivalent for the word which I used, but it means one who listens dishonorably to what is not intended for him to hear,—a spy, in short!"

He hurled the word with scornful emphasis at the other, and, knowing well the quickness of his race to resent insult, waited with the fierce longing for a quarrel—for any excuse to take another by the throat—which few men are so well disciplined as not to have known once or twice in life.

But it seemed that he was not to be gratified. With perfect self-control Don Luis replied, "It was unnecessary to have made your meaning more offensive. I have already said that I understood what you meant. Gentlemen do not deal in epithets, else I should ask if your own conduct has been very honorable. In Mexico we would not think so. Our maidens are sacred with us, and the man who enticed one into meeting him secretly and alone would be held to have either a very bad motive or a very defective knowledge of what is proper and honorable. He would, also, be held sternly to account. But I have heard that there is a different custom in your country, and, therefore, even when I suspected that you had made such an appointment I did not wish to judge you rashly. I was willing to believe that your motive was not as dishonorable as it would have appeared in a Mexican who had acted in the same manner. But none the less was I bound to guard *Cármen*, who is like a child of my house and committed by her parents to my mother's care, against harm and danger. I knew nothing, but I suspected much,—for faces are eloquent sometimes,—and I easily arranged that she could not leave the house this afternoon without my knowledge——"

"You speak of honor," interrupted Ingraham, bitterly. "Would it not have been more honorable to tell her frankly that she was a prisoner?"

"I think not," answered the other, with unmoved dignity. "To tell her that would have been to insult, to wound her, if she had no such intention as I suspected. It was better to be sure, and do no one injustice,—neither her nor you. I was in the sacristy of the chapel during the exercises; I saw her linger until she thought herself alone, and when she went out I followed her. According to your code, that was dishonorable; according to mine, it was not only honorable, but my plain and imperative duty. I need hardly remind you, *señor*, that you are a stranger to me, and, as I have already said, in our ideas the man who would violate the hospitality of the roof that sheltered him by leading a young girl to meet him in secret might readily prove himself a villain."

These quiet, incisive words were like arrows that struck through Ingraham's anger to a deep, underlying sense of reason and justice which with him could never long be dormant. He suddenly saw himself and his own action from the stand-point of Don Luis, and he felt the hot blood surge again to his face,—this time from a keen emotion of shame. He lifted his hand with a quick gesture.

"Enough, *señor*!" he said. "I see—I acknowledge that you are right and I am wrong. But, believe me, the thought of violating your hospitality was as far from my intention as the thought of wronging by a word the girl whom I asked to meet me only that, secure from interruption, I might tell her what was in my heart and obtain her permission to offer myself to her father as a suitor for her hand."

"Of that your words to her have already assured me," said Don Luis, with grave courtesy, "else I should not be speaking to you here. I recognize that, acting no doubt according to the customs of your country, you forgot how different are the customs of ours."

"To speak the exact truth," said Ingraham, "I think that I forgot everything except—Cármen."

"Ah, Cármen!" said Don Luis. He was silent for a moment, and then, producing his cigarette-case, he held it out, in token of renewed amity. There followed the little ceremony of lighting, after which the two men seated themselves on one of the stone benches placed under the flowering orange boughs. To Ingraham's mind there was nothing left to say, but evidently this was not the opinion of Don Luis.

It was in accordance with his wishes, expressed by a movement of the hand, that they had seated themselves. Yet for some minutes he did not speak. Both sat smoking silently, the odor of their cigarettes mingling with the perfume of the blossoms above them. Ingraham's thoughts returned and dwelt with passionate intensity on his meeting with Cármen, on the brief, too brief, moment of ecstasy when she had drooped toward him like a flower laden with its own sweetness, and he had taken her into his arms. Absorbed in this recollection, he had well-nigh forgotten the presence of Don Luis when the latter finally spoke:

"I think I understood you to say, señor, that you intend to address yourself at once to Cármen's father?"

"At once," Ingraham replied, with decision. "I must, therefore, ask you to add to your hospitable kindness by sending me to Patzcuaro to-morrow."

"It will be unnecessary," was the quiet response. "To-morrow Don Gilberto will be at Las Cruces."

"To-morrow—here?" repeated Ingraham, with astonishment. "May I ask how long you have known this?"

"Since I sent a telegraphic message to-day requesting his presence," Don Luis replied. "I felt it right to do this as soon as I became aware how matters stood with Cármen and yourself."

"It appears to me," said Ingraham, coldly, after a moment's pause in which he subdued a rising impulse to anger, "that you leaped to a conclusion for which you had at that time no foundation. It would be interesting to know how you arrived at it."

"I have already remarked that faces are sometimes eloquent," answered Don Luis. "Your face this morning told me what you felt; and when men feel certain emotions, expression is as sure to follow as flame to leap from fire. As for Cármen,"—he lifted his shoulders in a gesture which the obscurity did not hide,—"*she is a child, a woman.* I had no doubt that she would listen to you, and how far flattered vanity and the first stirring of nature might carry her I did not know. Consequently, I sent for her father."

Again Ingraham repressed an inclination to state in words more emphatic than polite his opinion of this interference. Yet, annoying as it was to be placed more or less in the position of a culprit, when he had meant to go to Don Gilberto as a very lordly suitor, he could not but feel that it would be better to have the matter settled at once without the necessity of leaving Las Cruces. Unconsciously Don Luis had done him a service, although it was one for which he did not feel grateful. Something of this he would have expressed, had not the other, after a short pause, gone on speaking:

"I had, besides, another reason for summoning Don Gilberto. It is a reason which I am not in any way bound to mention to you, but I prefer to do so, since you might else think that I had not dealt frankly and honorably with you. I determined to-day that I would myself ask his daughter in marriage."

"You!" cried Ingraham. It was an absolute gasp of astonishment; and for a moment he could say no more. Then he turned fiercely. "But now," he said, "you know that it is useless to do so,—that she has given herself to me."

"Pardon me," returned Don Luis, quietly, "but again I must remind you of our Mexican ideas and customs. A girl of *Cármén's* age cannot give herself without the consent of her parents. And, moreover, unless I am greatly mistaken, what she granted to you was no more than a hope that she would return your love, and this because she was moved by the unaccustomed incense of passion and the promise of freedom and pleasure. That her heart is yours at present, I do not think it possible for you to believe."

"But I do believe it!" Ingraham asserted, with a vehemence which perhaps was due to some inward conviction of the truth of these unpalatable words. "I will not speak again of the manner in which I regard your having listened to a conversation such as ours," he went on, his voice thrilling with the same accent of fiery disdain that had been in it when he first addressed the man who interrupted his love-scene at its culminating moment. "But I utterly deny the inference you have drawn, that *Cármén* is still open to be won. She is mine!—mine by her own deliberate choice, and mine also by the right of discovery. You have known her all her life: did you ever think of her, or even look at her, until I showed you what she is? You know that you never did, you know that she had been a mere menial in your house until I roused her from the apathy of obscurity and neglect, until I made you see your proud ancestress reproduced line for line and tint for tint, until, looking at her with *my* eyes, you perceived that she was fit to grace a court and formed to rouse a man's deepest adoration." He had risen from his seat as he spoke, and stood in the soft mingling of dusk and star-shine, a tall, dark figure, instinct in every line with passionate energy. "You may think," he added, "that because her father is in a sense your creature you have but to speak and she will be yours. I tell you, no! I am not so powerless as I seem, and I—to whom she belongs—I will fight for her to the death!"

"Señor Ingraham," said the Mexican, preserving now as throughout the interview his self-control and courtesy unmoved, "sit down, and let us speak calmly. It is not necessary that we should fight, nor yet that we should forget that we are gentlemen, because our desires are set upon the same woman. It is true, what you have said. But for you I should probably never have seen *Cármén* as she is, never have recognized her beauty and her natural fitness for a high position. She was disguised by her youth and her obscurity from my observation. But you came, your artist glance detected the unnoticed likeness to the *Marquésa*, you made us see it, you developed it by painting her portrait, and then, as was natural, you fell in love with the beauty which

you felt that you in a manner had created. All of this I understand. But none of it gives you the right to declare that *Cármen* belongs to you."

"Her own words have given me that right," said Ingraham, who had not acceded to the request to sit down, but still stood erect.

"Permit me to again question that," said Don Luis. "At least I think you will admit that she has not bound herself to you in such fashion as to preclude her possibility and right of choice should another suitor present himself. To say otherwise would be to prove that, notwithstanding your positive assertions, you would fear the result."

"I should not fear it in the least," Ingraham declared, "if I were sure that she was permitted to make a free and unbiassed choice. But I am not sure of that."

"Señor," said Don Luis, rising in his turn and speaking with a stateliness of manner which sat well upon him, "allow me to assure you that I am a man of honor. If I desired or intended to deal unfairly with you in this matter, what would have been easier for me than to hold my peace, to influence Don Gilberto in secret against you,—which, frankly, I could very readily do,—to induce him to withhold his consent, without which you could not marry *Cármen*, and, when you were safely sent away, to marry her myself? But, instead of this, I have dealt openly with you, I have told you my wishes before they are known to any one else, I have even allowed you to have the great advantage of first pleading your cause, which I could with ease have prevented; and I now tell you that I pledge my word, I, Luis Fernandez del Valle, that *Cármen's* choice shall be absolutely free, that I will not permit her father to influence her should he desire to do so; and with this assurance I have the honor to bid you good-night."

He bowed, and was turning away, when Ingraham stopped him.

"Stay, señor," he said, "at least long enough to let me apologize for my rudeness. You will pardon me when you consider what I have at stake and how great are your advantages over me. But I accept your rebuke. I have no fear that you will not act with honor, and I can ask no more than that *Cármen's* choice shall be free."

"I repeat my promise that it shall be so," said Don Luis; "and, this being assured, I think we shall need no lesson to teach us each to abide by it."

In mute assent Ingraham held out his hand, and then, without another word, they left the garden together.

XIII.

Ingraham had been sincere in saying to Don Luis that his advantages over him were great, at least on this his native heath; but he might have added that they were not such as caused him to despair. At *Las Cruces* rivalry seemed indeed vain and presumptuous between the lord of the soil and a wandering foreign painter, supposed to be lord of nothing. But the latter knew well that this difference, which was only apparent, would vanish at a word from himself. And that word

it would be necessary to speak to Don Gilberto, for an instinct warned him that matters far more practical than his daughter's possible inclination would alone weigh with that gentleman in deciding between the two suitors. At first, of course, he would incline to the suit of Don Luis; but Ingraham had not the faintest doubt that he could bring considerations of such a solid and tangible nature to bear as would finally insure his consent for himself. Yet even while deciding on this—on plainly and openly buying the father—he determined that these considerations should not be brought to bear upon the daughter. A little while before, had it occurred to him to do so, he would have told her without hesitation, and without attaching importance to the revelation, that, while it had pleased Nature to make him an artist, it had also pleased Fortune to make him a millionaire. But now, confronted by the rivalry of a man who was in all respects the greatest in her world,—the head of the house of which she was a barely acknowledged offshoot,—and stung by that man's assertions that she had not given him her heart, he resolved to put the matter to the test, and win her, if she were to be won, against the heavy odds of the other's higher station and comparative wealth. It was a romantic device which he had always scorned when he encountered it in fiction, because it implied so low a standard of belief in the high-mindedness of others. To entertain the suspicion that any one whom he found worthy of love and the respect that must accompany love could be swayed by mercenary considerations, he had always felt to be an impossibility, implying, as it did, absolute lack of confidence in his own power of judging character, and a sordid doubt of another which to a noble mind could seem nothing less than an insult. It followed, therefore, that the test on which he had resolved was in no sense meant for Cármen, but only to prove triumphantly to Don Luis that she had given him her love. For of this he had himself no doubt. The ardor of his own passion seemed to him to call for return as imperatively as one great attraction of the earth answers to another, as the resistless force of gravity draws objects downward, or the tides yearn upward toward the moon. What he had said to her, that they were meant for each other, that it was no mere chance which had brought him to Las Cruces, he believed with an intensity that left no room in his mind for question. She was his by every possible claim,—his, as he had declared, not only by right of discovery, but by right of awakening to knowledge of herself. And when was it ever heard that the bold adventurer who rescues and awakens the sleeping princess yielded her to another?

Supported, then, by confidence which rested on a double basis,—belief in Cármen's love, and consciousness of the power to purchase Don Gilberto's consent,—he waited with patience during the long hours of the next day for the arrival of the latter. Since their parting in the garden he had not seen Cármen, nor had he even looked at the picture, which in his present mood he could not touch. The morning he spent in the *huerta*, wandering through its shade-lined alleys and pausing for long intervals at the fountain, where he dreamed over again the moments of that interview which Don Luis had so ruthlessly ended. In the afternoon he again ascended the Cerro de las Cruces,

longing, in the restless tumult of his feelings, for the great solitude of Nature, for the ineffable sense of exaltation and wide freedom which he had experienced there the day before.

He found it all, as it were, awaiting him, when he reached the summit of the height, and, throwing himself down upon the ground, took off his hat that he might feel on his brow the cooling touch of the breeze that swept over the Sierras, and while his gaze dwelt upon the vast expanse of aerial distance, of enchanting light and color spread afar, his spirit steeped itself in the most exquisite dreams. Again there came to him a sense of mastery over fate which made it seem of small importance how soon he met Don Gilberto. All the future belonged to him and to Cármen, and any effort to take her from him—him, her discoverer—was, in his rapt consciousness, so absolutely predestined to failure that it appeared unworthy of consideration, far less concern.

In this mood he saw the arrival of Don Gilberto, as the mountains were casting their long shadows over the luxuriant valley, and the freshness of evening already began to draw forth a thousand resinous odors from the forests which clothed the slopes and gorges of the hills. He had identified the group of horsemen when they first came into his range of vision afar, apparently creeping along the winding road through the broad hacienda lands, and there had been time enough for him to have descended and met Don Gilberto when he reached the *casa grande*. But he said to himself that there was no need to do this. In the assurance of success which possessed his spirit, impatience had died away. Let Don Luis have his say: what difference did it make? All would be the same in the end. He held in his hand the means to purchase the consent of Don Gilberto, let what would be arrayed against him.

So, surrounded by all the peaceful influences of Nature, an hour went by and he had not stirred. Yet lower had sunk the sun toward the faint blue masses of mountains far in the west, yet longer had grown the shadows in the valley, yet fresher the breeze and more delicious the wild odors which it brought, when he was suddenly roused from his state of quiescence by the sound of a step ascending the mountain. The solitude around him had up to this time been so absolutely unbroken that he raised himself with a sense of surprise, which was greatly increased when Don Gilberto suddenly emerged upon the summit beside him.

"Ah, Mr. Ingraham, here you are!" said that gentleman, panting a little from the steep ascent, although he was lean and light as a greyhound. "They told me in the village that you had gone this way, and I fancied I should find you here. A splendid lookout, eh? I do not wonder you like it. But I should not care to climb up here very often, even for the sake of enjoying it."

"I am sorry that you should have taken the trouble to make the ascent at the present time in order to find me," Ingraham replied. "I intended to descend very shortly, and should have met you at the house."

"Yes, I had no doubt of that," said the other, easily, "but I

preferred to come here. A mountain-top is the best place that I know for a confidential conversation. One has no fear of listeners in a spot like this."

"For my part," said Ingraham, "I have nothing to say that any one disposed to listen is not welcome to hear."

"One does not always know what may arise in a discussion," observed Don Gilberto, with an air of wisdom. "In this, as in other things, there is nothing like being on the safe side." He seated himself as he spoke, and then, turning to his companion, added quickly, "And so, Mr. Ingraham, despite your promise to me when we parted, you have been making love to my daughter."

The form of the remark, as well as the manner of the speaker, was excessively distasteful to Ingraham, and his distaste displayed itself in a haughtiness that changed the entire expression of his face. Only those who had seen this change were aware how his features lent themselves to it, and how cold and distant the glance of his gray eyes could become. Those eyes now met Don Gilberto's very fully and directly.

"Pardon me," he said, "you have fallen into a mistake. I have not made love to your daughter in the sense in which you use the term. I have had the honor to offer myself to her, with the intention should she accept me—which, I am happy to say, she has done—of referring my suit at once to yourself. Had I not learned that you were expected at Las Cruces to-day, I should now be on my way to Morelia to inform you of what has occurred, and ask your consent to our marriage."

"The deuce you would!" said Don Gilberto. The coolness and entire absence of anything like apology in this speech surprised and impressed him. His own manner became more respectful, and his next words were in a degree apologetic.

"I had no intention of saying anything offensive," he remarked. "I am aware that your love-making to my daughter has been of an honorable character, and not the idle flattery and flirtation against which I took the liberty of cautioning you when we parted. That you should wish to marry her is an honor which I fully appreciate, but, with every sentiment of regard for yourself, I am compelled to decline your offer. Carmen, although a beautiful woman, as you have been the first to perceive, would not prove a suitable wife for you. She is in all respects a Mexican, and it is best that she should marry one of her own people."

"Don Luis, in short," said Ingraham, calmly. "I expected this, since he told me last night of his intention to offer himself as a suitor for her hand."

"It is a match such as I could never have dreamed of for her!" cried Don Gilberto, with a flash of exultation in his eyes. "And I feel, Mr. Ingraham, that I owe it to you. But for your showing us—blind bats that we had been—her likeness to the Marquésa, but for your proving and developing this likeness by painting her portrait, Don Luis, as he frankly acknowledges, would never have thought of such a thing. One of those girls down there"—he pointed to the

village below them—"was as much within the sphere of his possible choice as *Cármen* when you came. Judge, then, if I wish to be in any respect offensive to you, if I do not feel for your disappointment, and if I do not thank you from my heart for the honor you do my child, and the elevation you have made possible for her."

There was no doubting the sincerity of the feeling which filled this speech, and Ingraham could not but smile at the gratitude so profusely tendered him for making his own rival possible. There was an instant's pause before he spoke, with a quietness which contrasted strongly with Don Gilberto's effusiveness:

"May I ask if you have consulted your daughter in a matter which so closely concerns her? Are you aware that she has promised herself to me?"

"The act of a child!" said Don Gilberto, with a careless gesture, but a somewhat uneasy expression. "What she has promised counts for nothing. She will do as she is told. And it is better for you, Mr. Ingraham, much better, believe me. This little romance will soon be forgotten, and you will marry some woman of the world who can enter into your life as my *Cármen* would never be able to do. She——"

"Pardon me," said Ingraham again with politeness, "but I do not think that I have asked your opinion upon the kind of wife who would suit me. I have simply asked your consent to marrying your daughter. The rest is my affair. I understand you to refuse your consent on the ground that Don Luis is a better match than I am. Judging from appearances, you are right in thinking so. But appearances are very often deceptive, as a man so well versed in knowledge of the world as yourself must be aware. I am not a Mexican *haciendado*, bearing an old Spanish name, and with a *Marquésa* painted by Velasquez for an ancestress; but I venture to assert nevertheless that I am a better match for your daughter than Don Luis. Because I paint pictures you have naturally supposed that I am an artist by profession. But this is not so. I should probably paint better pictures—at least my friends think so—if I were dependent upon those pictures for support. But as a matter of fact I am a very rich man, having inherited a large fortune. If you desire confirmation of my statements you can readily obtain it. I will give you the names of a dozen people, including the American minister in Mexico, to whom you can write. But it will meantime save time and trouble if you believe me, and so make it possible for us to enter into practical arrangements."

"You are a man of fortune,—of large fortune!" said Don Gilberto, with the manner of one who takes in a totally new idea. "Then the Velasquez——"

"I intended, and still intend if possible, to purchase for myself. The profit promised you I should also have paid myself. I failed to mention this fact, not from love of mystery, but because a man naturally increases his price for an article when he finds that it is wanted by a millionaire."

"You are a millionaire," said Don Gilberto, in a tone of awed astonishment, "and you wish to marry my daughter?"

"So much that I am prepared to make it very practically to your

advantage to consent that I shall do so. Remember the great power of money, Don Gilberto,—money, which you told me yourself that Don Luis lacks,—and acknowledge that it will be to your interest that your daughter shall marry me.”

“Let me think!” said Don Gilberto, hoarsely. He sprang to his feet, and, walking away a short distance, paced to and fro, with arms folded and head bent, evidently reflecting deeply. The perception of his indecision had no effect upon Ingraham’s conviction of ultimate success. He was sure that he had taken accurately the measure of this man, whom from their first meeting he had regarded as belonging unmistakably to the *genus* adventurer, and that such a man could resist the golden bait he held out he did not for a moment believe. His own outward calmness was perfect, but his intense inward excitement was betrayed by the shaking of his hand as he lighted a cigarette. He smiled slightly as he marked this. He did not need such a sign to tell him how strongly and quickly his pulses were beating; but his apparent composure did not change, not even as the minutes lengthened and Don Gilberto still paced to and fro. “The matter is very simple: what can he find in it to demand so much reflection?” Ingraham asked himself, and even as the thought was passing through his mind, Don Gilberto returned to his side.

He was looking pale, and his face was set as it had not been before. “Mr. Ingraham,” he said, “I have weighed everything, and while the temptation you offer is, I confess, great, my decision remains unchanged. It is best that my daughter shall marry Don Luis.”

The tone of these words—the tone of a decision fixed and unalterable—produced in Ingraham’s mind for a moment a sense of dismay, the effect of a surprise so great as to be startling. But, though surprised and even dismayed, he had no thought of accepting such a decision. He only said to himself that the struggle would be more difficult than he had anticipated; but of final victory he had still no doubt.

“Let me remind you,” he said, quietly, “that you have not had an opportunity to weigh the advantages which I am prepared to offer. I have only spoken in general terms so far. With your permission, I will now be more particular.”

“It is useless,” replied Don Gilberto, quickly. “You can tempt me, as I have confessed, but you cannot change my resolution. My daughter must marry Don Luis.”

“Have you forgotten,” demanded Ingraham, in a low, incisive tone, “that your daughter has accepted me?”

“I have already told you,” was the cool reply, “that whatever she may have said on such a subject counts for nothing. In Mexico we do not allow the fancies of boys and girls to settle the most important affair of life. My daughter will obey me.”

“Do not be too sure of that,” said Ingraham, his restrained excitement suddenly bursting into flame. “She will *not* obey you, if I have any influence over her. And you are not, perhaps, aware that Don Luis has pledged himself that she shall have perfect freedom of choice. In other words, he is not ready to take her as an unwilling bride from

your hand. He will join me in demanding that she shall be left at liberty to choose between us."

Don Gilberto was again silent for a moment. Then, regarding his companion steadily, he said, "I perceive that to avoid trouble to all concerned it is necessary for me to be frank with you, Mr. Ingraham. I should have been glad to avoid this, if possible, but— Well, fortunately we are on a mountain-top, secure from listeners, and I must ask your word of honor to hold absolutely secret what I am about to reveal to you."

"I could not think of divulging anything which you desired to be held secret," Ingraham replied, conscious of a sense of apprehension inspired more by the manner than by the words of the other. "But I should be sorry if you were forced to disclose anything painful or disagreeable to yourself."

"I cannot pretend that what I am about to disclose is not both painful and disagreeable to me," Don Gilberto answered. "I must speak of matters which I have long endeavored to forget, in order to convince you that it is better to abide by my decision and think no more of *Cármen*. Once again, will you not believe that I have reasons stronger than you are aware of for refusing your proposals, and accept my resolution as unalterable?"

"Certainly not," returned Ingraham, with emphasis. "I have told you that I will accept nothing but her own decision."

Don Gilberto shrugged his shoulders. "I might have known the obstinacy of a man in love," he said. "To the point, then! You tell me that you are a man of wealth; I have myself recognized from the day of our first meeting that you are a gentleman; and these things, taken together, mean that you are at home a man of high social position. Now, such a man cannot afford to marry the daughter of one who, if he returned to his native country, would be tried and convicted of offences against the law."

Ingraham gave a great start. To himself he said that he had suspected this, yet the suspicion had been so vague that the shock was overwhelming. He was incapable of speech, had opportunity for it been afforded him. But Don Gilberto quietly went on:

"It all happened a long time ago,—so long that men have had time to forget me and my offences. Yet I fancy that you could find many still to recall the name of Gilbert Rose Fenton: in fact, I perceive by your face that you have heard it yourself."

"Yes, I have heard it," Ingraham answered, distinctly, although he felt as if he were speaking in a horrible dream. "When I was very young I heard your—defalcations spoken of. My father was, I think, a sufferer to some extent. But I also heard that you had committed suicide."

"I arranged matters so that it might be supposed that I had drowned myself," said the other, calmly. "I saw no good to be gained by spending my life in prison. It would not have restored the lost money, for the misuse of which I was not wholly nor even chiefly accountable, though I was the scapegoat to bear all the blame. One thing I assure you: I carried none of it away with me. I left the

country with empty hands, and came to Mexico. In those days this was a *terra incognita*; no railroad had yet entered it, and I took care to go far from places where I would have been likely to meet any of the few Americans who then wandered here. A little while, however, made me so much a Mexican that I would have defied any one to detect me as a foreigner had I chosen not to be detected. Then I married, merged the identity of Fenton still more thoroughly in that of Rosa, lived altogether among Mexicans as one of themselves, and have, as a rule, avoided forming the acquaintance of my former countrymen, not so much from the fear of any awkward disclosure as from dislike to the associations which they awakened. I violated this rule when I made your acquaintance, and am now forced to regret it. At least, if you persist in giving me trouble about Cármen, I shall regret it. But I hope that no farther words on my part are necessary to demonstrate to you that it is out of the question for you to marry her."

"I do not see that," said Ingraham, facing him with eyes full of pain but also full of resolution. "What you have told me does not alter Cármen, nor yet my love for her. That you have been honorable enough to tell me your story makes me respect you as I have not respected you before. But now we will forget it. And for the rest, you need have no fear that it will cast any shade over your daughter's life. If she marries me, no one need know, no one will ever ask, more than that she is a Mexican."

"And so you are still determined to persevere in your suit!" said Don Gilberto, regarding him with a scrutiny both keen and curious. "I admire your disinterestedness, although I know human nature too well not to be aware how certainly you would live to repent it. No, Mr. Ingraham, just as I saw clearly that the risk was too great to allow you to marry Cármen in ignorance of my identity, so I tell you that I cannot expose her to such a risk as you propose. I will take for granted that you are one man in a million, that you would neither regret the step should you take it, nor allow her to perceive that you regretted it. But there would still remain all the chances of discovery which lie in wait for every human secret, generally when least apprehended. I do not wish my daughter either to learn who and what I am, nor yet to be hopelessly separated from me by living in a country which I can never enter. Long ago I endeavored to forget that it had ever been my country, long ago I identified myself with Mexico and Mexicans, and now that I have the opportunity for an alliance which will be of the greatest benefit to me *here*, where all my interests lie, do you think that I shall resign it for the sake of any inducement that you can offer? No, Mr. Ingraham, millionaire though you may be, I tell you once for all—No!"

He spoke with an energy which it was impossible to doubt or mistake. The two looked at each other in silence for a moment, each reading inflexible resolution in the other's face. Then said Ingraham, sternly,—

"Your decision is based on ruthless selfishness. Your daughter's happiness does not enter into your consideration at all."

"My daughter's happiness does enter into my consideration,"

returned Don Gilberto. "Apart from what I have told you, and the dangers with which it would menace her life, she will be much happier with one of her own people than with a foreigner. I, who know her, know this."

"And I am determined that she shall decide that for herself," said Ingraham. "I go at once to demand of Don Luis the fulfilment of the promise which he gave me last night."

"Stay!" said Don Gilberto, as the speaker turned sharply away. "It is unnecessary to go to Don Luis. He has already spoken of such a pledge to me. But I did not hold myself bound by what he had promised, and I sought you, hoping that I had it in my power to induce you to hear reason and withdraw your suit. If you persist in pressing it despite my opposition, I have no alternative but to respect the wishes of Don Luis and let my daughter herself assure you whether or not she is an obedient child."

"You will not attempt to influence her by telling her what you have told me?" demanded Ingraham, with sudden apprehension.

"No," replied the other, coldly. "I shall simply tell her of the suit of Don Luis and of my wishes. That should be enough. Unless I am greatly mistaken in her, it will be enough."

"I do not think that you know very much about her," said Ingraham, remembering the transformation in the girl since her father had seen her last, the revelations of her inner, unsuspected self which she had made to him and him alone. "But let me ask a favor," he added, abruptly. "Tell her nothing of my wealth. I have no fear that such a consideration would weigh with *her*, but, as a proof to others of what I do not doubt, I should prefer for her to remain in ignorance of it until she has given her decision."

A quick flash as of unexpected gratification appeared in the eyes of Don Gilberto; but he replied, briefly, "It shall be as you wish. And now we had better descend."

XIV.

It was not until they had descended to the foot of the mountain and were entering on the road through the village that the silence which had lasted between the two men since they left the Cerro de las Cruces was broken. Then Ingraham suddenly turned to Don Gilberto.

"Have you seen your daughter since your arrival?" he asked.

"No," was the reply. "I saw only Don Luis. Afterward I went in search of you. Before meeting my daughter, I wished to decide what I should tell her."

"And after you have told her what you desire, how soon can I hope to see her?" Ingraham inquired.

"That depends upon herself," the other responded, adding, with a slightly sarcastic intonation, "She may require a little time to consider such an unprecedented event in her life as two proposals at once."

To this remark Ingraham made no reply, and silence lasted again until they were entering under the great archway of the *casa grande*,

when, pausing for an instant, he said, ceremoniously, "I rely upon your kindness to let me know at what time Doña Cármen will see me," and then passed quickly on.

Don Gilberto made no effort to detain or overtake him. Probably he was glad to be relieved of the society of the man to whom he had felt forced to reveal himself. He lingered in the door-way to exchange a greeting with the *administrador*, who rose from one of the benches and had apparently not seen him before. Ingraham left them patting each other on the back, and took his way alone up the wide stairway to the second story.

As his foot touched the corridor above, a sudden longing seized him to see his picture. It was the first time that he had felt the faintest inclination to approach or look upon it since he had thrown down his brushes in the fit of disgust which had overtaken him the day before. But now, not only did the impulse of the artist rise and draw him powerfully toward it, but the passion of the lover drew him more powerfully still. It was Cármen,—Cármen herself, Cármen as he alone had possessed insight enough to see her,—whom he had placed on that canvas, and, failing the living Cármen, even the shadow of her would be like wine to his heart. So, without an instant's delay he went to the painting-room, which, as has already been said, was on a second court. When he reached the door, he found, to his surprise, that it was slightly ajar. It yielded noiselessly to his touch, and, entering, he beheld a sight which stayed him motionless on the threshold.

He had come to see the shadow of Cármen, and, instead, the reality was before him,—the living Cármen as he had seen her when she came to him first in the *sala*, and as he had painted her day after day, while her loveliness, unknown to himself, sank into his heart and took possession of his being. Even as on that first never-to-be-forgotten day, a rich sunset radiance, thrown upon some clouds in the east, which had caught and reflected the dying splendor of the sun, filled the room, fell over the Velasquez so that the wonderful figure upon it seemed glowing with more than the tints of life, and enveloped in a golden atmosphere the same figure, transformed to breathing existence before it. For, strange to say, Cármen was arrayed in the rich robes which heretofore she had worn only for her sittings, and as she stood in front of the portrait of the Marquésa, in the same attitude, wearing the same expression of superb pride, and meeting the pictured eyes with a gaze which seemed to say, "Behold me!" the likeness between the two was more startling and more exact than Ingraham had ever before beheld it. He did not know how long he stood spellbound by the singular scene, for he could not resist the impression that some mysterious influence was passing between the picture and the girl, but when he advanced the first sound of his step roused Cármen, and she turned. As her eyes, full of brilliant light, met his, a thrill passed through him; he quickened his steps, and the next moment would, without other greeting, have taken her into his arms—had she not spoken.

But her words stopped him,—her words, and an expression on her face which told him that she was absorbed in some feeling which he did not share. "Do you think me mad?" she asked, with a smile.

"It is strange that I should be here alone, and in this dress. But no other seemed fitting in which to come to *her* with my news. I felt that I could only wear this when I came to tell her that it has come to pass that I am to fill her place."

A cold chill struck to Ingraham's heart. He put out his hand and unconsciously grasped for support the easel on which his own picture stood. And yet—so quick is thought—he had time to say to himself that it must be that he mistook her meaning, in the scarcely appreciable interval before he said,—

"To fill her place! You mean——"

"Ah, I forget! It is not likely that you would know what I mean," she answered, quickly, as he paused. "You would never think of it as possible, but it is nevertheless true that Don Luis wishes me to marry him."

"Cármen!" It was a cry, half stern, half anguished, that seemed wrung from the very depths of the man's nature. "Are you indeed mad? What are Don Luis and his offer to you? Last night—can it be that you have forgotten that last night you promised to marry *me*?"

A change came over her face; the absorbed look passed away, and she seemed suddenly to wake to a recollection that had almost vanished. Yet the proud aspect—the very aspect of the *Marquésa*—did not leave her, and it was with the air and manner of a great lady, rather than of Cármen Rosa, that she spoke.

"Señor," she said, gravely, "you must forgive me. I had indeed forgotten. Last night seems very far away; and yet I now recall that when you spoke to me of love I promised to try and love you. I thought then that it might be that you, who have done so much for me, were destined to do more, to open the door for me into life. But I have learned since that I was mistaken. It has all had a different meaning. I was awakened, I was made to assume her very being and nature,"—she looked toward the portrait,—"*in order that I might be fitted to take her place. And there, señor, is where I belong.*"

The simplicity and dignity of these words—the utter unconsciousness of any claim on his part, or any faithlessness toward him—rendered Ingraham for a moment speechless. To a woman who had deceived him, who had practised any guile of coquetry, above all to one who, in modern parlance, "threw him over" for a better match, he would have known well what to say. But he recognized, by an instinct too fine to mislead, that this woman was innocent of any of these things,—so absolutely innocent that it did not even occur to her to defend or excuse herself. She stated the case as it appeared to her inner consciousness, and there left it with proud composure. A terrible conviction of the uselessness of protest seemed borne to him in every tone of her voice, yet to restrain appeal was impossible.

"Cármen," he cried, "how is such a change as this credible? Last night you came to me, last night you owned that it was true that you belonged to me by claims and rights which have not altered, last night you promised to love me, to go with me into the world! And now—what spell has been cast upon you, that you coolly tell me you have

forgotten all this, and that you will marry Don Luis? Can it be that you love him?"

Her glance continued to meet his own, with no faltering or drooping of lids, as she answered, without an instant's hesitation,—

"Last night, señor, I told you that I had neither thought nor known anything of what you call love. But the same feeling which makes me sure that I shall marry Don Luis makes me also sure that I shall love him."

Then Ingraham threw back his head and laughed aloud. It was not a pleasant sound as it woke the echoes of the great empty chamber, that laugh; it was, rather, a sound so harsh and mirthless as to cause a shudder. Then, turning abruptly, he walked away.

The tumult of his feelings was indescribable. The scene with Don Luis, the interview with Don Gilberto, rose before his mental vision, and he could have laughed again, in the bitterness of his soul, at the certainty of success which had possessed him, and which he had displayed on both occasions. He had been sure that his passion held a power to rouse response,—nay, that it had already roused it,—and that he, and no other, was the knight who, having found and wakened, should bear away the enchanted princess. Now it appeared that his part had only been to find and waken her for the benefit of another man,—which was a novel ending of the fairy-tale, that at another time might have excited a grim sense of amusement. But the sense of amusement was dormant within him at this moment. Torn by love, anger, and disappointment, he suddenly turned again and looked at Carmen from the other side of the room. The brief sunset glow was fading, but all of the radiance which remained seemed to centre and linger upon her figure,—the figure which he now saw upon his own canvas not less perfectly reproduced than upon that of Velasquez,—and the sight of it, of the surpassing beauty, majesty, and grace which were not to be his, although he alone had discovered them, wrung from him another passionate cry.

"Carmen," he said, as he advanced once more toward her, "you are mine! No one else has any right to you. Look at that picture by your side, the picture which is the work of my hand: must I remind you again that you are almost as much the work of my hand as it is? But for that picture, would you be standing there, regal as the Marquésa herself in your beauty, wearing her robes? Would the man who never thought of you but as a poor dependant, a drudge in his house, ever have looked at you, or recognized what you are, had I not painted it there so that even his blindness saw? And yet you would forsake me for him! Carmen, it is impossible! I will never permit it!"

"I think, señor," she said, with the same air of proud calmness, "that you will not be able to prevent it, for, though it is true, all that you have said of your picture, and though I am sorry to grieve you, neither of these things can change what must be. You will think me fanciful and superstitious, perhaps, but to you alone have I ever spoken of the strange influence which she"—her eyes again sought the portrait of the Marquésa—"has always exerted over me, so it may be that you

will understand when I tell you that I am sure she has willed this thing, and that you have been but an instrument in bringing it about."

It is not too much to say that at this moment Ingraham would have liked nothing better than to be able to tear the priceless Velasquez from its frame and cut it into a hundred fragments. His exasperation, his sense of being baffled by an influence intangible and absurd, yet against which he could not hope to prevail, rendered him for a brief space silent. Fool that he had been, he said to himself, to forget the picture and the spell it had always thrown over the girl's fancy,—a spell which he had in countless ways encouraged because it aided in developing the remarkable likeness between the dead ancestress and the living descendant. Now, like many another experimenter, he found his own experiment turned against him. The influence of the picture was now opposed to his own, and the picture triumphed. He looked at the brilliant changeless face as if it had been that of a living enemy, and, like a living enemy, it seemed with its air of disdain to mock what he suffered. "All that you have accomplished has been to deepen my hold upon the girl," it appeared to say. "Nothing that you can do will have power to loosen it." These fancies were indeed but the expression of his sense of despair. Against Don Luis alone, taken simply as a man, he might have been able to fight; but against Don Luis as the lord of Las Cruces, the one person in the world who had power to put *Cármen* in the place of the woman who had so long dominated her imagination, he felt that he had no arms which could avail. And yet once more he strove to produce an impression upon her.

"It is impossible," he said, "that you can be in earnest in thinking that this—this bit of canvas and paint can exercise any influence over you or your destiny! You must know that such a belief is wildest superstition. You must feel that its sole influence has lain in your own imagination, which, loving all things that your nature calls for, and finding none of them in your narrow, colorless life, dwelt persistently upon the life of this woman who, before she forfeited, possessed them all. Her story has been to you like a drama,—the only one you have ever known,—and she has been the heroine of all your dreams. I, fool that I was, have deepened this feeling by painting you in her guise, by keeping her image continually before you, so that imaginations about her have wrought more deeply into your consciousness. But, for God's sake, put aside this fancy, which borders on madness, and believe that your own will, not that of a woman long dead, can make or mar your life! *Cármen*, I am pleading for you as well as for myself! But for this accursed picture, and the ideas with which it has filled your mind, you would never dream of marrying Don Luis. He is old enough to be your father; he does not give you, as I do, the first passionate love of a heart which is all yours. Nor can he give you the things of the world as I can give them. I did not mean to tell you, but wealth, great wealth, is mine. Have you no idea of all that wealth can do? I speak of this, not to tempt you with mercenary considerations, but to implore you to reflect before you ignorantly close upon yourself the door of a wider life, more rich, more free, than you can even imagine. Ah!"—it was a very cry of impotent passion—"if I

could but make you understand what I offer you ! Above all, if you could know what depth of love—love which has stood a test greater than I ever dreamed possible—is in my heart, you would throw behind you forever your dreams of the Marquésa, and come again to my arms—as you came last night !”

With a faint, wild hope he held them out, but they sank down as he saw that he had not moved her in the least. The superb composure, which seemed to belong to her as naturally as the rich dress she wore, did not change. She still stood before him, like a beautiful picture,—like *the* beautiful picture which he now felt he hated with all his heart,—while the last rays of the dying sunset kindled her hair to brightest gold. But in her eyes gathered a softness such as they had not known before, and when she spoke her voice was very sweet as well as grave :

“For that love, señor, and for all else that you offer me, I thank you from my heart. I am sorry if I have disappointed, if you think that I have deceived, you. But last night I did not know. I meant all that I said to you,—forgive me if I do not remember clearly what it was,—but I do not think that I understood. When Don Luis came and spoke, however, ah, then I understood. Then I knew that I had been born for this,—to take *her* place, to rule as mistress where she lived a prisoner, to be loved and trusted where she was cruelly judged. And when I speak in this manner it is not from foolish superstition. I know well that the picture is, as you say, a thing of canvas and paint. So is mine, which you have painted here ; but when you look at it in the time to come, you will feel as if *Cármen* were before you, and it will have power to take your thoughts away from your surroundings and lead them back to this old Mexican house. And if one picture has such life, why not another ? Why I should think certain thoughts and feel certain feelings when I look at that portrait, I do not know ; but I could sooner doubt my existence than doubt that it is so. And besides, señor, the life which I have chosen is a life I understand : the knowledge of it is born in me, like the blood in my veins. But your life I should not understand. I should be with you like a plant torn from its native soil. So it is well that you go away to your own people and forget me. As for me, I shall never forget the service which you have done me, and I will remember you in my prayers when I am old, and think how different my life might have been had you not come to Las Cruces and painted my picture. But for the rest, I shall marry Don Luis. And so—*adios*, señor !”

“Well, Mr. Ingraham, are you satisfied ?”

It was the voice of Don Gilberto from the door-way out of which *Cármen* had passed,—how long before, Ingraham did not know. He made no reply, and the speaker advanced into the room, now filled with the dusk of twilight, to discover what was the meaning of this silence and of a singular continuous sound behind the easel where Ingraham stood. When he reached the spot he uttered a great exclamation.

The picture of *Cármen* hung in shreds from its frame.

A STUDY OF PAWNBROKERS.

MEN have lent money upon pledges of personal property since money began to be coined. Prior to the seventeenth century this business was much affected by the Lombards, who united the traffic and profits of the goldsmith to those of the money-lender. Wherever a Lombard went he carried with him the money-dealing instinct. See the sketch of Versoris the Lombard at Paris, in "L'Héritier du Diable," one of Balzac's "Contes Drôlatiques." During the seventeenth century the business of the goldsmiths throughout Europe divided itself, by its own growth, into three branches,—traffic in plate and bullion, discount of promissory notes and issuance of bills of exchange, and lending on pledge of chattels. Gradually the second branch, owing to its contact with state loans and large commercial ventures, assumed a dignity and importance not known to the others; but all three are a legitimate growth of human needs and capacities, and are, in the estimation of the philosopher, equally useful and honorable. In fact, the lending of money on pledge of personal chattels, styled in our language pawnbrokerage, rests upon a logical basis. Philanthropy might incite a large-hearted man to act upon the New Testament injunction, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," but the rapid decrease of his resources, and the grim spectre of destitution rising in the foreground, would soon compel even the most generous man to abandon such perilous philanthropy. The generality of people who propose to borrow money without depositing security do not repay, and do not intend to repay. Their object is to obtain the fruit of another person's labor or economy without rendering an equivalent, and is nothing more nor less than an attempt to practise larceny by a method to which no penalty will attach.

Such attempts are nullified by the uncompromising attitude of the citizen who says to the party approaching him *animo furandi* (i.e., with intent to perpetrate an immoral action, namely, the transfer of money from another person's pocket to his own without rendering an equivalent therefor), "You cannot be permitted to carry out your felony on these premises. You must do right, if you would transact business with me at all." Viewed in this light, the pawnbroker, who firmly insists on a just equation between the borrower and himself, occupies a higher moral plane as to the crime of larceny than any criminal court can possibly occupy. For he who represses or prevents crime, and turns the steps of the would-be transgressor into the paths of morality and right-doing, fulfils a nobler function than the magistrate, who punishes the offender after the offence has been committed. Were all men compelled to do right, society could dispense with jails; but if all men who do wrong were to be punished, society would be forced to build many more and much larger prisons. But the axiom that "Prevention is better than cure," and, *a fortiori*, much better than punishment, needs no demonstration.

We have now landed the pawnbroker in an ancient, necessary, useful, honorable calling, and one in which he exerts an active and positive influence over his fellow-men in the direction of good morals. Let us examine to a reasonable extent his environments, with the view to ascertain under what conditions he may best develop his usefulness to the community.

Naturally, and of necessity, he must be a solid citizen, possessed of a stake in the country. He is not a mere loan-broker, inducing John Doe to lend to Richard Roe, and abstracting a percentage of John Doe's money while it is passing through his fingers, but he lends money actually belonging to himself, or intrusted to him under certain specific conditions which he faithfully fulfils. This alone, independent of the fact that he is at all times the custodian of a greater or less amount of property in which some equity of redemption is always supposed to exist in favor of other people, tends to make him grave, sober-minded, and conservative, a citizen who can be relied upon in troublous times, an enemy of anarchists and communists, one whose sympathies are uniformly on the side of law and order. How easy for such a citizen, so grounded, to attain to the lofty ideal immortalized, singularly enough, in the most slavish days of imperial Rome, by a poet who, by his own confession, while he saw the right path, walked in the wrong one:

The man of pure and upright life
Needs not the Moorish bow or knife,
Nor arrows poison-tipped, for he
Is safe within his own integrity.

Now, I do not say that every pawnbroker is *integer vitæ*, etc., but I do say that every pawnbroker occupies a position well advanced in that direction, and that it is much easier for him to be *integer vitæ* than it is for any half-baked philanthropist who goes about with precarious, halfpenny systems for ameliorating the condition of society, and perpetually solicits the pecuniary contributions of the public to further his inadequacies.

We also find that our pawnbroker cannot, if he practise simple justice to himself and his family, lend money at what is called legal interest.

And here let me say that, although I am myself a lawyer, I know no class of men, except physicians, so ready to "darken counsel with words without knowledge" as the law-makers of the land, no matter what land it may be. Did you ever hear an M.D. style a drug a "medicine"? No, and you never will: he styles it a "remedial agent." Did you ever hear a legislator style the present enacted rate of interest, whatever it may be, "statutory" interest? No, and you never will: he styles it "legal interest." He does this in order that he may be as incorrect as possible; that he may dive deep, stay under long, and come up muddy out of a bottomless slough of contradictory obscurity. For to-day in the State of New York statutory interest is six per cent. as between two individuals; six and one-tenth per cent. as between a bank and you, if the bank discounts your six months' paper; any rate you like, say one hundred per cent., if you lend to a corpora-

tion; and anywhere from twelve to thirty-six per cent. if you are a licensed pawnbroker. The legislators style these various rates "legal" interest, but there is very much in the statutes on this subject that is not legal. First, the statute declares it to be a crime to charge more than six per cent. per annum for the use of money. Now, in 1878 the statute declared it to be a crime to charge more than seven per cent., but permitted seven per cent. But morality is a constant quantity, and if it was not criminal to contract for seven per cent. in 1878 it is not criminal to contract for seven per cent. in 1890; although any police justice sitting in special sessions can send you to the penitentiary for so doing. This is statutory, but really illegal, and will some day be declared to be so. Secondly, the statute permits this crime to be practised against corporations with impunity. It is as yet burglary to break into the office of a corporation and rob the safe; but it is not a crime to collect a hundred per cent. per annum out of a corporation, although it is a crime to collect seven per cent. per annum out of the president of a corporation if he borrow as an individual. Now, it is not legal that a legislature should permit a citizen to rob a collection of citizens grouped as an entity and forbid him to rob any one of those citizens singly. Whence and why this distinction between the victims of the heinous crime of hiring out money for whatever the borrower agrees to pay for the use of it? Thirdly, the statutes permit the pawnbroker to commit this crime of usury, on a sliding scale from twelve per cent. up to thirty-six per cent., on condition that he pays the State a license fee therefor. The logic of the case is about like this. The State says, "Usury is a crime, but we will license you to commit this crime on your producing testimonials of good character, agreeing to keep books of record of borrowers and their pledges, and, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, paying to the State the sum of five hundred dollars a year."

We have stated that the pawnbroker cannot afford to do business on the basis of six per cent. per annum for the use of money. This is obvious, when we consider that he is not only a lender of money, but also the bailee and custodian of a greater or less amount of personal property in which numerous persons have an equity of redemption. Consequently he is obliged to provide storage-room for this property, and bolts and bars to protect it, and guards to watch it; for all of which due provision must be made by the borrower. A capitalist who lends only on stocks and bonds can transact business at no other expense than the price of desk-room in an office, and a box in a safe deposit company, both together not costing over a hundred and fifty dollars a year; but the business expenses of the pawnbroker necessarily run into the thousands annually. There is also an enormous amount of laborious detail attached to his vocation, which requires to be compensated. He is obliged to handle, and estimate the value of, innumerable portable chattels,—diamonds, watches, jewelry of all descriptions, wearing-apparel, books, pictures, blankets, flat-irons, decanters, dish-pans, and whatever else a needy householder may choose to bring him. He must record in a book the date and description of each pledge, together with the name and residence of the pledger, and this book must be at all times open to the inspection of the police, or of

any attorney acting *bona fide* in the interest of a client. His hours of duty are long, and he is closely confined. In the poorer quarters of the city he usually labors far into the night, and is obliged to witness more real or simulated human misery than comes under the view of any other class of citizens. Surely a profit of thirty cents in the dollar for a year's outlay of capital is not excessive. I venture to say that the majority of readers would pronounce it insufficient, and that they would unhesitatingly decline to do the pawnbroker's work for the pawnbroker's wages.

A heavy risk is also involved, in that he may inadvertently lend upon stolen goods. In this case the statute enacts that on the conviction of the thief the pawnbroker must restore the pledge to the lawful owner. No one knows how much money the city pawnbrokers lose in this manner annually; but it certainly amounts to a large total. The pawnbroker must also hold himself in readiness to defend suits brought by real or fancied owners of goods pledged to him by people who have obtained them by questionable methods; and able counsel must be paid for services in the courts.

For instance. In 188— an eminent pawnbroking firm near Chatham Square in New York City was sued by a married woman, in replevin, for the delivery, or recovery of the value, of a diamond pin and pair of diamond ear-rings which the plaintiff claimed had been stolen from her, the ticket having been sent her by the thief through the mail. The defendants surrendered the effects to the officer of the court, but immediately executed a counter-undertaking and regained possession, under a stipulation that they should be produced at the trial of the action. The case came to trial in due time. Plaintiff identified the property as her own, testified to the time and place of the alleged robbery, offered in evidence the ticket, and the envelope in which it was mailed to her postmarked a few days subsequent to the date of the theft, also a copy of the *New York Herald* in which her loss was advertised and a reward offered for the recovery of the jewels, and finally caused their value to be proved. Here was a very neat case, lacking only the arrest and conviction of the thief to be quite conclusive.

It fell to pieces, however, in this way. Defendants' counsel asked plaintiff to state when and where she acquired the diamonds, and what was the consideration therefor. Plaintiff refused. Thereupon the judge said, "Madam, you must answer the question, unless you shield yourself behind this,—namely, that a true answer would tend to criminate or degrade you. If you refuse to answer, the court, rather than commit you for contempt, will conclude that you do so shield yourself, and you will be non-suited." The plaintiff remained mute, and the case was dismissed.

Here the pawnbrokers, although successful, were losers on the entire transaction, because counsel fees more than exhausted the equity value of the diamonds, and no costs could be collected out of the plaintiff, who was pecuniarily worthless. A subsequent accidental unravelling of the case shows how ingeniously unprincipled people may attack the pawnbroker, and cause him to undergo heavy expenses, even if he keeps the pledged property.

The real facts were these. The plaintiff had obtained the jewels on memorandum from a dealer. She had worn them, and put them in evidence so that they could thereafter be identified. Then she had procured a worthless fellow to pawn them and mail her the ticket in an envelope addressed by him. For his services he received five dollars of the avails. The question put by defendants' counsel was a natural one, but was partly a random shot, and partly based upon the supposition that the plaintiff might have obtained the diamonds by some method which she might not wish her husband to be informed of under oath. As we have seen, it proved decisive.

In cases where thieves are arrested and convicted, pawnbrokers never refuse to deliver to the owners the property called for by the tickets surrendered by the felons. It would be ungracious to say that they can't help themselves. The fact remains that they, as a class, obey the law. This they do with the greater readiness because their business, although a legitimate outgrowth of human needs, is a statutory creation. In the large cities a pawnbroker is required to pay a license fee of five hundred dollars. On loans of less than one hundred dollars he is allowed to charge three per cent. per month for six months, and two per cent. per month for the next six months. On loans of one hundred dollars and upward he is allowed to charge two per cent. per month for six months, and one per cent. per month for the next six months. He may reckon a fraction of a month as a month. If you borrow to-day and repay to-morrow, you pay a month's interest.

These rates, averaging thirty and eighteen per cent. per annum, according to the amount loaned, would not, and do not, compensate the pawnbroker who handles the nondescript, bulky, dirty, and almost worthless pledges of the poorer classes. On Saturday night a woman brings in a flat-iron, a vest, a chemise, a veil, a feather, made up in a bundle. She needs marketing-money, and she can dispense with the use of these chattels during a week or two. The flat-iron may have cost a quarter of a dollar, but is worth only one-half cent a pound as old iron,—that is, if viewed with the banking eye, as collateral. What is a second-hand vest or chemise worth? The pawnbroker doesn't want to buy these effects, nor does he want to pay an auctioneer for selling them at the end of a year. He wants them redeemed. So he offers fifty cents as an advance on the lot, and the owner, who came in with a wild hope of getting two dollars, accepts the fifty cents. When she returns in a fortnight to redeem, her bill is sixty-three cents,—three cents for interest on the dollar or fraction of a dollar, ten cents for "hanging up," or storage. Now, while this charge of ten cents is certainly outside the statute, let the reader hesitate before he pronounces it excessive. What is it really worth to handle and examine a flat-iron, a vest, a chemise, a veil, and a feather, to tie them up in a bundle, number the bundle, ticket it, issue a duplicate ticket, and enter the transaction in a book? Would you want to do it, or hire an assistant to do it, for much less than thirteen cents?

Newspaper writers occasionally, in default of better employment, publish essays in the journals in which they attempt to show that the average pawnbroker is an extortionist and an oppressor of the poor.

The facts tend to prove that the average pawnbroker lends money to the poor by a laborious method, and that he is not overpaid for his services. And as one becomes acquainted with the real life of the laboring classes, and of the class known as "the poor," one's sympathy for them becomes greatly lessened. Their improvidence is excessive. As a rule, they are careless of economy, and ashamed to practise it. They support nine-tenths of the liquor-saloons, and expend from one-tenth to one-half their income in drink. Rather than live on plain food, such as stewed meats, bread, and potatoes, they buy from the "Delicatessen" shops cooked ham at forty cents a pound, and "gansebrust" (cold goose-breast) at fifty cents. No matter how much their wages may be increased, they eat, drink, and wear out the augmented supply as soon as it is received. A few years ago some of the benevolent members of a church on University Place learned of the destitution of a family in the neighborhood, the children of which had been gathered into the Sunday-school. A purse of one hundred dollars was raised, and fifty dollars were handed the mother, with the promise of fifty more when the first instalment should be exhausted. The requisition for the second fifty came so soon that the treasurer of the fund visited the family in order to ascertain how the money had been spent. She found that the whole family had gone to a Sixth Avenue photographer, and that each member, from the mother to the baby, was the proud possessor of a dozen imperial photographs! This was a severe setback to philanthropy in the — Church.

The pawnbroker estimates the poor with a juster and more experienced eye. He is no stranger to the cruelty and selfishness by which they are actuated, and he is certain that his customers would, if they could, cheat him out of his last dollar. It is his business to guard against such schemes, to provide himself with tests of brass jewelry and oreide watches, to look out for thieves so as neither to lend to them nor be robbed by them, to believe none of the tales of distress by which borrowers endeavor to make pledges available for more than they are worth; in short, to defend himself against a *canaille* which at bottom is as cruel and vindictive as the wretches who in 1792 dismembered the Princesse de Lamballe in Paris. If he does not do all this, and to the best of his ability, he will sooner or later be forced to put up his shutters.

I would not be understood to assert that the pawnbroker himself is a stranger to guile and to ways that are dark. Whoever reads the Sunday journals will see numerous announcements like this:

"Diamond necklace, cost \$1500 at Tiffany's. Circumstances compelled me to pawn it at —'s for \$500. Ticket sacrificed. Address —, N. York."

If you address accordingly, and if the advertiser considers you a fit subject for an artful game, he or she will wait on you with a tale of woe, and the ticket. The price of the ticket should be two hundred and fifty dollars, for the brilliants are most valuable; but the final price will be partly left to you: only please examine the gems at once, because the holder is in desperate straits. You examine the pledge at the pawnbroker's, paying fifty cents for the privilege. The diamonds

are certainly diamonds, although of a shape and quality known to the trade as rose diamonds; and, rather than expend five or ten dollars to compensate an expert for going with you, you conclude that it is safe for you to advance ten per cent. upon the ticket and make it your own. The holder refuses at first, but finally yields, and departs with fifty dollars of your wealth, and leaves you the owner of the property, subject to the pawnbroker's lien thereon.

You then redeem it, which costs you from five hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred and seventy-five dollars more; and on taking your prize to a dealer in diamonds you learn that the entire piece of jewelry is really worth, and would be salable at, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars!

Did the skilful and well-informed pawnbrokers, then, really lend five hundred dollars on a collection of stones and fourteen-karat gold worth only two hundred and fifty dollars? Not at all. They probably advanced one hundred and fifty dollars, perhaps two hundred dollars, and made out a ticket for five hundred dollars, agreeing with the borrower to divide profits on the redemption of the ticket by a third party. But you could not hope to prove this, either from the books or from the admissions of the parties. The person with whom you dealt belongs to a fugitive class of citizens; he or she at once disappears. The pawnbroker exhibits entries to correspond to the ticket. What are you going to do about it?

An instance. One of my clients had dealings with an Englishman a few years ago, and paid him, among other transactions in real values, ten per cent. advance on a pawn-ticket of ——'s, an eminent pawnbroker in the Bowery, representing a diamond solitaire on which three hundred dollars were declared to be loaned. A few days thereafter he examined the stone and concluded not to redeem it. Under my advice, he consigned the ticket to the auction-house of Topping & Co., the equity to be sold to the highest bidder, without any representations whatever as to value. It was so sold, and the purchase-price, four dollars less commission, was duly paid over by Topping & Co. A few days more passed, and then the buyer, an Israelite, made an urgent appeal to Topping & Co. that they should refund him the four dollars! Of course his claim hadn't a leg to stand upon, and was properly disallowed. Here was a case where one party lost twenty-six dollars, and another one four dollars, on a solitaire not worth probably over one hundred and fifty dollars; and even then the original parties to the swindle failed to obtain the prize that would have accrued if the pledge had been redeemed.

No one knows the extent of this species of financial operation, worthy of Robert Macaire in his palmiest days; but it is admittedly large, and the natural inference from the fact is that it is never safe to buy a pawn-ticket, unless under the advice of an expert dealer. And since you will rarely buy the tickets under such advice, and are certain to be out of pocket to the extent of five or ten dollars as compensation therefor, the safe rule of action is, "Never buy a pawn-ticket under any circumstances whatever, and never waste your time over them." There is neither glory nor profit to be gained by such business.

There is a class of *doctrinaires* who maintain that the State should assume the management of establishments for lending money on pledges; in other words, that the State should become a pawnbroker, and at a minimum rate of fifteen or twenty per cent., in order to prevent the poorer classes from being oppressed. The proposition is ridiculous, and the scheme impracticable. Every transaction over the lender's counter involves a careful appraisalment, and only individual prudence can be relied on for this. With a body of salaried officials, who would belong to a cheap class of citizens, such rigorous appraisalment would be out of the question, and without it the institution would come to grief. Eternal vigilance is the price of success in banking, and pawnbroking is a species of banking. The appointees of the State would be politicians; they would have favorite borrowers; these favorites would become go-betweens for other borrowers, and the entire business would soon become a mass of corruption.

The conclusion is that the pawnbrokerage business is the natural outgrowth of human requirements, dating back to a respectable antiquity, and that in this business, as in all other established callings, the practitioners of to-day are well furnished with the experience and traditions of their predecessors, and therefore do not stand greatly in need of advice or interference. The statutory regulations under which they transact business are reasonable. It is proper that they should pay licenses, that they should be under the surveillance of the authorities, and that, in order to avoid disputes, the rates of loans should be definitely fixed, and scaled so as to cover not only the rent of money, but the expenses of clerks and storage and the losses on loans made on stolen goods, against which no human sagacity can surely guard. The philanthropy that would do away with the pawnbroker is a spurious philanthropy, since the city can no more dispense with the pawnbroker than it can with the baker or the milkman.

Champion Bissell.

EXEUNT.

RING down the purple curtains of the night!
 The play is played, the guests have gone away.
 Why sit we staring at the empty stage,
 The dying foot-lights, all the equipage
 Of motley fool and reveller, seen but gray
 Where shadows hide the painted scenes from sight?

The play is played: come out into the dark!
 The high, white stars are burning in their place;
 From mountain-highlands blows a great, cool breath.
 Art thou afraid? Nay, Love, it is but death.
 Earth's masque is done. Lift up thine unchanged face!
 Across the meadows sings the morning lark.

Lillian Corbett Barnes.

DR. PENNINGTON'S COUNTRY PRACTICE.

NEXT to her husband and her children there was nothing that Mrs. Graham liked better than worrying herself. To a degree far beyond that attained by any other woman in Marston, she enjoyed "the luxury of woe," and during the last few days she had been indulging in it without stint. For during those days there had been five burglaries in that town, and the little place, ordinarily no more excited than most summer resorts, had become almost hysterical. First of all the post-office had been robbed, and then, as though that robbery had been merely by way of practice, the thieves on the next night had broken into a private house. Other robberies had followed in quick and defiant succession, and within twenty-four hours the little red brick railroad-station on Orawaupum Street had been broken into, and the money in the safe stolen. Then indeed there was excitement, for, as in all small towns not too remote from large cities, the station was the real centre of town life, and its misfortune was looked on almost as a sacrilege.

Even the summer residents seemed to consider it as such, and when, as was the custom at Marston, the ladies drove down to the station in the late afternoon to meet their husbands on their return from the city, not one but looked at the little red building as though she expected to hear it cry out against the profanation.

The older ladies sat comfortably in their carriages, and, in voices pitched high because they were in the open air, talked volubly of the burglaries. One and all agreed that they would never have expected a burglary in Marston, and Mrs. Graham, by reason of her power of self-worry, speedily obtained a high and commanding position among them as a sort of possible martyr. The younger ladies, at the urgent entreaties of their own or their friends' inquisitive little brothers, left their carriages and moved in a pretty crowd upon the station. There the boys pointed out the drawers from which the money had been stolen, and the girls examined them from a distance with respectful interest. There, too, they saw the station-master in close conversation with an important-looking person, while a young man seated on the desk in the office swung his legs vigorously and looked bored. He brightened up obviously, however, at the sudden influx of pretty girls, and removed his hat. The other men merely glanced at the intruders and continued their conversation.

When they had seen everything, the young ladies retreated to the platform, from which they carried on an animated conversation with their elders in the carriages, while the bored young man came to the window and looked at them with admiration.

Suddenly all the talk was checked. Then a murmur of respectful admiration ran through the crowd of ladies, and the coachmen sat up straighter and flicked their horses. Even the ubiquitous small boys became silent, as into the station yard whirled an open carriage in which

sat a young and very pretty woman. As soon as it had drawn up near the platform, the talk began again, this time all directed at its occupant.

"How do you do to-day, Mrs. Marmaduke?" was the first remark from everybody, with a rising inflection on the second syllable of "to-day"; and when Mrs. Marmaduke had replied that she was very well, there was a chorus of almost incredulous congratulation. Then there was a hush, broken in a moment by Mrs. Graham.

"Have you heard anything of your silver yet?" she began. Without waiting for an answer, she continued, "I wonder how you bear it so well. I'm sure I shouldn't. I'm dreadfully afraid of burglars, and I know it would kill me to know that they were in the house."

"But I didn't know it," said Mrs. Marmaduke, with superiority. "Not even Mr. Marmaduke knew they had been there until afterwards."

"Ah, yes," returned Mrs. Graham; "but to find out, even afterwards, that the horrid men had been there—ugh!—and had taken all your silver—every bit of it——"

"They left some," coolly interrupted the heroine. Mrs. Graham pretended not to hear her.

"You should have had a burglar-alarm," she said, patronizingly. "Mr. Graham is going to have one put in for me."

"We have a burglar-alarm," answered Mrs. Marmaduke. "But it was out of order."

"Oh, how annoying!" chorused all the listeners except Mrs. Graham, who sank back in her seat and signalled for her daughter Clara to come to her.

Just then the train came around the curve below the station, and all the adventurous girls retreated to their carriages. Out from his office ran the old station-master, followed by the important-looking man and by the bored young man. The man who carried the mail-bag to the post-office sauntered up, and for an instant everything was expectation. Then expectation became reality and confusion as the train came to a stop. For a moment there was an outpouring of passengers, then a thinning out of the crowd, and then a sort of stampede of the carriages for the post-office, until, when the train started again, only Mrs. Marmaduke's and Mrs. Graham's remained. Mrs. Marmaduke lay back in hers, looking at her husband, as he stood on the platform talking to the bored young man, while Mrs. Graham, after looking carefully around for her husband, sank back without being able to find him. Clara Graham had looked also, and when she could find neither her father nor her brother she began again the conversation interrupted by the arrival of the train.

"There were two burglars, mamma," she said. "One was rather an old man, they say, while the other was much younger. And of course there must have been a third one to watch——"

"Drive on, George," interrupted Mrs. Graham; and the coachman had just turned from the platform, when the gray-bearded station-master ran out.

"Hi, there! Mrs. Graham!" he shouted, waving a brown envelope,

and as the carriage stopped with a jerk, the old man plunged down from the platform and ran to it.

"A telegram from Mr. Graham," he explained, and, while Mrs. Graham opened it hurriedly, he waited with one hand on the wheel-guard.

"Who were those two men talking with you, Mr. Underhill?" asked Clara Graham, inquisitively.

"Wal, the gentleman wi' the red beard—him a-standin' in the door-way naow," answered the old man, pointing towards the station, "is the representative o' th' *Marston Enterprise*,—Mr. Long his name is. An' t'other one, him a-talkin' to Mr. Marm'duke, 's a 'porter fur one o' th' Noo York papers,—I don' rightly know's name."

"Clara," said Mrs. Graham,—*"There's no answer, Mr. Underhill. Drive on, George.—Clara, your father won't be home to-night: he and Phil are detained by business. They won't be home till to-morrow night."*

"Oh, well," said Clara, cheerfully, "of course we shall miss them, but I think we can get along one night without them."

"Ordinarily, yes," her mother answered, promptly. Mrs. Graham did not like to be considered dependent even on her husband. "Ordinarily, most certainly. But there are these awful burglars, and we haven't a man in the house."

"There's George, mamma," suggested Clara. But George, with great promptness, spoke over his shoulder, as old coachmen have a way of doing:

"Please, mem, I've got to be 'ome to-night, because o' my wife h'end the baby as she h'expects."

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, slowly, "George is right: he must be at home. Could your cousin Will come, do you think, Clara?—No: he's away, too. There's Mr. Frisbie; we might ask him to take care of us. No sensible burglars would think of robbing the parsonage."

"No, I don't suppose they would," answered Clara. "But then Mr. Frisbie wouldn't leave Mrs. Frisbie and the little baby alone. And then suppose the burglars were not sensible——"

"They must be," said Mrs. Graham, with decision, "or they wouldn't have broken into the Marmadukes' house."

"Oh, mamma," suggested Clara, "couldn't we telegraph to somebody to come out to us? We might have a messenger-boy sent out to us, or two or three, if you wanted."

"I've got a boy, miss," said George the coachman. "'E might take care o' ye, mem, over-night."

But when she found that George's boy was only nine years old, Mrs. Graham shook her head.

"He's too young. And I do not want messenger-boys. They would be so slow, and they wear great rubber trousers and always have their hands in their pockets." This was said very slowly and thoughtfully.

"We might telegraph to some friend in the city, mamma," suggested Clara. "He could come out on the ten-o'clock train, and get here before eleven. I don't suppose the burglars would come before eleven."

"Oh, no. They never come before eleven o'clock," said Mrs. Graham, as decidedly as though she had served an apprenticeship with a burglar and knew all the rules governing his entrance into the best houses. The idea of telegraphing to a friend evidently pleased her. "We might telegraph to—to——"

"We might telegraph to Dr. Pennington," suggested Clara, with just the suspicion of a blush. "He would be sure to come."

Her mother did not notice the blush, and was evidently considering the question of telegraphing. Just then the carriage turned in at the Grahams' gate.

"We must telegraph," said Mrs. Graham, nodding her head with great decision. "Yes, we must telegraph, and to Dr. Pennington."

It was later than usual that evening when Dr. John Pennington dropped into the little French restaurant near his office, to which his bachelorhood doomed him, and, as almost every one else had gone, he was forced to eat a solitary dinner. As he looked carelessly through an evening paper which he had taken up to pass the time, he happened to notice the following bit of news:

"The village of Marston is very much excited over several burglaries committed there recently. The residence of E. L. Marmaduke, a wealthy merchant of New York City, was entered on Tuesday night, and a large quantity of jewelry and silver stolen. Last night, after visiting several houses with little success, the burglars broke into the railroad-station. Many commutation tickets had been renewed the day before, and the burglars secured nearly two hundred dollars in money. There are supposed to be three men in the gang. No clue to them has yet been found."

"I wonder," thought the doctor, as he slowly sipped his coffee, "I wonder if they have been to the Grahams' yet. If they have, I'll wager a large amount—I'd go as high as my last year's professional income—that Mrs. Graham is now in a state of violent hysterics. If they haven't, she has at least sufficient material to keep her in a state of worry for about one year." He finished his coffee. "I believe I'll run out to Marston to-morrow," he continued, thoughtfully; "that is, if I'm not too much occupied." (Pennington religiously made this reservation, though since he had become a doctor he had never been too much occupied.) "I haven't been there for a long time, and the burglaries will give me a good excuse for leaving my patients."

Having made this determination, he dismissed the matter from his mind, and, finishing his coffee, sat in silence till he had smoked his cigar. Then he went home to take up his usual task of waiting for patients. When he reached his rooms, he found Mrs. Graham's telegram on his table. It was as enigmatical as women's communications generally are, and was worded thus:

"Will you kindly take ten-o'clock train and spend night with us? Will explain on arrival."

"Spend the night? Will explain on arrival? What on earth can the woman mean?" cried the doctor. "Can any of the family be sick, I wonder? If so, why should she send for me, when there must be other doctors near by? No: that can't be the reason." But, as he

could think of no other explanation, he accepted this one as the most plausible, and decided to take his case of medicines with him to Marston. Looking at his watch, he saw that he could barely catch the train, and hastily began to pack his hand-bag. Then, telling his landlady that he would be back in the morning, he called a cab, and reached the station with five minutes to spare.

A night ride in an accommodation train is not exciting, and Pennington's trip to Marston was monotonous enough. He did not dare to read by the villanous light, and so he devoted his time to speculating on Mrs. Graham's telegram. He stepped from the train at Marston, however, without having come to any definite conclusion on the subject.

"I think, sir," said an elderly coachman, stepping up to the young doctor and touching his hat, "I think you must be the gentle'n h'expected at the Grahams'. Will you step this way, sir? I 'ave the buggy 'ere. These burglaries are h'awful, ain't they, sir?" he began, as he touched up the little mare.

"Burglaries?" said Pennington. "Oh, yes, I did read about some burglaries up here——"

"Yes, sir," said the man, "an' Mrs. Graham is just scared out o' her senses, sir, an' when she got the telegram from Mr. Graham, sir,—come up, Jess,—sayin' that neither he nor Mr. Phil 'ud be up to-night, she sent for you 't once. Ye see, sir," he continued, waxing confidential, "I'm out o' the runnin', on account o' the visitor h'expected at my 'ouse to-night."

For the first time it dawned upon the doctor that it was not his professional services that were wanted, but more heroic ones, and he wished that he had left his case of medicines at home. Old George, however, gave him little time for thought, but entertained him with accounts, partly real, partly fictitious, of the daring and ferocity of the burglars who infested the village, until the doctor began to wish that Mrs. Graham had been able to secure any other protector than himself.

As the carriage rolled up to the house, the door opened, and Mrs. Graham, evidently on the watch, rushed out.

"Oh, Dr. Pennington!" she cried, excitedly. "You can't tell how glad I am to see you! I *hope* you don't think it presuming in me to send for you?"

"Not at all," began Pennington, getting out of the carriage; but Mrs. Graham noticed his medicine-case, and interrupted him.

"You've brought your pistols," she exclaimed. "How splendid of you to think of them!"

"Do not for one instant think that you presumed in sending for me," said Pennington, as he ran lightly up the steps and took Mrs. Graham's outstretched hand. "You know, Mrs. Graham, that it can only be a pleasure to me to be of any service to you or Miss Clara."

"It is very good of you, I'm sure, and I shall never forget it; but now come right into the library. Clara will be delighted to see an old friend who has come in time of need. It was she suggested sending for you," added Mrs. Graham, and Pennington blushed with pleasure.

"It's very strange," went on the lady, "that Clara isn't half so worried about the burglars as I am, when it generally takes so much to worry me.—Clara, here is Dr. Pennington, pistols and all: wasn't it good of him to come?" she concluded, as she entered the library. Clara came forward to greet Pennington, blushing slightly, and looking so charming that he felt he would be glad to have the burglars come, that he might have the pleasure of defending her.

"I have just told Mrs. Graham, Miss Clara," said Pennington, "that the goodness is all on her side. You can't realize how pleasant it is to see you again. As for my pistols," he added, carefully laying down his medicine-case, "it overwhelms me with mortification to confess that I have left the key of my case behind."

"Perhaps it is best that you did," said Mrs. Graham, while Clara laughed.

"Don't worry about that, Dr. Pennington," she said, tapping the case lightly. "Wait a moment, and I will bring something that will do as well as the pistols you have here." And she ran from the room. When she returned, Mrs. Graham was insisting that Pennington should take something to eat.

"Here is a weapon," cried Clara, gayly, holding up an old-fashioned muzzle-loading horse-pistol. She handed it to Pennington, who colored as he took it. "I think that will frighten the burglars," she panted, looking at Pennington and laughing.

"Clara!" said Mrs. Graham, "I wouldn't have that thing fired off in the house for the world. Your father fired it off once at a cat, and the noise it made gave me a nervous shock I didn't get over for a week. Besides, it brought in all the neighbors,—and some of them were very common people,—who thought we had had a dynamite explosion here."

"But this ancient fire-arm has no hammer," said Pennington, after examining it. "A pistol without a hammer, Mrs. Graham, is like a man without a head,—comparatively useless."

"My ignorance of such things," said Mrs. Graham, with a shudder, "is something stupendous, and I hope you won't laugh at me when I ask what the hammer of a pistol is."

"Let me show you, mamma," cried Clara, jumping up and taking the pistol from Pennington's hands.

"Be careful, Clara, be careful," cried Mrs. Graham, evidently alarmed at its proximity. "Are you quite sure that it won't go off by itself?"

"Quite sure," answered the doctor. But Mrs. Graham's fears could not be allayed until Pennington had placed the pistol on the bookcase. She gave a sigh of relief.

"I am sure that we shall not need a pistol," said Pennington, "for burglars never come where they are expected."

"Perhaps that is so," answered Mrs. Graham. "I know that I am awfully timid about them. But, doctor—could you—would you—do you mind sleeping on this lounge to-night?"

"Not in the least," cried Pennington. "Why, Mrs. Graham, it looks extremely comfortable."

"It is very comfortable," said Clara, giving it a little pat by way of enforcing her remark. "It is quite out of the ordinary run of lounges. I often take naps on it myself."

"That settles it," cried Pennington. "Now not even wild horses could drag me to a bed of ease."

"I am very grateful to you," said Mrs. Graham, who did not look upon the matter as a trifling sacrifice for the doctor to make. "I think we can make you comfortable, however."

"Of course you can, Mrs. Graham; and then just think of the fame that awaits me if the burglars do come. Why, the papers will be full of me. 'Dr. Pennington defends two helpless ladies from desperate burglars. His only weapon a horse-pistol without a hammer,' and so on."

"I don't see how you can joke about such horrid men; the very thought of them makes me shudder. But we mustn't keep you up all night, doctor. It is long after eleven.—Clara, take my hand: you couldn't persuade me to go up the stairs by myself.—Doctor, would you mind standing in the hall till we get to our room——"

"Like the White Knight and Alice," laughed Clara. "You remember he asked Alice to wait till he was out of sight, because her presence would cheer him——"

"Clara, you saucy girl!" cried her mother.—"Doctor, I will send Bridget down to make up a bed on the lounge. Good-night," she called again, as she reached her room.

"Don't treat the poor burglars too cruelly, Dr. Pennington," cried Clara, looking over the baluster, and then with a laugh she vanished.

"I wonder what she meant by that," thought Pennington, as he went back to the library. In a minute Bridget appeared with sheets and blankets, and in a short time had made up a bed on the broad lounge. Then she departed, and Pennington was left alone.

"Suppose the burglars should come," he thought, as he prepared to turn in. "But it's not likely they will. At any rate, I mustn't let my imagination run away with me: so here goes." And with that he turned out the gas and settled himself on the lounge, where, in spite of discomforts present and burglars to be, he was soon fast asleep.

He had been asleep, it seemed to him, for hours, when he suddenly sat up, wide awake in an instant. Had he dreamed that he had heard footsteps at the back of the house, or was there really some one moving about? Pennington listened with every nerve strained to its utmost tension. There it goes again! He was sure he heard a noise. It came from the dining-room—and it sounded like the rattling of silver.

"They're here," he muttered, and drew a long breath. "What in thunder am I to do? Ah! I'll get that old pistol and use the poker as a hammer; the old thing had a cap on it." Crawling softly from the lounge, he groped his way towards the fireplace. The room was as dark as a pocket, and before he had finished his uncertain journey he struck his foot smartly against the coal-scuttle. It rattled. He made a dive to stop it from falling, and in so doing upset it. It fell with a crash loud enough, it seemed to him, to wake the Seven Sleepers.

Despite the pain of his stubbed foot, Pennington did not hug his

injured member with the affection usually displayed on such occasions, but ground his teeth and listened intently for any sign from the burglars that they had heard him.

A moment of suspense; then he assured himself that they had heard nothing, and, securing pistol and poker, started for the library door. He reached it safely, and, opening it noiselessly, looked out into the hall. A narrow streak of light from the partly-opened dining-room door showed him where to steer, and, grasping the poker firmly in his right hand and the pistol in his left, he tiptoed across the hall. The rattling of silver in the dining-room continued, and almost drowned the nearer and solemn tick of an old eight-day clock, whose brass and iron nerves the doctor envied.

Creeping cautiously to the door, he looked through the crack. The light was turned half on in the dining-room. At the farther end of the room, with his back turned towards him, was an old man, who seemed to be taking silver from the drawers of the sideboard and putting it into a basket at his side.

"The old villain!" thought Pennington. "How cool he is! I wonder where the other two fellows are. Somewhere at hand, I suppose."

Suddenly the burglar turned half around, as though he were about to leave the room. Pennington shrank back.

"I can't shoot the fellow in cold blood," he said to himself. Just then his hand touched the knob of a door which he knew opened into a large closet. An idea struck him. He opened the door very quietly, and then, picking up the rug from the hall floor, was ready to carry out his plan.

The burglar was nearing the door. "Come up as soon as you can," he said, and as a muffled voice from somewhere answered, "All right," he opened the door and stepped into the hall.

With a bound Pennington threw the heavy rug over the man's head, deftly twisting it so that he could make no sound to warn his comrades. But the doctor had not thought of the basket of silver which the man carried, and it fell to the floor with a crash. There was a quick movement in the direction from which the answering voice had come, and a scream from up-stairs. Pennington fairly hurled his prisoner into the closet and locked the door; then he stood a moment uncertain whether to run up-stairs to the aid of Mrs. Graham and Clara or to search for the other burglar. Suddenly he heard a step behind him. Before he could turn he received a blow on the side of his head. He fell to the floor, where he lay half stunned. Then his hands were tied behind him, and he felt himself picked up by his assailant and held a moment uncertainly in mid-air.

"Put him in here, Fred," said a voice, and, to his horror, Pennington heard the key turn in the lock, and the next instant he was thrown into the closet with as little ceremony as he had himself used towards the burglar. Then the door was locked.

A sudden cough from the burglar made Pennington's hair stand on end, and he shivered when he heard the man, sputtering and coughing, feeling audibly for what Pennington knew was his revolver. He was

as brave as most men, and at once determined not to lie still at the mercy of a desperate ruffian. Very cautiously he tried to pull his hands out of the bonds that held them. To his joy, he found that the hastily-tied knots would give way at a little straining.

Meanwhile, up-stairs, Mrs. Graham and Clara had gone to bed together for additional safety. Clara did not tell her mother, but to herself confessed that she had every confidence in Dr. Pennington, and so went calmly to sleep. Mrs. Graham was less confident than her daughter, and her sleep was light and broken. The consequence was that the fall of the silver-basket woke her up instantly. She gave a scream.

"Clara!" she cried, shaking her daughter. "Clara, the burglars are here!"

"Where?" demanded Clara, sitting bolt upright, and looking in bewilderment out from the mist of her long brown hair.

"Down-stairs," said Mrs. Graham, in a hoarse whisper. "Help me, Clara, and scream." With that she set the example by uttering a shriek that rang through the house, waking the servants in their rooms. Clara sprang from the bed, and, scarcely knowing what she did, began piling all the movable furniture in front of the door, while her mother uttered scream after scream with the regularity of a piece of clock-work.

There was a step in the hall, then another.

"There are two of them!" gasped Mrs. Graham, in an interval of screaming. The door was opened slightly. "Push up the bedstead, Clara!" and the two women pushed the heavy piece of furniture against the door. The movement was so sudden that the door closed upon the intruder's fingers. There was a howl of pain.

"Scream!" commanded Mrs. Graham, as Clara caught her by the arm. The girl did not at once obey.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "what do you suppose they've done to John—I mean Dr. Pennington?"

"Let me in," cried a voice in the hall. "Let me in." The two women screamed again. The door was pushed open and a man's head and shoulder thrust in. In desperation, Mrs. Graham picked up the water-pitcher. Rushing towards the man, she threw it at him. It struck the wall and broke, near enough to him to drench him.

"Hold on, I say!" he cried. "Mother, what are you doing? Are you hurt? Have those scoundrels hurt you?"

"Phil!" cried Mrs. Graham and Clara at once. "Phil! Why, what are you doing here? How did you come?" And they rushed upon him, dragging him through the narrow opening and embracing him rapturously.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mrs. Graham again, as she released him. He could not answer at once, but after Clara had let him go, he answered,—

"Well, father at first forgot all about the burglars. We were at the library, working away like beaver lawyers, when he suddenly thought of 'em. He jumped up and said we must come right home, because you'd be scared out of your wits." Here he kissed his mother again.

"So we bundled up the papers, and, as we were too late for the ten o'clock train, we came up on the other road, and walked across. We brought Fred with us, too."

"Fred Austin?" asked Mrs. Graham. Phil nodded, and went on:

"Father was sure you'd be awake, but you didn't seem to be, so we looked around, and pretty soon got in through the front window, which was open." Mrs. Graham looked frightened. "Then we felt sure there was something to pay, especially when we saw the silver-basket and the silver scattered around on the table and sideboard, and the safe open. So father picked up the silver, while Fred and I ran into the kitchen." Mrs. Graham had gasped when she heard of their discovery, and stood listening with almost tragic intentness.

"We found no one there, but we heard a crash in the hall and ran back. Fred came through the door into the pantry, while I came by the dining-room. First thing I knew I heard somebody fall in the hall, and then Fred called me. He'd found a big fellow standing by the door, evidently waiting for me, and he'd hit him pretty hard on the head. Then we tied his hands with a handkerchief and threw him into the closet."

"Well," said Mrs. Graham, looking relieved, while Clara drew a long breath, "that was good. Where is your father? Bring them both here."

"Isn't father here?" asked Phil. "Why, he came up-stairs first—Has that scoundrel touched him, I wonder?" And Phil darted out of the room and down-stairs.

"Then there was some one in the house," said Mrs. Graham, "for Phil said that Fred had to strike some one."

"Mamma," said Clara, tremulously, seizing her mother's arm, "Fred hit Dr. Pennington!" And she looked at her mother with wide-open eyes of alarm. Mrs. Graham went into the hall, her daughter following her.

"Be still!" commanded Mrs. Graham, opening the door into the servants' hall. "Girls, I'm ashamed of you! Bridget, Eliza! Be still at once!" Her voice had its effect, and the house became quiet again.

Meantime the two prisoners in the closet had not been idle. Pennington at first lay where he had been thrown, noiselessly trying to slip his hands through his bonds. The burglar had evidently rid himself of the rug, and Pennington could hear him groping his way about the closet, now and again colliding with unknown obstacles. He was nearing the prostrate doctor, who redoubled his efforts to free himself. Suddenly the burglar's foot struck smartly against Pennington's head. The man stopped and drew back; then he pushed his foot forward again till it once more touched the doctor. Pennington, who had not quite freed himself when the burglar first collided with him, jerked his hands out of their fastenings, and, springing to his feet, aimed a blow in the direction in which he thought the burglar stood. He missed his aim in the darkness, and bruised his knuckles against the wall.

"Whew!" he cried, jumping with pain. Just then he got a blow

from the burglar on his shoulder. He turned on him, but caught his foot on the rug and fell at full length. He sprang up in an instant, however, picking up the rug as he did so, and stood prepared to defend himself as long as possible.

"Have you found your father?" asked Mrs. Graham, leaning over the baluster and looking into the darkness of the lower hall.

"Not yet, Mrs. Graham," answered a voice.

"Why don't you light the gas, Fred?" asked Mrs. Graham, impatiently. There was the scratching of a match, and in an instant the hall was lighted. Just then Phil Graham came from the dining-room.

"I can't find father," he said, anxiously.

Clara came timidly half-way down the stairs.

"Fred," she asked, "what sort—who was it you struck?"

"A tall man, standing here. He was waiting for us to come out of the dining-room; but I came up behind and hit him—so," answered Fred Austin, with some pride.

"Lucky he did, too," said Phil. "The fellow had this," he added, holding up a pistol. Then, in a tone of astonishment, he cried, "Hello! it's father's old horse-pistol!"

Clara flew down the stairs to her brother, her long hair streaming behind her. "It wasn't a burglar!" she cried. "It wasn't a burglar! Why did you strike him?" turning fiercely upon Fred Austin, and then bursting into tears of terror.

Mrs. Graham followed her down. "He wasn't a burglar," she explained to the perplexed young men. "It was Dr. Pennington. He came here to protect us while you were away. He must have heard you and taken you for burglars, and you took him for one, and——"

"Pennington!" echoed Phil, while Fred looked at Clara with admiration and contrition, the former real, the latter half feigned. "I put Pennington, if it was he, into the closet," he added, stepping towards the place. Clara was before him, however.

The sound of voices in the hall had already attracted the attention of the two prisoners. The burglar groaned as he heard them, and his groan was fatal to him, for it indicated that he was in the middle of the closet. Instantly the doctor turned and threw the rug in the direction of the sound. His aim was good, and in a moment he had the burglar's head again enveloped. His hands were free, however, and he grappled with Pennington so vigorously that he had much ado to defend himself. Suddenly he gave the burglar a strong shove from him. At that moment the door was flung open.

"John," cried Clara. The burglar fell through the door into the hall. For an instant there was silence. Then the burglar began to kick violently and to shout.

"It's father!" cried Phil Graham, as he made a dive for the half-smothered man and set him on his feet. Mr. Graham looked around wildly for an instant as he got rid of the rug.

"There's a burglar in there!" he cried. "Shut the door. Quick, shut the door!" And he threw himself against it, refusing to move until Fred Austin had locked it. "Whew!" he gasped. "The scoun-

drel! Have you locked it, Fred?—Tried to garrote me—whew!" And he wiped his face and looked around on his astonished family.

"Why, how did you get in there, father?" asked Phil, while Mrs. Graham led her husband to a chair. Clara stood still near the door.

"I was going up-stairs with the silver-basket, which the burglar had left on the sideboard——"

"No," interrupted his wife, penitently: "I told Eliza I would put the silver in the safe myself, and I was doing it when Dr. Pennington came. I ran out to meet him, and forgot all about the silver. I don't believe there was any burglar at all."

"Yes, there was," said Mr. Graham, sturdily. "As I was coming out of the dining-room, a fellow threw this rug over me, and then threw me, rug and all, into the closet. Presently he came in after me, I suppose to remove the only witness against him. He was choking me when you opened the door, and I broke away from him." And Mr. Graham pointed to the closet door.

"Why, that's where we put Pennington," cried Austin and Phil Graham. Clara darted to the door and opened it wide.

"John!" she cried again. "Come out, come out." And, in obedience to her call, John Pennington came out.

"Where's that burglar?" he asked.

"There were three of them," answered Mrs. Graham, promptly. "We have got them all." Pennington looked around bewildered. He recognized Phil Graham, and then saw Mr. Graham sitting in the hall chair, the rug at his feet. His face fell.

"This was the burglar you captured," said Mrs. Graham; and Mr. Graham nodded.

"Who hit me, then?" demanded Pennington, rubbing his head. Fred Austin seemed bashful about answering, and Phil spoke up:

"We took you for a burglar, and captured you, just as you had captured father."

"Then there were no burglars?" asked Pennington, doubtfully.

"No, there were no burglars," answered Mrs. Graham.

"Well," said Pennington, as he rubbed his head again, "I suppose it's all right, but it's rather hard on a well-meaning fellow——" And he smiled rather weakly.

"It's all right," said Clara, unconsciously laying her hand on his arm.

"My dear," said Mr. Graham to his wife some time later, as they were in their room together, "my dear, didn't Clara call the doctor John?"

"I didn't think you noticed it," answered Mrs. Graham.

"I did, though," said Mr. Graham. "It seems to me, though there were no burglars to take our silver, that Pennington has taken our little woman's heart."

"Fair exchange is no robbery," remarked Mrs. Graham; and her husband looked at her, and nodded several times as though something pleased him.

Butler Munroe.

THE SCIENCE AND THE ART OF DRAMATIC EXPRESSION.

MANY people hold that the sole secret of the art of expression lies in having something to express. They are like Mrs. Diaz's little hero "William Henry," who, when told that he must go to the dancing-school in order to learn how to enter a room, answered with decision, "Poh! I know now how to enter a room: go right in." There is a great deal of philosophy in this position, undoubtedly. Between this "school," if we may call it so, and that other "school" which holds that having nothing to say is not of the slightest consequence if we can only manage to say it beautifully, the balance of power certainly lies with the former. But why should there not be a golden mean in this as in other things? Granted that we have something to express, why should it not be possible to add to the force or beauty of what might be our first impulse at expression? Granted, indeed, on the other hand, that we have nothing to express, why may it not be possible to acquire a respect for beautiful expression of repose? "Because," say the purists, "nothing can be so beautiful as Nature. If you really have something to say, your first impulse at expression will be the right one. If you have nothing to say, Nature will teach you to keep silent."

But this is not true. Even granting that Nature is the highest type of the beautiful, it is to be remembered that Nature has been corrupted for a series of generations, till it is next to impossible for us to say what really is Nature, and what is simply the result of an accumulation of ancestral and personal bad habits. But it is not even true that Nature was ever the highest type of what is beautiful. Art that is unnatural is not beautiful; but that does not prevent it from being true that art which is natural may add to Nature a beauty not her own. "He took the visible for a model, added to it subtle graces that came from himself, and so was an artist," wrote one who was not intending to define art. The old cobbler in one of Macdonald's stories cannot reconcile the loose ends of unfinished purposes, unfortunate conditions, unfulfilled promises, that exist in a world supposed to be created by a good God, till his little girl suggests, "Perhaps, father, God thought we would like to have Him leave something for us to do." Art is what God has left man to do with Nature.

"Ah! but simplicity is so beautiful!" sigh the purists. This again is not essentially true. The most beautiful things are the most complex: nothing is so complex as Nature—except man, who is more complex. The most beautiful life is the most complex; else had we better all take Thoreau for our patron saint and hie us to the backwoods. The most beautiful moods are the most complex. You admire the composure of the stately woman who has just entered the room with exquisite simplicity and self-possession? Ah, but that self-possession is not simplicity. The lady is so calm because she is beaten upon by a dozen different emotions, all of which she has learned to hold well in control.

Simplicity is a child, or a rustic, that gives expression to its immediate feeling and is correspondingly uninteresting, except as we take it for what it is. Innocence is not the highest type of purity: the simple mind of the child, beautiful as it is in the child, is beautiful only because it suggests how much more may be crowded into it, in time, than has been crowded into the well-developed maturer minds we know. Let us have the simplicity, not of the muddy pond that has been vexed and shows it without the slightest hesitation, but of those limpid pools at the Yellowstone Park that smile up at you like a child, but hold secrets in their bosoms which no man has been great enough to fathom.

It is entirely safe to start in everything from the stand-point that training is valuable. The untrained genius may do greater things than the trained man of mediocrity; but that will not prevent the trained genius from doing greater things than the untrained genius. The untrained beautiful voice is more pleasing than the trained disagreeable voice; but none the less is the trained beautiful voice more pleasing than the untrained beautiful voice, and even the trained disagreeable voice less unpleasing than the untrained disagreeable voice. ✓

But the world has been singularly slow to appreciate any need for dramatic training. It has a horror of what it calls "theatrical," with a singular fatality for regarding as such gestures, words, and modes of expression which would not for a moment be tolerated at the theatre. The world has made a very natural mistake: it believes that we suffer from the too much elocution of Cassandra Brown, as she "cull-imbs the ladder" and insists on ringing the curfew that ought not to ring to-night or any other night in the modern drawing-room, and from all the corresponding inflictions of what it calls "theatrical," because we have had too much training of the sort: in reality, the infliction comes from our having had too little. If we were all given some theatrical training, we should none of us be "theatrical." No one can look into the methods of modern schools of acting without feeling, not merely, "How good a thing this is for actors!" but, "How good a thing this would be for everybody!"

Perhaps the world would acknowledge this more quickly if it could at all realize that the splendid results seen upon the stage are really the result of training. But, as a rule, in the dramatic profession the world hears little of the teacher, and sees only the results.

"It is Genius, untaught, unshackled, soaring to the stars above the petty lectures of the schools," exclaims the popular heart.

"It is not Genius," observes the colder critic. "It is Art: Art that has patiently studied the finest types of Nature, and has succeeded in copying her as only an artist can copy."

"It is not Art," exclaim Delsarte and his modern disciples. "It is Science: exact and methodical Science, studying the effects of art as an interpretation of Nature, formulating the result into a code of laws that can be mastered by even the dullest of us, and finally teaching us to improve even upon Nature herself."

Of course none of these gentlemen are entirely right: only we who listen to them all, and who believe in a golden mean, are right, when we say that it is undoubtedly a mixture of all three.

Considering the lack of respect for dramatic training,—a very general doubt whether it is a necessary or even a good thing for even actors themselves,—it is not a little odd that the system of instruction which by general consent is the best possible for the foundation of every child's entire education, containing, indeed, the germ in idea of all its future education, is simply one long-continued species of acting. The kindergarten pupil, from the moment he enters the school door till he leaves it, is nothing but an actor. He is no longer Tommy Jones; he is a little bird hopping out of its nest, or a cat chasing a mouse, if not the mouse being chased by a cat; he is a shoemaker singing at his task, or a farmer showing how he plants his wheat. He is not given a French grammar, but he is invited to a little tea-party where he must ask for the cake and be polite to his little next neighbor in French. What is the result? Affected, or "theatrical," children? Never. The perfect unconsciousness with which the little creatures go through really difficult personations shows that the constant forgetfulness of self which is the first element of self-possession has resulted merely from dramatic training. The shy child who could not be induced to "come and speak to mamma's friend" will now go through his little part before a large audience without the slightest awkwardness on the one hand or self-assertion on the other. Quite apart from the question of professional schools, it may well be questioned whether something of dramatic training in all the schools, for all ages, might not be of value, not in creating good actors, but in developing well-rounded human beings. For it is to be remembered that one great accomplishment of these methods is not the teaching of *expression*, but the relief from *repression*. How many people one can think of who seem to have no actual life, mental or physical, below the throat! Anxiety stares from their eyes, nervous dread stiffens every muscle of their heads, fear that they shall say the wrong thing compresses their thin lips, torture settles in their jaws. They love you, but do not know how to show it; they are agonizingly conscious that they appear cold when they do not mean to be cold, and that they are awkward always. Nothing is needed but that limbering of soul and body which will not come entirely from mere gymnastics,—the fierce "one, two,—one, two," that exercises a few joints and muscles but leaves the mind untouched, except so far as any healthful exhilaration of the blood helps the freer life of the brain. Substitute for the iron gymnastics of the schools that more quiet system of Delsarte's, which leaves no joint or muscle of the body unlimbered, though every motion is as gentle and full of grace as a Greek dream, with the infusion of soul, of significance, of intellectual drill which comes from the direction not merely to turn the head, but to turn the head so as to express something,—distrust, or reverence, or indifference, or suspicion, or deep thought; not merely to thrust out the forearm with the jerk of a "one, two,—one, two," but to manage the hand and arm to express appeal, accusation, grief, reproach, or benediction, as clearly as if there were no eyes or mouth to help the less expressive limbs. With quickened thoughts coursing through the soul, as well as quickened blood vivifying the body, the result will be with adults, as it has proved with

children, that limbering of one's entire self which is simply the relief from repression which must come before any effort at expression, and which is just as desirable for you as a member of society as for the actual candidate for the stage. "Wiggle your fingers in this way," said a disciple of Delsarte to his class of pupils, "a little while every day for a year, and it will help you to be not merely a better actor, but a better eye-doctor, or machinist, or author, or carpenter, or preacher, or, if nothing else, a more agreeable human being." It is impossible to see an entire class going through the quiet, dignified, intelligent gymnastics of these "gamuts of expression" for head, torso, or arms, without instant conversion to the wisdom of such methods.

For it is here that what may be called the science of dramatic expression comes into play, as distinct from the art. Strangely enough, mere contemplation of artistic models will not help you to beautiful dramatic expressions of your own. You might see Ellen Terry once a week for a year dismiss a servant on the stage, without its occurring to you, when you go home, to try to improve upon your own method of sending for a glass of water or of ordering more coal put on the fire. But once gain admittance to the workshops where Ellen Terrys are made, and, even before you begin your own training, mere contemplation of the *methods* instead of the *results*, of the *science* instead of the *art*, of expression, will startle you with the sudden self-revelation, "Why, I too might perhaps speak distinctly if I should try, and learn to do a simple thing gracefully." Many a pretty woman might come easily and with perfect self-possession through a curtained doorway; but when you see one "coached" to pause a moment between the curtains as she comes through, parting the *portières* with her arms raised slightly, you begin to realize that art is not merely an interpretation of nature, but something beautiful added to nature. Even after your discovery that the charming and picturesque effect is due to the prosaic direction from the instructor, "Don't raise both arms equally high; let one hand rest a little higher than the other; the emotion of your right arm should emanate from your fourth button, and that of your left from the sixth," you feel it no lessening of the dignity of art that it can thus be reduced to an exact science.

Here we are generously giving a large loop-hole to the purists, and they will be quick to take advantage of it. "Oh! oh!" they will cry, "think of reducing all life to one long effort at producing effects and making impressions by rule! How intolerable it will be when everybody begins coming through *portières* with their hands picturesquely putting them aside, and how we shall long for the good old days of William Henry, when they used to 'come right in'!" It is a perfectly natural and reasonable objection and fear; dramatic training has its dangers. But the cure must be homœopathic; the remedy for poor training is more training. The pupil who has been carried properly far enough along has learned a respect for gesture which makes him chary of it, and has also learned that beautiful expression of repose is as valuable as any other expression. If on the one hand he has learned how to express, on the other he has learned how not to express. At the same time that he has acquired development, he has

also been acquiring self-control. The object of the Delsarte system is not to teach you to do strange and new things, but to give you the ability to do well the things you will have to do. Its theory is like one that was once formulated for spiritual matters: "nothing is learned until you have learned to forget it and it has become part and parcel of you." Cassandra Brown has learned to "cull-imb" a ladder; when she has studied a little longer and better, she will forget her "cull-imb" and go up her ladder as William Henry would enter a room. Mrs. Siddons, it is said, became so accustomed to Shakespearian blank verse that she could not speak to the hotel boy without saying, in tremendous accents,—

"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer;"

but to acknowledge that dramatic training has its dangers is only to say that it is like every other good thing, not exempt from the possibility of being carried to excess.

When we consider the qualities requisite for a good actor, it is singular that the dramatic profession has been held in so little respect. To be a great author, orator, merchant, preacher, general, or statesman, you need only possess in striking degree a certain set of qualities. Occasional twinges of rheumatism or liability to sick headaches will not impair your reputation as a poet; to be a successful financier, you need not deny yourself the pleasures of society; though you be homely as a hedge-fence, men will listen to you with delight if you have the golden mouth of oratory. But to be an actor it is not enough to be sure that you can act; you must be tolerably certain of an unusual degree of splendid health; you must have over every part of your body the perfect control of an athlete, with the added difficulty that your gestures or attitudes must not only show wonderful power over joints and muscles, but must in every instance express intellectual or moral meaning. Physical beauty is not absolutely essential, but certain physical qualities are essential, and beauty is a very valuable accessory. You must have the intellectual discernment to understand, even after you have learned to bow gracefully, that the same bow will not answer for Othello's salutation to the Senate, and Portia's to the court, and Viola's to Olivia. You must have the eye of an artist, to know what is picturesque and telling in costume and accessories, with the culture of the student, to know when picturesqueness must be sacrificed to historical or geographical accuracy of time and place. You must have the moral humility to subordinate yourself to the whole, to be not content with shining as a star till you are willing to train your subordinates as Barnay trained his, so that every man of the mob in "Julius Cæsar" was almost as well worth watching as the Barnay himself who was playing Mark Antony. Add to this that you must be willing to surrender almost all social pleasures, and must give yourself up to hours, days, weeks, years, of incessant, unremitting training, and, quite apart from any of the moral considerations which it is not within our present province to consider, we may well sigh when we hear that a friend thinks of going on the stage.

The health of Hebe, the suppleness of an athlete, the beauty of a

god, the culture of a scholar, the imagination of a poet, the sympathy of a friend, the executive ability of a tactician, the eye of an artist, the conscious humility of a student, the unconscious genius of a star, equal respect for the manners of a Chesterfield and the lack of manners of a Rip Van Winkle, with a devotion to hack-work like that of the merest drudge,—such is the “make-up” of a really noble actor.

That we have not respected the demand for such a combination of qualities, comes largely from the fact that the public has not been allowed to know that the actor is a drudge. “I respect the burden,” said a great man who stepped aside for an old woman with a heavy bundle: once let the audience realize that the actor is carrying a burden, and respect will follow. Look into the methods of any of the dramatic schools thoroughly enough to realize the amount of hard work undertaken, and you will gain the respect you ought to feel for the discipline necessary to the stage. “Taking our pleasures sadly if not their own,” is all you can think of, as you see these earnest young candidates for the drama spending so many hours in such patient discipline that they may finally help us to pass one of our leisure evenings entertainingly. Not that we should for a moment be led to regard these diligent students as butchered to make a Roman holiday; for the actor, like every other genuine worker, enjoys his work as well as its results, and is sustained through his tasks by the love of them which alone could prompt such single-hearted devotion.

“But are Genius, Art, Nature, all to be alike subordinated to critical Law, cold Method, and exact Knowledge?” inquire the emotionalists. Not at all. It is safe to assert that the world will never reach the point of being able to look down upon Genius. Nature is; Art adorns; Genius discovers or reveals; then Criticism steps in, and formulates what Genius has discovered, or revealed, into a law that may help poor average human nature to a comprehension that it, too, may have ideals and reduce them to practice. Art for a long time teaches the dramatic student, when he is to exclaim, “as deep as hell!” to point downward as if to unknown depths, and to look down as if trying to fathom the unfathomable. Suddenly Genius, in a fit of inspiration, exclaiming, “as deep as hell!” sees fit to gaze downward still, but to raise the arm and point the finger upward. Criticism is amazed, but sees the point,—the upward point,—and, catching the infinite gain in expression, formulates the “law of opposites.” When next a dramatic student has to appeal to heaven, he will be taught, not to lift the face and the right arm in what had heretofore been considered the correct spiritual attitude, but to raise the arm indeed in appeal, while bending the head as if in too great awe to gaze directly heavenward. No; there is always room at the top, and Genius will always be at the top: the only difference is that Art and Nature, sitting at the feet of Genius, are no longer satisfied with mute adoration, but have taken to note-books, and have begun to say for themselves, “We, too, can do a thing or two, perhaps, if we try.”

One of the most valuable points in dramatic training is the instruction for what is known as “mute acting,” the sustaining of one’s part when one is not in focus. When Henrietta, in the play of

"Charles I.," throws herself upon her rough couch in the tent at the camp to snatch a moment from anxiety to rest, the ordinary actress composes herself to peaceful sleep and waits patiently with her eyes closed for her cue again, to rise and tear her hair with renewed agony of apprehension; but Ellen Terry never ceases acting, even in her mimic sleep or rest: she tosses about on her rough couch, throws her arms above her head in weary restlessness, closes her eyes but for a fitful moment. She is not in focus; some other actor occupies the stage and the attention of the audience for the time being; but if you should happen to look in her direction you will find her doing the right thing. A few moments before Irving comes upon the stage in Benedick's lover's suit of blue and silver, there is a distinct pause, a definite silence; the two minor actors on the stage have said all that is laid down for them to say, and have given the cue, but Irving waits, while the other actors, presumably trained by Irving, point behind the scenes, giggle, nudge each other, laugh outright, until when Irving finally appears, sauntering in, melancholy in blue and silver, there is no need of words; the delighted audience, convulsed with merriment, take in the situation at the first glance, and shout with unanimous laughter. In more serious acting, it is only necessary to recall the wonderful success of Miss Cayvan in the Greek play, when, without even the comfort of knowing herself out of focus, she had to stand, as prominent a figure as *Œdipus* himself, with absolutely nothing to do, nothing to say, during those almost endless monologues of the hero. That she was supposed to be suffering untold, unimaginable torture in listening to the horrors of his recitation, added to the difficulty: she could not merely stand and listen; she must manage in some way to keep up the agony; and yet she could not wring her hands and tear her hair with the same gesture, minute after minute, through the long and terrible ordeal. No one who witnessed it can have forgotten how admirable was Miss Cayvan's rendering of a part far more difficult than one requiring action or elocution. The fascinated audience divided its attention between the wonderful monologue of *Œdipus* and the wonderful silence of *Jocasta*. "She listens well," was Mars's first criticism of Rachel's acting; and to listen well might be taken as a phrase illustrating in a great degree some of the most important training at dramatic schools.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

LIMITATION.

FOR all Philosophy may teach,
Only so far can knowledge reach:
All that we know, from breath to breath,
Is Life and its great question—Death.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE TRESPASSER.*

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE," "PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE," "MRS. FALCHION," "THE CHIEF FACTOR," ETC.

(Continued from page 124.)

CHAPTER IV.

AN HOUR WITH HIS FATHER'S PAST.

IN his bedroom Gaston made a discovery. He chanced to place his hand in the tail-pocket of the coat he had worn. He drew forth a letter. The ink was faded, and the lines were scrawled. It ran,—

"It's no good. Mr. Ian's been! It's face the musik now. If you want me, say so. I'm for kicks or ha'pence—no diffrence.

"Yours, J."

He knew the writing very well,—Jock Lawson's. There had been some trouble, and Mr. Ian had "been," bringing peril. What was it? His father and Jock had kept the secret from him.

He put his hand in the pocket again. There was another note,—this time in a woman's handwriting:

"Oh, come to me, if you would save us both! Do not fail! God help us! Oh, Robert!"

It was signed "Agnes."

Well, here was something of mystery; but he did not trouble himself about that. He was not at Ridley Court to solve mysteries, to probe into the past, to set his father's wrongs right, but to serve himself, to reap for all those years wherein his father had not reaped. He enjoyed life, and he would search this one to the full of his desires. Before he retired he studied the room, handling things that lay where his father placed them so many years before. He was not without emotions in this, but he held himself firm.

As he stood ready to get into bed, his eyes chanced upon a portrait of his uncle Ian.

"There's where the tug comes!" he said, nodding at it. "Shake hands, and ten paces, Uncle Ian?"

Then he blew out the candle, and in five minutes was sound asleep. He was out at six o'clock. He made for the stables, and found Jacques pacing the yard. He smiled at Jacques's dazed look.

"What about the horse, Brillon?" he said, nodding as he came up.

"Saracen's had a slice of the stable-boy's shoulder—sir."

Amusement loitered in Gaston's eyes. The "sir" had stuck in Jacques's throat.

"Saracen has established himself, then? Good! And the broncho?"

"*Bien*, a trifle only. They laugh much in the kitchen——"

"The hall, Brillon."

"——in the hall last night. The hired man over there——"

"That groom, Brillon."

"——that groom, he was a fool, and fat. He was the worst. This morning he laugh at my broncho. He say a horse like that is nothing: no pace, no travel. I say the broncho was not so ver' bad, and I tell him try the paces. I whisper soft, and the broncho stand like a lamb. He mount, and sneer, and grin at the high pommel, and start. For a minute it was pretty; and then I give a little soft call, and in a minute there was the broncho bucking,—doubling like a hoop, and dropping same as lead. Once that—groom—come down on the pommel, then over on the ground like a ball, all muck and blood!"

The half-breed paused, looking innocently before him. Gaston's mouth quirked.

"A solid success, Brillon. Teach them all the tricks you can. At ten o'clock come to my room. The campaign begins then."

Jacques ran a hand through his long black hair, and fingered his sash. Gaston understood.

"The hair and ear-rings may remain, Brillon; but the beard and clothes must go—except for occasions. Come along."

For the next two hours Gaston explored the stables and the grounds. Nothing escaped him. He gathered every incident of the surroundings, and talked to the servants freely, softly, and easily, yet with a superiority which suddenly was imposed in the case of the huntsman at the kennels,—for the Whipshire hounds were here. Gaston had never ridden to hounds. It was not, however, his cue to pretend knowledge. He was strong enough to admit ignorance. He stood leaning against the door of the kennels, arms folded, eyes half closed, with the sense of a painter, before the turning bunch of brown and white, getting the charm of distance and soft tones. His blood beat hard, for suddenly he felt as if he had been behind just such a pack one day, one clear desirable day of spring. He saw people gathering at the kennels; saw men drink beer and eat sandwiches at the door of the huntsman's house,—a long, low dwelling, with crumbling arched door-ways like those of a monastery; watched them get away from the top of the moor, he among them; heard the horn, the whips; and saw the fox break cover. Then came a rare run for five sweet miles—down a long valley—over quickset hedges, with stiffish streams—another hill—a great combe—a lovely valley stretching out—a swerve to the right—over a gate—and the brush got at a farm-house door!

Surely he had seen it all; but what kink of the brain was it that the men wore flowing wigs and immense boot-legs, and sported lace in the hunting-field? And why did he see within that picture another of two ladies and a gentleman hawking?

He was roused from his dream by hearing the huntsman say, in a quizzical voice,—

"How do you like the *dogs*, sir?"

To his last day Lugley, the huntsman, remembered the slow look of cold surprise, of masterful malice, scathing him from head to foot. The words that followed the look, simple as they were, drove home the naked reproof:

"What is your name, my man?"

"Lugley, sir."

"Lugley! Lugley! H'm! Well, Lugley, I like the *hounds* better than I like you. Who is Master of the Hounds, Lugley?"

"Captain Maudsley, sir."

"Just so. You are satisfied with your place, Lugley?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, in a humble voice, now cowed.

The news of the arrival of the strangers had come to him late at night, and, with Whipshire stupidity, he had thought that any one coming from the wilds of British America must be but a savage, after all.

"Very well; I wouldn't throw myself out of a place, if I were you."

"Oh, no, sir! Beg pardon, sir; I—"

"Attend to your hounds there, Lugley."

So saying, Gaston nodded Jacques away with him, leaving the huntsman sick with apprehension.

"You see how it is to be done, Brillon?" said Gaston.

Jacques's brown eyes twinkled.

"You have the grand trick, sir."

"I enjoy the game; and so shall you, if you will. You've begun well. I don't know much of this life yet, but it seems to me that they are all part of a machine, not the idea behind the machine. They have no invention. Their machine is easy to learn. Do not pretend; but for every bit you learn show something better, something to make them dizzy now and then."

He paused on a knoll and looked down. The castle, the stables, the cottages of laborers and villagers, lay before them. In a certain highly cultivated field, men were working. It was cut off in squares and patches. It had an air which struck Gaston as unusual; why, he could not tell. But he had a strange divining instinct, or whatever it may be called. He made for the field and questioned the workmen.

The field was cut up into allotment gardens. Here, at a nominal rent, the cottager could grow his vegetables; a little spot of the great acre of England, which gave the laborer a tiny sense of ownership, of manhood. Gaston was interested. More, he was determined to carry that experiment further, if he ever got the chance. There was no socialism in him. The true barbarian is like the true aristocrat; more a giver of gifts than a lover of co-operation; conceiving ownership by

right of power and superior independence, hereditary or otherwise. Gaston was both barbarian and aristocrat.

"Brillon," he said, as they walked on, "do you think they would be happier on the prairies with a hundred acres of land, horses, cows, and a pen of pigs?"

"Can I be happy here all at once, sir?"

"That's just it. It's too late for them. They couldn't grasp it unless they went when they were youngsters. They'd long for 'Home and Old England' and this grub-and-grind life. God in heaven! look at them,—crumpled-up creatures! And I'll stake my life they were as pretty children as you'd care to see. They are out of place in the landscape, Brillon; for it is all luxury and lush, and they are crumples,—crumples! But yet there isn't any use being sorry for them, for they don't grasp anything outside the life they are living. Can't you guess how they live?—Look at the doors of the houses shut, and the windows sealed; yet they've been up these three hours. And they'll suck in bad air, and bad food; and they'll get cancer, and all that; and they'll die, and be trotted away to the graveyard for 'passun' to hurry them into their little dark cots, in the blessed hope of everlasting life! I'm going to know this thing, Brillon, from tooth to hamstring; and, however it goes, we'll have lived up and down the whole scale; and that's something."

He suddenly stopped, and then added,—

"I'm likely to go pretty far in this. I can't tell how or why, but it's so. Now, once more, as yesterday afternoon, for good or for bad, for long or for short, for the gods or for the devil, are you with me? There's time to turn back even yet, and I'll say no word to your going."

"*Mon Dieu!* a vow is a vow. When I cannot run I will walk; when I cannot walk I will crawl after you—*comme ça!*"

Lady Belward did not appear at breakfast. Sir William and Gaston breakfasted alone at half-past nine o'clock. The talk was of the stables and the estate generally.

The breakfast-room looked out on a soft lawn, stretching away into a broad park, through which a stream ran; and beyond was a green hill-side. The quiet, the perfect order and discipline, gave a pleasant tingle to Gaston's veins. It was all so easy, and yet so admirable,—elegance without weight. He felt at home. He was not certain of some trifles of etiquette; but he and Sir William were alone, and he followed his instincts. Once he frankly asked his grandfather of a matter of form, of which he was uncertain the evening before. The thing was done so naturally that the conventional mind of the baronet was not disturbed. The Belwards were notable for their brains, and Sir William saw that the young man had an unusual share. He also felt that this startling individuality might make a hazardous future; but he liked the fellow, and he had a debt to pay to the son of his own dead son. Of course, if their wills came into conflict, there could be but one thing—the young man must yield; or, if he played the fool, there must be an end. Still, he hoped the best. When breakfast was finished, he proposed going to the library.

There Sir William talked of the future, asked what Gaston's ideas were, and questioned him as to his present affairs. Gaston frankly said that he wanted to live as his father would have done, and that he had no property, and no money beyond a hundred pounds, which would last him a couple of years on the prairies, but would be fleeting here.

Sir William at once said that he would give him a liberal allowance, with, of course, the run of his own stables and their house in town; and when he married acceptably, his allowance would be doubled.

"And I wish to say, Gaston," he added, "that your uncle Ian, though heir to the title, does not necessarily get the property, which is not entailed. Upon that point I need hardly say more. He has disappointed us. Through him Robert left us. Of his character I need not speak. Of his ability the world speaks variably: he is an artist. Of his morals I need only say that they are scarcely those of an English gentleman, though whether that is because he is an artist I cannot say,—I really cannot say. I remember meeting a painter at Lord Dunfolly's,—Dunfolly is a singular fellow,—and he struck me chiefly as harmless, distinctly harmless. I could not understand why he was at Dunfolly's, he seemed of so little use, though Lady Malfire, who writes or something, mooned with him a good deal. I believe there was some scandal or something afterwards: I really do not know. But you are not a painter, and I believe you have character: I fancy so."

"If you mean that I don't play fast-and-loose, sir, you are right. What I do, I do as straight as a needle."

The old man sighed carefully.

"You are very like Robert, and yet there is something else. I don't know—I really don't know what!"

"I ought to have more in me than the rest of the family, sir."

This was somewhat startling. Sir William's fingers stroked his beardless cheek uncertainly.

"Possibly,—possibly."

"I've lived a broader life, I've got wider standards, and there are three races at work in me."

"Quite so, quite so." And Sir William fumbled among his papers nervously.

"Sir," said Gaston, suddenly, "I told you last night the honest story of my life. I want to start fair and square. I want the honest story of my father's life here,—how and why he left, and what these letters mean."

He took from his pocket the notes he had found the night before, and handed them to his grandfather. Sir William read them with a disturbed look, and turned them over and over. Gaston told where he had found them.

Sir William spoke at last:

"The main story is simple enough. Robert was extravagant, and Ian was vicious and extravagant also. Both got into trouble. I was younger then, and severe. Robert hid nothing, Ian all he could. One day things came to a climax. In his wild way, Robert—with Jock Lawson—determined to rescue a young man from the officers of justice,

and to get him out of the country. There were reasons. He was the son of a gentleman; and, as we discovered afterwards, Robert had been too intimate with the wife,—his one sin of the kind, I believe. Ian came to know, and prevented the rescue. Meanwhile, Robert was liable to the law for the attempt. There was a bitter scene here, and I fear that my wife and I said hard things to Robert."

Gaston's eyes were on Lady Belward's portrait.

"What did my grandmother say?"

There was a pause, then:

"That she would never call him son again, I believe; that the shadow of his life would be hateful to her always. I tell you this because I see you look at that portrait. What I said, I think, was no less. So Robert, after a wild burst of anger, flung away from us out of the house. His mother, suddenly repenting, ran to follow him, but fell on the stone steps at the door, and became a cripple for life. At first she remained bitter against Robert, and at that time Ian painted that portrait. It is clever, as you may see, and weird. But there came a time when she kept it as a reproach to herself, not Robert. She is a good woman,—a very good woman. I know none better, really no one."

"What became of the arrested man?" Gaston said, quietly, with the oblique suggestiveness of a counsel.

"He died of a broken blood-vessel on the night of the intended rescue, and the matter was hushed up."

"What became of the wife?"

"She died also within a year."

"Were there any children?"

"One,—a girl."

"Whose was the child?"

"You mean——?"

"The husband's or the lover's?"

There was a pause.

"I cannot tell you."

"Where is the girl?"

"My son, do not ask that. It can do no good,—really no good."

"Is it not my due?"

"Do not impose your due. Believe me, I know best. If ever there is need to tell you, you shall be told. Trust me. Has not the girl her due also?"

Gaston's eyes held Sir William's a moment.

"You are right, sir," he said, "quite right. I shall not try to know. But if——" He paused.

Sir William spoke.

"There is but one person in the world who knows the child's father; and I could not ask him, though I have known him long and well; indeed, no!"

"I do not ask to understand more," Gaston replied. "I almost wish I had known nothing. And yet I will ask one thing: Is the girl in comfort and good surroundings?"

"The best—ah, yes, the very best."

There was a pause, in which both sat thinking; then Sir William wrote out a cheque and offered it, with a hint of emotion. He was recalling how he had done the same with this boy's father.

Gaston understood. He got up, and said,—

"Honestly, sir, I don't know how I shall turn out here; for, if I don't like it, it couldn't hold me, or, if it did, I should probably make things uncomfortable. But I think I shall like it, and I will do my best to make things go well. Good-morning, sir."

With courteous attention Sir William let his grandson out of the room.

And thus did the young man begin his career as Gaston Belward, gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN HE FINDS HIS ENEMY.

How that career was continued there are many histories: Jock Lawson's mother tells of it in her way, Mrs. Gaskoyne in hers, Hovey in hers, Captain Maudsley in his; and so on. Each looks at it from an individual stand-point. But all agree on two matters,—that he did things hitherto unknown in the country-side, and that he was free and affable, but could pull one up smartly if necessary.

He would sit by the hour and talk with Bimley, the cottager; with Rosher, the hotel-keeper, who when young had travelled far; with a sailor-man, home for a holiday, who said he could spin a tidy yarn; and with Pogan, the groom, who had at last won Saracen's heart. But one day when the meagre village chemist saw him cracking jokes with Beard the carpenter, and sidled in with a silly air of equality which was merely insolence, Gaston softly dismissed him with his ears tinging. The carpenter proved his right to be a friend of Gaston's by not changing countenance and by never speaking of the thing afterwards.

His career was interesting during the eighteen months wherein society papers chatted of him amiably and romantically. He had entered into the joys of hunting with enthusiasm and success, and had made a fast and admiring friend of Captain Maudsley, while Saracen held his own grandly. He had dined with county people, and had dined them, had entered upon the fag-end of the London season with keen, amused enjoyment, and had engrafted every little use of the convention. The art was learned, but the man was always apart from it; using it as a toy, yet not despising it; for, as he said, it had its points, it was necessary. There was yachting in the summer; but he was keener to know the life of England and his heritage than to roam afar, and most of the year was spent on the estate and thereabouts,—with the steward, with the justices of the peace, in the fields, in the kennels, among the accounts.

To-day he was in London, haunting Tattersall's, the East End, the docks, his club, the London Library,—he had a taste for English history, especially for that of the seventeenth century,—he saturated himself with it; to-morrow he would present to his grandfather a scheme for improving the estate and benefiting the cottagers. Or he

would suddenly enter the village school, and daze and charm the children by asking them strange yet simple questions, which sent a shiver of interest to their faces.

One day at the close of his second hunting-season there was to be a ball at the Court, the first public declaration of acceptance by his people; for, at his wish, they did not entertain for him in town the previous season: Lady Belward had not lived in town for years. But all had gone so well—if not with absolute smoothness, and if with some strangeness—that Gaston had become an integral part of their life, and they had ceased to look for anything sensational.

This ball was to be the seal of their approval. It had been mentioned in *Truth* with that freshness and point all its own. What character than Gaston's could more appeal to its naïve imagination? It said, in a piquant note, that he did not wear a dagger and sombrero.

Everything was ready. Decorations were up, the cook and the butler had done their parts. At eleven in the morning Gaston had time on his hands. Walking out, he saw two or three children peeping in at the gate-way.

He would visit the village school. He found the junior curate troubling the youthful mind with what their godfathers and godmothers did for them, and begging them to do their duty "in that state of life," etc. He listened, wondering at the pious opacity, and presently asked the children to sing. With inimitable melancholy they sang "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!"

Gaston sat back and laughed softly, till the curate felt uneasy, till the children, waking to his humor, gurgled a little in the song. With his thumbs caught lightly in his waistcoat pockets, he presently began to talk with the children, in an easy, quiet voice. He asked them little out-of-the-way questions, he lifted the school-room from their minds, and then he told them a story, showing them on the map where the place was, giving them distances, the kind of climate, and a dozen other matters of information, without the nature of a lesson. Then he taught them the chorus—the Board forbade it afterwards—of a negro song, which told how those who behaved themselves well in this world should ultimately

Blow on, blow on, blow on dat silver horn!

It was on this day that, as he left the school, he saw Ian Belward driving past. He had not met his uncle since his arrival,—the artist had been in Morocco,—nor had he heard of him save through a note in a newspaper which said that he was giving no powerful work to the world, nor, indeed, had done so for several years, and that he preferred the purlieu of Mont-Parnasse to Holland Park.

They recognized each other. Ian looked his nephew up and down with a cool kind of insolence as he passed, but did not make any salutation. Gaston went straight to the castle. He asked for his uncle, and was told that he had gone to Lady Belward. He wandered to the library: it was empty. He lit a cigar, took down a copy of Matthew Arnold's poems, opening at "Sohrab and Rustum," read it with a quick-beating heart, and then came to "Tristram and Iseult." He

knew little of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, and Iseult of Brittany was a new figure of romance to him. In Tennyson he had got no further than "Locksley Hall," which, he said, had a right tune and wrong words, and "Maud," which "was big in pathos." The story and the metre of "Tristram and Iseult" beat in his veins. He got to his feet, and, standing before the window, repeated a verse aloud:

"Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
O hunter! and without a fear
Thy golden-tasselled bugle blow,
And through the glades thy pasture take;
For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here!
For these thou seest are unmoved,
Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
A thousand years ago."

He was so engrossed that he did not hear the door open. He again repeated the lines with the affectionate modulation of a musician. He knew that they were right. They were hot with life,—a life that was no more a part of this peaceful landscape than a palm-tree would be. He felt that he ought to read the poem in a desert, out by the Polar Sea, down on the Amazon, yonder at Nukualofa; that it would fit in with bearding the Spaniards two hundred years ago. Bearding the Spaniards!—what did he mean by that? He shut his eyes and saw a picture: a Moorish castle, men firing from the battlements under a blazing sun, a multitude of troops before a tall splendid-looking man in armor chased with gold and silver and fine ribbons flying. A woman was lifted upon the battlements. He saw the gold of her necklace shake on her flesh like sunlight on little waves. He heard a cry——

At that moment some one said behind him,—

"You have your father's romantic manner."

He quietly put down the book, and met the other's eyes with a steady directness.

"Your memory is good, sir."

"Less than thirty years—h'm, not so very long!"

"Looking back—no. You are my father's brother, Ian Belward?"

"Your uncle Ian."

There was a kind of quizzical loftiness in Ian Belward's manner.

"Well, Uncle Ian, my father asked me to say that he hoped you would get as much out of life as he had, and that you would leave it as honest."

"Thank you. That is very like Robert. He loved making little speeches. It is a pity we did not pull together; but I was hasty, and he was rash. He had a foolish career, and you are the result. My mother has told me the story,—his and yours."

He sat down, ran his fingers through his gray-brown hair, and, looking into a mirror, adjusted the bow of his tie, and flipped the flying ends. The kind of man was new to Gaston,—self-indulgent, intelligent, heavily nourished, nonchalant, with a coarse kind of handsomeness. He felt that here was a man of the world, equipped men-

tally *cap-à-pie*, as keen as cruel. Reading that in the light of the past, he was ready.

"And yet his rashness will hurt you longer than your haste hurt him!"

The artist took the hint bravely:

"That you will have the estate, and I the title, eh? Well, that looks likely just now; but I doubt it all the same. You'll mess the thing one way or another."

He turned from the contemplation of himself, and eyed Gaston lazily. Suddenly he started.

"Bégad," he said, "where did you get it?"

He rose.

Gaston understood that he saw the resemblance to Sir Gaston Belward.

"Before you were, I am. I am nearer the real stuff."

The other measured his words insolently:

"But the Pocahontas soils the stream: that's plain!"

A moment after, Gaston was beside the prostrate body of his uncle, feeling his heart.

"Good God!" he said: "I didn't think I hit so hard."

He felt the pulse, looked at the livid face, then caught open the waistcoat and put his ear to the chest. He did it all coolly, though swiftly: he was born for action and incident. And during that moment of suspense he thought of a hundred things, chiefly that for the sake of the family—the family!—he must not go to trial. There were easier ways.

But presently he found that the heart beat.

"Good! good!" he said, undid the collar, got some water, and rang a bell. Falby came. Gaston ordered some brandy, and asked for Sir William. After the brandy had been given, consciousness returned. Gaston lifted him up.

He presently swallowed more brandy, and, while yet his head was at Gaston's shoulder, said,—

"You are a hard hitter. But you've certainly lost the game now."

Here he made an effort, and with Gaston's assistance got to his feet. At that moment Falby entered to say that Sir William was not in the house. With a wave of the hand Gaston dismissed him. Deathly pale, his uncle lifted his eyebrows at the graceful gesture.

"You do it fairly, nephew," he said, ironically yet faintly,— "fairly in such little things; but a gentleman, your uncle, your elder, with fists!—that smacks of low company!"

Gaston made a frank reply as he smothered his pride:

"I am sorry for the blow, sir; but was the fault all mine?"

"The fault? Is that the question? Faults and manners are not the same. At bottom you lack in manners; and that will ruin you at last."

"You slighted my mother!"

"Oh, no! and if I had, you should not have seen it."

"I am not used to swallow insults. It is your way, sir. I know your dealings with my father."

"A little more brandy, please. But your father had manners, after all. You are as rash as he, and in essential matters clownish,—which he was not."

Gaston was well in hand now, cooler even than his uncle.

"Perhaps you will sum up your criticism now, sir, to save future explanation, and then accept my apology."

"To apologize for what no gentleman pardons or does, or acknowledges openly when done!—H'm! Were it not well to pause in time, and go back to your wild North? Why so difficult a saddle—Tartarin after Napoleon? Think—Tartarin's end!"

Gaston deprecated with a gesture:

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

His uncle now stood up, but swayed a little, and winced from sudden pain. A wave of malice crossed his face.

"It's a pity we are relatives, with France so near," he said, "for I see you love fighting." After an instant he added, with a carelessness as much assumed as natural, "You may ring the bell, and tell Falby to come to my room. And because I am to appear at the flare-up to-night,—all in honor of the prodigal's son,—this matter is between us, and we meet as loving relatives. You understand my motives, Gaston Robert Belward?"

"Thoroughly."

Gaston rang the bell, and went to open the door for his uncle to pass out. Ian Belward buttoned his close-fitting coat, cast a glance in the mirror, and then eyed Gaston's fine figure and well-cut clothes. In the presence of his nephew there grew the envy of a man who knew that youth was passing while every hot instinct and passion remained. For his age he was impossibly young. Well past fifty, he looked thirty-five, no more. His luxurious soul loathed the approach of age. Unlike many men of indulgent natures, he loved youth for the sake of his art, and he had sacrificed upon that altar more than most men,—sacrificed others. His cruelty was not as that of the roughs of Seven Dials or Belleville, but it was pitiless. He admitted, to those who asked him why and wherefore when his selfishness became brutality, that everything had to give way for his work. His painting of Ariadne represented the misery of two women's lives. And of such was his kingdom of Art!

As he now looked at Gaston he was again struck with the resemblance to the portrait in the dining-room, with his foreign out-of-the-way air,—something that should be seen beneath the flowing wigs of the Stuart period. He had long wanted to do a statue of the ill-fated Moumouth, and another greater than that. Here was the very man,—with a proud, daring, homeless look, a splendid body, and a kind of Cavalier conceit. It was significant of him, of his attitude towards himself where his work was concerned, that he suddenly turned and shut the door again, telling Falby, who appeared, to go to his room, and then said,—

"You are my debtor, Cadet,—I shall call you that: you shall have a chance of paying."

"How?"

In a few concise words he explained, scanning the other's face eagerly.

Gaston showed nothing. He had passed the apogee of irritation.

"A model?" he questioned, dryly.

"Well, if you put it that way. 'Portrait' sounds better. It shall be Gaston Belward, gentleman; but we will call it in public 'Monmouth the Trespasser.'"

Gaston did not wince. He had taken all the revenge he needed. The idea rather pleased him than otherwise. He had instincts about art, and he liked pictures, statuary, poetry, romance; but he had no standards. He was keen also to see the life of the artist, to touch that aristocracy more distinguished by mind than by manners.

"If that gives clearance, yes. And your debt to me?"

"I owe you nothing. You find your own meaning in my words. I was railing, you were serious. Don't be serious. Assume it sometimes, if you will; be amusing mostly. So, you will let me paint you, —on your own horse, eh?"

"That is asking much. Where?"

"Oh, a sketch here this afternoon, while the thing is hot—if this damned headache stops! Then, at my studio in London, in the spring, or"—here he laughed—"in Paris. I am modest, you see."

"As you will."

Gaston had had a desire for Paris, and this seemed to give a cue for going. He had tested London nearly all round. He had yet to be presented at St. James's and elected a member of the Bachelors' Club. Certainly he had not visited the Tower, Windsor Castle, and the Zoo; but that would only disqualify him in the eyes of a Colonial.

His uncle's face flushed slightly. He had not expected such good fortune. He felt that he could do anything with this romantic figure. He would do two pictures: Monmouth, and an ancient subject,—that legend of the ancient city of Ys, on the coast of Brittany. He had had it in his mind for years. He came back and sat down, keen, eager.

"I've a big subject brewing," he said; "better than the Monmouth, though it is good enough as I shall handle it. It shall be royal, melancholy, devilish; a splendid bastard, with creation against him; the best, most fascinating subject in English history! The son dead-on against the father and the uncle!"

He ceased for a minute, fashioning the picture in his mind, his face pale, but alive with interest, which his enthusiasm made into dignity. Then he went on:

"But the other: when the king takes up the woman—his mistress—and rides into the sea with her on his horse, to save the town! By God, with you to sit, it's my chance! You've got it all there in you,—the immense manner! You, a nineteenth-century gentleman, to do this game of Ridley Court, and paddle round the Row?—Not you! You're clever, and you're crafty, and you've a way with you! But you'll come a cropper at this as sure as I shall paint two big pictures,—if you'll stand to your word."

"We need not discuss my position here. I am in my proper place

—in my father's home. But for the paintings and Paris, as you please!"

"That is sensible—Paris is sensible; for you ought to see it right, and I'll show you what half the world never see, and wouldn't appreciate if they did. You've got that old, barbaric taste, romance, and you'll find your *métier* in Paris."

Gaston now knew the most interesting side of his uncle's character, —which few people ever saw, and they mostly women who came to wish they had never felt the force of that occasional enthusiasm. He had been in the National Gallery several times, and over and over again he had visited the picture-places in Bond Street as he passed; but he wanted to get behind art life, to dig out the heart of it.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH TELLS OF STRANGE ENCOUNTERS.

A FEW hours afterwards Gaston sat on his horse, in a quiet corner of the grounds, while his uncle sketched him. After a time he said that Saracen would remain quiet no longer. His uncle held up the sketch. Gaston could scarcely believe that so strong and life-like a thing were possible in the time. It had force and imagination. He left his uncle with a nod, rode quietly through the park, into the village, and on to the moor. At the top he turned and looked down. The perfectness of the landscape struck him; it was as if the picture had all grown there,—not a suburban villa, not a modern cottage, not one tall chimney of a manufactory, but just the sweet common life. The noises of the village were soothing, the soft smell of the woodland came over. He watched a cart go by, idly, heavily clacking.

As he looked, it came to him: was his uncle right after all? Was he out of place here? He was not a part of this, though he had adapted himself and had learned many fine social ways. He knew that he lived not exactly as though born here and grown up with it all. But it was also true that he had a native sense of courtesy which people called distinguished. There was ever a kind of mannered deliberation in his bearing,—a part of his dramatic temper, and because his father had taught him dignity where there were no social functions for its use. His manner had, therefore, a carefulness which in him was elegant artifice.

It could not be complained that he did not act after the fashion of gentle people when with them. But it was equally true that he did many things which the friends of his family could not and would not have done. For instance, none would have pitched a tent in the grounds, slept in it, read in it, and lived in it—when it did not rain. Probably no one of them would have, at individual expense, sent the wife of the village policeman to a hospital in London, to be cured—or to die—of cancer. None would have troubled to insist that a certain stagnant pool in the village be filled up. Nor would one have suddenly risen in court and have acted as counsel for a gypsy. At the same time, all were too well-bred to think that Gaston did this because the gypsy

had a daughter with him, a girl of strong, wild beauty, with a look of superiority over her position.

He thought of all the circumstances now.

It was very many months ago. The man had been accused of stealing and assault, but the evidence was unconvincing to Gaston. The feeling in court was against the gypsy. Fearing a verdict against him, Gaston rose and cross-examined the witnesses, and so adroitly bewildered both them and the justices who sat with his grandfather on the case that at last he secured the man's freedom. The girl was French, and knew English imperfectly. Gaston had her sworn, and made the most of her evidence. Then, learning that an assault had been made on the gypsy's van by some lads who worked at mills in a neighboring town, he pushed for their arrest, and himself made up the loss to the gypsy.

It is possible that there was in the mind of the girl what some common people thought,—that the thing was done for her favor; for she viewed it half gratefully, half frowningly, till, on the village green, Gaston asked her father what he wished to do,—push on or remain to act against the lads.

The gypsy, angry as he was, wished to move on. Gaston lifted his hat to the girl and bade her good-by. Then she saw that his motives had been wholly unselfish,—even quixotic, as it appeared to her,—silly, she would have called it, if silliness had not seemed unlikely in him. She had never met a man like him before. She ran her fingers through her golden-brown hair nervously, caught at a flying bit of old ribbon at her waist, and said, in French,—

"He is honest altogether, sir. He did not steal, and he was not there when it happened."

"Oh, I know that, my girl. That is why I did it."

She looked at him keenly. Her eyes ran up and down his figure, then met his curiously. Their looks swam for a moment. Something thrilled in them both. The girl took a step nearer.

"You are as much a Romany here as I am," she said, touching her bosom with a quick gesture. "You do not belong; you are too good for it. How do I know? I do not know; I feel. I will tell your fortune," she suddenly added, reaching for his hand. "I have only known three that I could do it with honestly and truly, and you are one. It is no lie. There is something in it. My mother had it; but it's all sham mostly."

Then, under a tree on the green, he indifferent to village gossip, she took his hand and told him—not of his fortune alone. In half-coherent fashion she told him of the past,—of his life in the North. She then spoke of his future. She told him of a woman, of another, and another still; of an accident at sea, and of a quarrel; then, with a low, wild laugh, she stopped, let go his hand, and would say no more. But her face was all flushed, and her eyes like burning beads. Her father stood near, listening. Now he took her by the arm.

"Here, Andrée, that's enough," he said, with rough kindness: "it's no good for you or him."

He turned to Gaston, and said, in English,—

"She's sing'lar, like her mother afore her. But she's straight."

Gaston lit a cigar.

"Of course." He looked kindly at the girl. "You are a weird sort, Andrée, and perhaps you are right that I am a Romany too; but I don't know where it begins and where it ends.—You are not English gypsies?" he added, to the father.

"I lived in England mostly when I was young. Her mother was a Breton,—not a Romany. We're on the way to France now. She wants to see where her mother was born. She's got the Breton lingo, and she knows some English; but she speaks French mostly."

"Well, well," rejoined Gaston, "take care of yourself, and good luck to you. Good-by.—Good-by, Andrée."

He put his hand in his pocket to give her some money, but changed his mind. Her eye stopped him. He shook hands with the man, then turned to her again. Her eyes were on him,—hot, shining. He felt his blood throb, but he returned the look with good-natured non-chalance, shook her hand, raised his hat, and walked away, thinking what a fine, handsome creature she was. Presently he said, "Poor girl! she'll look at some fellow like that one day, with tragedy the end thereof!"

He then fell to wondering about her almost uncanny divination. He knew that all his life he himself had had strange memories, as well as certain peculiar powers, which had put the honest phenomena and the trickery of the medicine-men in the shade. He had influenced people by the sheer force of presence. As he walked on, he came to a group of trees in the middle of the common. He paused for a moment, and looked back. The gypsy's van was moving away, and in the door-way stood the girl, her hand over her eyes, looking towards him. He could see the raw color of her scarf. "She'll make wild trouble!" he said to himself.

As Gaston thought of this event, he moved his horse slowly towards a combe, and looked out over a noble expanse,—valley, field, stream, and church spire. As he gazed, he saw seated at some distance a girl reading. Not far from her were two boys climbing up and down the combe. He watched them. Presently he saw one boy creep along a shelf of rock where the combe broke into a quarry, let himself drop upon another shelf below, and then perch upon an overhanging ledge. He presently saw that the lad was now afraid to return. He heard the other lad cry out, saw the girl start up and run forward, look over the edge of the combe, and then make as if to go down. He set his horse to the gallop, and called out. The girl saw him, and paused. In two minutes he was off his horse and beside her.

It was Alice Wingfield. She had brought out three boys, who had come with her from London, where she had spent most of the year nursing their sick mother, her relative.

"I'll have him up in a minute," he said, as he led Saracen to a sapling near. "Don't go near the horse."

He swung himself down from ledge to ledge, and soon was beside the boy. In another moment he had the youngster on his back, came slowly up, and the adventurer was safe.

"Silly Walter," the girl said, "to frighten yourself and give Mr. Belward trouble!"

"I didn't think I'd be afraid," protested the lad; "but when I looked over the ledge my head went round, and I felt sick-like with the channel."

Gaston had seen Alice Wingfield several times at church and in the village, and once when, with Lady Belward, he had returned the arch-deacon's call; but she had been away most of the time. She had impressed him as a gentle, wise, elderly little creature, who appeared to live for others, and chiefly for her grandfather. She was not unusually pretty, nor yet young,—quite as old as himself,—and yet he wondered what it was that made her so interesting. He decided that it was the honesty of her nature, her beautiful thoroughness; and then he thought little more about her. But now he dropped into quiet, natural talk with her, as if they had known each other for years. But most women found that they dropped quickly into easy talk with him. That was because he had not learned the small gossip which varies little with a thousand people in the same circumstances. But he had a naïve fresh sense, everything interested him, and he said what he thought with taste and tact, sometimes with wit, and always in that cheerful contemplative mood which influences women. Some of his sayings were so startling and heretical that they had gone the rounds, and certain crisp words out of the *argot* of the North were used by women who wished to be *chic* and amusing.

Not quite certain why he stayed, but talking on reflectively, Gaston at last said,—

"You will be coming to us to-night, of course? We are having a barbecue of some kind."

"Yes, I hope so; though my grandfather does not much care to have me go."

"I suppose it is dull for him."

"Oh, I am not sure it is that."

"No? What then?"

She shook her head.

"The affair is in your honor, Mr. Belward, isn't it?"

"Does that answer my question?" he asked, genially.

She blushed.

"Oh, no, no! That is not what I meant."

"I was unfair. Yes, I believe the matter does take that color; though why, I don't know."

She looked at him with simple earnestness.

"You ought to be proud of it; and you ought to be glad of such a high position, where you can do so much good, if you will."

He smiled, and ran his hand down his horse's leg musingly before he replied,—

"I've not thought much of doing good, I tell you frankly. I wasn't brought up to think about it; I don't know that I ever did

any good in my life. I supposed it was only missionaries and women who did that sort of thing."

"Oh, you wrong yourself. You have done good in this village. Why, we all have talked of it; and though it wasn't done in the usual way,—rather irregularly,—still it was doing good."

He looked down at her astonished.

"Well, here's a pretty libel! Doing good 'irregularly'! Why, where have I done good at all?"

She ran over the names of several sick people in the village whose bills he had paid, the personal help and interest he had given to many, and, last of all, she mentioned the case of the village postmaster.

Since Gaston had come, postmasters had been changed. The little pale-faced man who had first held the position disappeared one night, and in another twenty-four hours a new one was in his place. Many stories had gone about. It was rumored that the little man was short in his accounts, and had been got out of the way by Gaston Belward. Archdeacon Varcoe knew the truth, and had said that Gaston's sin was not unpardonable, in spite of a few squires and their dames who declared it was shocking that a man should have such loose ideas, that no good could come to the county from it, and that he would put nonsense into the heads of the common people. Alice Wingfield was now to hear Gaston's view of the matter.

"So that's it, eh? Live and let live is doing good? In that case it is easy to be a saint. What else could a man do? You say that I am generous—How? What have I spent out of my income on these little things? My income!—How did I get it? I didn't earn it; neither did my father. Not a stroke have I done for it. I sit high and dry there in the Court, they sit low there in the village; and you know how they live. Well, I give away a little money which these people and their fathers earned for my father and me; and for that you say I am doing good, and some other people say I am doing harm,—'dangerous charity,' and all that! I say that the little I have done is what is always done where man is most primitive, by people who never heard 'doing good' preached."

"We must have names for things, you know," she said.

"I suppose so, where morality and humanity have to be taught as Christian duty, and not as common manhood."

"Tell me," she presently said, "about Sproule, the postmaster."

"Oh, that? Well, I will. The first time I entered the post-office I saw there was something on the man's mind. A youth of twenty-three oughtn't to look as he did,—married only a year or two also, with a pretty wife and child. I used to talk to them a good deal, and one day I said to him, 'You look seedy: what's the matter?' He flushed, and got nervous. I made up my mind it was money. If I had been here longer, I should have taken him aside and talked to him like a father. As it was, things slid along. I was up in town, and here and there. One evening as I came back from town I saw a nasty-looking Jew arrive. The little postmaster met him, and they went away together. He was in the scoundrel's hands,—had been betting, and had borrowed first from the Jew, then from the government.

The next evening I was just starting down to have a talk with him, when an official came to my grandfather to swear out a warrant. I lost no time; got my horse and trap, went down to the office, gave the boy three minutes to tell me the truth, and then I sent him away. I fixed it up with the authorities, and the wife and child follow the youth to America next week. That is all."

"He deserved to get free, then?"

"He deserved to be punished, but not as he would have been. There wasn't really a vicious spot in the man. And the wife and child!—What was a little justice to the possible happiness of those three? Discretion is a part of justice, and I used it, as it is used every day in business and judicial life, only we don't see it. When it gets public, why, some one gets blamed. In this case I was the target; but I don't mind in the least—not in the least. . . . Do you think me very startling or lawless?"

"Never lawless; but one could not be quite sure what you would do in any particular case." She looked up at him admiringly.

They had not noticed the approach of Archdeacon Varcoe till he was very near them. His face was troubled. He had seen how earnest was their conversation, and for some reason it made him uneasy. The girl saw him first, and ran to meet him. He saw her bright delighted look, and he sighed involuntarily.

"Something has worried you," she said, caressingly.

Then she told him of the accident, and they all turned and went back towards the Court, Gaston walking his horse. Near the church they met Sir William and Lady Belward. There were salutations, and presently Gaston slowly followed his grandfather and grandmother into the court-yard.

Sir William, looking back, said to his wife,—

"Do you think that Gaston should be told?"

"Oh, no, no! there is no danger. Gaston, my dear, shall marry Delia Gasgoyne."

"Shall marry? wherefore 'shall'? Really, I do not see."

"She likes him, she is quite what we would have her, and he is interested in her. Oh, my dear, I have seen: I have watched for a year."

He put his hand on hers.

"My wife, you are a goodly prophet."

When Archdeacon Varcoe entered his study on returning, he sat down in a chair and brooded long.

"She must be told," he said at last, aloud. "Yes, yes, at once. God help us both!"

(To be continued.)

NORWEGIAN HOSPITALITY.

HOSPITALITY is the virtue, *par excellence*, of primitive society. It has a long and venerable ancestry, dating far back into the morning of time. It deprives primitive life of much of its grimness, and invests it with a faint poetic halo. I fancy it was one of the first conditions of human progress, without which the isolated and widely dispersed villages would have been cut off from intercommunication and remained stagnant. Nearly all records which we possess of prehistoric society agree in enjoining a code of hospitality which, in some instances, was supposed to be of divine origin. Delightful is the attitude of geniality, tempered by cautious suspicion, which the Homeric heroes assume toward the visiting stranger. He is feasted, complimented on his wisdom and good appearance, and then subjected to a cross-examination touching his ancestry, birthplace, and all the details of his subsequent career. If he is able to give a satisfactory account of himself, he is given the best the house affords, and altogether right royally treated. How beautiful in its frank confidence and courtesy is Nausikää's reception of Ulysses, and how magnificent the hospitality of her father Alkinous!

In the old Norse Edda there is a long and exceedingly curious lay called the *Hávamál* ("Odin's High-Song"), in which is found a most elaborate set of rules for the reception and treatment of strangers. Here are a few specimen verses:

Hail to the giver!
A guest has entered!
Where shall his seat be?
Long he cannot linger,
Who from door to door
Must his bread go seeking.

Fire first is needful
To forlorn wayfarer,
For his knees are cold.
Food and fitting raiment
Needs wayfaring stranger
Who the fell hath travelled.

Water too is needful
To the guest who seeks thee,
And a towel and greeting.
Friendly shall thy speech be,
Then from him requiting
Friendly words thou reapest.

It is probably because hospitality is no longer an indispensable agency of human progress that it has suffered so woful an eclipse in modern life. Our complex civilization has introduced conditions which make it impossible to take strangers to our hearts in the style of Alkinous and Nausikää. The American people are not (as a people) hospitable,

because they are no longer primitive in feeling ; and their social environment is too complex to be compatible with the practice of a primitive virtue. If hospitality may be said to survive, in a much enfeebled form, as sociability, it has lost the bloom and vigor of its early manifestations. I know but a single country where hospitality of the Homeric kind is yet to be found ; and even there it is said to be on the decline.

But it is not so very long since it had all the simple heartiness and spontaneity of patriarchal times. It is barely possible that my memory (which is given to embellishing the scenes of my childhood) may be playing me a trick, when it invests these recollections with a nameless and ineffable charm. It is barely possible that the guileless pair of blue eyes which I opened upon the world, forty-odd years ago, possessed no standard but their own inexperience ; but it is also possible that the world upon which they opened was a rarely beautiful one. At all events, there hangs an enchantment over it, in retrospect ; and the light that illuminates it and pervades it is of that wonderful quality which, perhaps, never was on sea or land. But I am tempted to assert that it is on that account none the less real. With delightful vividness I remember sitting in the prow of my grandfather's cabin-boat, rowed by twelve sturdy oarsmen, when he sailed forth in state, twice a year, to hold court in the various districts of his circuit. The colonel who lived a day's journey from our place always stood on his pier, with a telescope in his hand, watching for that cabin-boat, and when it hove in sight he ran up his flag as an invitation to the judge and his retinue to spend the night under his hospitable roof. The judge then responded with his flag, and with a splendid flourish we sailed up to the colonel's pier, where the whole family were now congregated. And there were speeches of welcome made, to which gracious responses were returned (delightfully florid and old-fashioned) ; whereupon I, being a very small boy, was passed down the long row of the colonel's daughters (he had seven), and, much to my disgust, kissed by each one of them. The twelve oarsmen were sent to the servants' hall, where they were abundantly entertained ; and my grandfather and I were welcomed once more in the anteroom (the garden-parlor, they called it), where a bottle of old port was opened and our healths were drunk with much heartiness and good will. And thus we continued from day to day and from week to week our triumphal progress from place to place, in one fjord and out another ; being always sure of two or three hospitable flags waving their invitation to us between noon and sundown. Often, when the weather was bad, we were urged to stay over two or three days in one place, with all our oarsmen, and they were housed and fed without money and without price, and, what is more, without producing the least ripple of disturbance in the household. There was something truly magnificent about the hospitality of those days. The silver—twice or thrice as much as was used—was piled high on the table, in order to show the dignity and the resources of the family ; and there was an air of quiet prosperity and abundance which was twice as impressive as the breathless competition in senseless luxury of modern times.

I had another opportunity to test the far-famed Norse hospitality, many years later, when as a student with a knapsack on my back I made, with seven companions, a pedestrian tour of nearly three hundred miles. One day, when we had walked about twenty-five miles and were terribly foot-sore, we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm; and, in spite of rain-coats, we were drenched to the skin. It was five or six miles to the nearest post-station, where there were accommodations for travellers; and the sluices of the skies were yet opened, and the rain was pouring down in blinding sheets, transforming the gutters at the road-side into raging torrents. In this direful dilemma we sought refuge at a parsonage which was the nearest human habitation within reach; and the way we were received by the venerable clergyman and his family stands before my vision until this day as the most beautiful exemplification of free, generous, and spontaneous hospitality. That we were received, and well received, was in no wise remarkable. Few would have turned strangers away from their doors in such weather. But it was the heartiness, the noble patriarchal simplicity, the obvious delight in ministering to our wants, which define this incident to my memory with such exquisite distinctness. The fact that we were eight had no terrors for that fine, dignified matron, the pastor's spouse, who with a truly maternal care insisted upon supplying us with dry underclothing (because the contents of our knapsacks were wet), after having first put us to bed in a huge guest-room. There we lay for a full hour in four canopied beds, and were dosed with elder-tea and other household remedies to prevent us from catching cold. A fine spectacle we presented when we appeared at supper in the most oddly assorted miscellaneous costumes, consisting of capacious odds and ends of the pastor's wardrobe; and the laugh with which we were greeted by the four young ladies, the pastor's daughters, rings in my ears yet. It was a high, clear, girlish laugh, revealing souls in which there was no guile. For three days we were forced by an irresistible kindness to remain at that delightful parsonage; and the hours sped away on bright-colored butterfly wings, leaving but a soft regret that they could not last forever. And when finally we took our departure, it seemed impossible to realize that this was but, as it were, a road-side acquaintance, destined to end as abruptly as it had begun. The most adventurous fancy found it difficult to imagine what life had been before these dear people came into it, or what it would be without them. When we unpacked our knapsacks the next evening, we all discovered that missing buttons had been restored to our shirts, and that various lacunæ in our under-garments had been most artistically mended. The pastor's and his wife's solicitude for our welfare was in part, perhaps, explained by the fact that they had sons of their own at the University (though none of us knew them), and they may have lavished a vicarious tenderness upon us as representatives of the species student.

This may have been the same parson who entertained the Emperor Frederick of Germany under similar circumstances, without knowing who he was. But there is no need of insisting upon his identity; for Scandinavia is full of such parsons. The story, in the version in

which it circulates in Norway, is very pretty, and does as much honor to the emperor as it does to the clergyman.

During the summer of 1873, when the noble Hohenzollern was Crown Prince of Germany, he travelled incognito in the Norseland, with but two or three attendants. One Saturday evening he found himself in a remote mountain valley, where the inn was so dirty that he preferred to spend the night under the open sky. It began to rain, however, and the prince, upon inquiry, learned that the parson of the valley sometimes took pity on travellers. To the parson accordingly he went, explained his predicament, and was most cordially received.

"This is very fortunate, indeed," exclaimed the guileless gentleman; "for my daughters have been trying to teach themselves German out of 'Otto,' but they have no one to correct their pronunciation. My own German is very rusty, as you observe, so that I cannot be of much use to them. Now, perhaps you would be so kind as to talk with them and give them some hints as to pronunciation?"

The prince declared that he would be most happy to talk with the young ladies and afford them every assistance in his power. He sat down with his aide-de-camp at the parson's simple table, conversed in the most affable manner with all, and charmed them by his natural geniality and the interest he displayed in their rural affairs. The next morning he declared his intention to continue his journey; but the whole family united in urging him to remain over until Monday. He accompanied the three girls, with their mother, to church, participated in the worship, and spent the afternoon tramping with them in the woods and correcting their pronunciation. On Monday morning he took his leave, much to the regret of the parson and his girls, who had never before entertained so delightful a guest. And, moreover, they had obviously profited by his instruction. They now talked German with a glibness which astonished their parents. No persuasions availed, however, to detain the unknown gentleman; and they heard nothing more about him until a few weeks before Christmas, when a box arrived at the custom-house in Christiania (duty prepaid) addressed to our parson. It was promptly forwarded to him, and proved to contain a splendid piece of silver (if I remember rightly, a soup-tureen) and a letter which caused paroxysms of excitement in the parsonage. The writer thanked the clergyman for his hospitality (for which he had refused compensation), and begged him to accept this present as a souvenir of his guest, Frederick, Crown Prince of the German Empire. The letter also expressed the hope that the young ladies were continuing to make progress in German.

Of course I cannot vouch for every detail of this story; but it is so thoroughly characteristic both of Norway and of the Emperor Frederick that the probability is strongly in favor of its authenticity. It is part of what the French call the legend of the noble and lamented Hohenzollern, and it is admirably in keeping with all the rest. There has been no German emperor, since Joseph II. of Austria, who has been surrounded by such a halo in the popular fancy, and about whose name such a group of nobly illustrative legends is clustering. He was not only a great personage, but also a great personality, inspiring

no less affection than reverence. His son has shown a marked preference for Norway; but he comes heralded by a blare of trumpets and with all the pomp and circumstance of his imperial estate. And even if he continues his annual pilgrimages for the rest of his life, he will know far less about the people of Norway than his father learned in a single summer.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

DICK.

HE was only a snub-nosed, chubby-faced boy; but he took the world with a round-eyed seriousness that belonged to twice his years. There was a serious side to Dick's life. You felt it when he looked at you. Yet none of us crystallized that feeling into thought, and no one went beyond the circle of daily work in which we knew him to look for the cause of it. He drifted in among us unannounced, a boy of twelve looking for work; a figure so familiar in a great city that it has no individuality. He had taken hold of the little duties assigned to him with an interest and a sturdiness that showed his ambition to please. Even in the rush of getting out an afternoon paper, of "padding out" a scant news report to fill the local page, or "boiling down" a late sensation to fit the space left for it by the demands of the advertisers, the Managing Editor had found time to note and comment on the fact that Dick was "the best office-boy we've had yet." It was not much; but perhaps the local man who slighted his work because his ambition did not rise above his weekly salary might have realized, if he had thought of it seriously, that it was almost better to be a good office-boy than to be a slovenly reporter.

He was chubby-faced, I said, and his nose was a very plebeian snub. There was everything in his expression to deny an aristocratic origin or the early influence of culture and refinement. But there was undeniable honesty in the serious blue eyes, and frankness in the dimples that dotted his round cheeks when he smiled. No one ever heard him laugh. He was good-natured at all times, but quietly good-natured. He never romped, but there was no pretence of superior virtue about him. He did not snivel or tell any one how good he was. No one who heard him needed to be told that; for his language was as clean and his thoughts as pure as those of any mother's child.

He had been with us a long time before we took much notice of him. I think at first he was not a favorite with the City Editor. It is traditional in newspaper offices that the City Editor is loved by no one; and, conversely, no one is expected to be liked by the City Editor. Dick's predecessor had stood well with the City Editor in a negative sort of way. He had borne with great fortitude much of the responsibility for what unavoidably went wrong in the news department. If a big fire broke out in the suburbs just as the paper was going to press and it was impossible to get more than a five-line announcement of it in the last edition, Dick's predecessor was quite prepared to have his

day's shortcomings magnified into grievous offences on which the City Editor could work off a few hundred pounds of steam. When three of the best men on the local staff turned in sick notes on the day of a big convention and left the city department utterly demoralized, Dick's predecessor was sure to be fifteen minutes late, and the City Editor always vented on him the wrath which could not reach or harm the absentees. In fact, Dick's predecessor was the City Editor's safety-valve. But Dick was never late, or forgetful or derelict in any important particular, and yet his virtue was so unobtrusive that its genuineness was beyond question. I think if he had been a sanctimoniously good boy the City Editor would have felt inclined to kick him. But Dick's goodness was sturdy, honest, irreproachable. It asked no recognition; it sought no praise. It did not grow sullen under nagging or angry at reproof. Dick simply looked unhappy when, his virtues forgotten, he was bullied once or twice without cause. I think it was that unhappiness in his honest, boyish face that caught the City Editor's eye one day and softened him towards Dick. Before that all the rest of us had been inclined to speak to him kindly, though we took no special interest in him. He had a "Good-morning" for each of us as we sat down at our desks and picked up the morning papers to make condensations of the news of the night before. Some of us answered carelessly, and some let the salutation go as a formality which it was not worth while to recognize. A gruff "Morning" was, I think, the most that Dick received in exchange at first. The City Editor broke the ice one day with a "Good-morning, Dick," that rather surprised us by the cheerfulness of its tone.

"Guess the old man's raised Johnson's salary this morning, he's so gay," growled the Sporting Editor to the new reporter he was patronizing in return for some bicycle notes contributed to his column; but he changed his mind a minute later when he was called over to the editorial desk to learn that "this base-ball gossip has got to be covered better, or we'll go out and find some one to run the sporting column who knows news when he sees it."

The direct brutality of the reproof or the grating harshness of the sarcasm that emphasized our errors was not modified after that. But all of us saw with some wonder the development of a softer, brighter side to the City Editor's character which shone on the quiet figure of little Dick, going about his daily duties in his sturdy, earnest way, with his cheerful "Good-morning" as he came into the office and his "Good-night, Mr. Johnson; good-night, everybody," as he tucked his dinner-basket under his arm and went down the stairs, past the clanging presses, and out into the alley on his way home. No one among us knew where that home was; no one cared. Some one had entered "the new boy's" address in the back of the assignment-book when he first came to work, for use in case of accidents. It had been forgotten the next minute, and no accident had yet occurred to revive an interest in it. To us Dick's life began and ended in the office. But there was an influence in it, somewhere outside, that made itself felt among us. It could not have been the untrained boyish disposition, the kindness of the childish spirit, that softened the hard natures with which it came

in contact. There was something working with it for its good, some mother-heart, some tender woman's voice, shaping and turning it, bringing out its innate beauties, its quiet honesty, and its steadfastness, keeping it always pure and good.

The atmosphere of a newspaper office is not the best atmosphere for a boy to breathe. Neither is the atmosphere of any other place where men, young and old, gather together with an idle hour on their hands every day. Some of the conversation that was bandied about in the local-room from the time the last sheet of copy went into the composing-room until the first print of the paper had been laid before the Managing Editor and approved was not very edifying. There were bursts of unnecessary profanity in it; and the police reporter would insist on recounting incidents which made up part of the daily routine of the criminal courts, but which were of such a character that he could not include them in his report for publication. Some one noticed that when the conversation turned in this direction, Dick slipped quietly away. When it was confined to other topics, Dick was always an absorbed listener. Gradually, as his interest became noticed, he was brought into the conversation. Some one, catching sight of his earnest face planted in his hands while his elbows rested on the back of a desk, would jocularly ask Dick for his opinion of the subject under discussion; and this would be the signal for a cross-fire of questions levelled at him which often brought amusingly ingenuous replies, and more often resulted in his utter confusion. One day the police reporter cut in on this innocent amusement with an especially profane anecdote, and was quite confounded when the City Editor (who usually relaxed after the paper had gone to press, and made one of the informal symposium) said, rather sharply, "Don't talk like that before the boy." It was so strange to have any check put on liberty of speech in the office that the little circle was quite dumb for a minute; and the rattling of a loose window that told that the presses in the basement had begun to grind out papers was a relief to an embarrassing situation. But from that time it was tacitly understood that impure stories and conversation were barred before "the boy."

The interjectory oath was still popular in all parts of the news department. The Managing Editor set the example when he came into the local-room at five minutes before four o'clock with the first copy of the paper in his hand and wanted to know who the (violently profane) reporter was who had written the story of that million-dollar failure and forgotten to give an estimate of the assets. The City Editor followed the example thus set when he stamped up and down the office at three o'clock anathematizing the man who had gone out on that murder case and had not turned in a line of copy yet; when the foreman had just assured him that "there isn't an inch of space left, and we've been setting everything in agate for the last half-hour, too." The reporters cursed their luck, when they could find no better subject.

It was the first of December. An early frost had foretold the coming of an early winter, and by the middle of November there had been an unexpected flurry of snow, followed by a season of hard cold weather that showed no signs of breaking. The business of getting

out the paper went on as usual. The only difference that the cold weather made was in the rush of advertisers to place their winter goods before the public. The echo of this business activity was heard in the news-room, where the order to "Cut everything close: we've got a rush of advertising to-day," was heard with perhaps greater frequency. But in nothing else did the routine of "up-stairs" alter; and not the least regular thing about the establishment was Dick with his cheery "Good-morning." There was no one in the local-room who did not return that greeting now. There was a contagious good nature about it, too, and gradually the habit of exchanging a civil morning salutation had grown and spread, until even the City Editor looked up to nod at a new-comer and say "Good-morning" to him in a pleasant enough way—for a City Editor.

One day some one noticed that Dick's "Good-morning" had a very frosty tone,—a numbness about it that took some of its music away. He looked at the boy standing before the stove, holding his hands out to the blaze, and saw that he wore no overcoat; only a home-knit muffler of many colors that was wound about his throat and chin.

"It's a pity that boy doesn't wear an overcoat this weather," he said, as he bent over his desk and went on with his work. The City Editor looked up from his paper. He had not noticed before that the boy was so thinly clad.

That evening, while the Managing Editor was in the composing-room trying to fit four columns of important news into three columns of space, conscious that the stereotypers were waiting impatiently for the last form to be locked up, the little circle of reporters sat in the local-room—chiefly on the tops of their desks—and chatted about the events of the day. There was the usual interlarding of bad language. Presently the City Editor looked around the room and said, "Don't you think we use a great deal more profanity than is necessary, boys?"

"Well, I guess you use as much as any of us," said the last speaker, who found a personal reflection in the question.

"That's true enough. But don't we?" said the City Editor, keeping his temper in a way that astonished his audience. "It seems to me that it's so unnecessary. I don't know that I ever thought of it in quite that way before. But doesn't it seem so to you? It's a habit that grows on a man unconsciously. I suppose no man deliberately begins to swear. He starts in with some half-harmless oath, and gradually develops or acquires a profane vocabulary. Some of us think it doesn't do us any harm. But it certainly doesn't do us any good; and, as I said, it's so unnecessary."

"It's a pretty hard habit to break," said the Religious Editor, who was certainly not the least accomplished in that direction. "I quite made up my mind to do it once at the request of a reverend friend of mine; and, like the man who took a drink to celebrate the fact that he had taken the pledge, I found myself telling my monitor in my desire to please him that I'd be d——d if I ever used profane language again."

"Unless a man has something distinct to gain by giving up a habit of that kind, he isn't going to give it up," said another member of the

group. "That is, not the average man. A woman might make him give it up—or the chance of an inheritance, perhaps."

"I don't think I'd have much trouble if I set my mind on it," said another. "But there's Higgins—he couldn't express himself if he didn't swear in every other sentence."

"I'll bet I can give up swearing quicker than you can," said Higgins, hotly. "I'll bet I can stop now and not swear again between this and the New Year."

"Suppose we try the experiment," said the City Editor, "and see just how hard it is. Let's organize an anti-profanity league right here and now; and, in order that there may be an object in stopping it, we'll fine every man who joins five cents for every profane word he uses."

"And where will the fines go?" said Higgins, forgetful of the fact that he was to contribute none of them and therefore had no interest in their disposal.

"To buy Dick an overcoat," said the City Editor.

Whether the want of the overcoat suggested the League, or the existence of the League suggested the possibility of the overcoat, I do not know; but in either case Dick became wrapped up in the Anti-Profanity project, and I think by the majority of the men in the office he was considered the cause of it. Within five minutes after the organization of the League, the Managing Editor had been fined twenty-five cents for speaking with a thoughtless vehemence of the foreman of the composing-room. When the objects of the League had been explained to him, he said, "Here's a dollar. That ought to buy me a life-membership." About this nucleus the League began to make its collection. The fear of that five-cent fine did more than the fear of the Lord had ever done to purify conversation in the local-room; but the habit of profanity was so firmly founded that for the first two days of the League's existence it began to look as though Dick would draw all the salaries at the end of the week. The reform grew more perfect each day, however, until the fine-box began to show only fifteen or twenty cents as the result of a day's work. Before that time, enough had accumulated to buy Dick an overcoat, and the surplus that was collected later purchased a pair of gloves and some new shoes which seemed to be needed. The overcoat was received with a choking acknowledgment; and the next day Dick came to us with the announcement that his mother was "much obliged to the gentlemen" for their kindness. That was the first we had heard of Dick's people. That day, while most of us were out on assignments, the City Editor asked Dick to tell him about his home. He had no father, he said. There were only his mother and a little sister. His mother was never very well, and she had been quite sick this winter,—so sick that she had had to give up her sewing for a time. They lived in a tenement house in one of the crowded districts. It was not far from the office.

That evening, after the paper had gone to press, the City Editor went home with Dick. "That's a plucky boy," he said the next morning when Dick had gone out on an errand. "He's been practically supporting his mother and his little sister for a month, and, before that,

what he earned was their principal income. His mother isn't well yet. I'm going to speak to the old man and see what can be done for her."

"The old man" was the proprietor of the paper. The influence of a newspaper for good is not confined to directing public movements or redressing public wrongs. Among those who try to earn its good will are many who are glad to help it in carrying out any good work. A physician, who was debarred by professional ethics from advertising, but who found it to his advantage to have his name mentioned in the news columns of the paper occasionally, was glad to volunteer attendance on Dick's mother and to supply medicines to her until her health was quite restored. One or two wholesale concerns accepted a suggestion that they send some furniture, some bedding, and some provisions to the tenement; and Dick's mother was assured that, as no one paid for them, and yet the merchants thought themselves fully repaid in the pleasant paragraphs they might expect, the gifts were not a charity. Finally, "the old man" saw fit to increase Dick's wages to a figure that gave some better assurance that Dick and his people would be provided for comfortably.

And Dick is still working on among us in his own sturdy, honest way. His highest ambition at present is to be a reporter; but until he can aspire to that distinction he does not weary of doing his duty in his humbler vocation, and of doing it well. The Anti-Profanity League still flourishes; and, although there may have been some fearful backsliding among its members out of office-hours, the fine-box does not collect enough in a week now to buy ribbons for the office cat.

George Grantham Bain.

TOLERANCE.

AFTER A SERMON OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O BLESSED Bride, whose fairness binds my faith,
 Loyal, my loving heart goes not astray :
 It nestles close and closer day by day
 To thee for comfort, with embrace that saith,
 Thine, thine in Christ, beloved, until death !
 Thine still, believe me, though I ne'er delay
 To feel a tender sympathy alway
 With whoso breathes the unction of Christ's breath.

Free was my choice of thee, sweet service mine ;
 Yet swift to God's expanses thought will go
 To sweep the splendors wide horizons show
 And grasp some jewelled Truth, on thee to shine.
 Whate'er the source, O wear it, loved One, so
 That all mankind may feel the chrismal glow !

Mary B. Dodge.

FREAKS.

FREAKS are a favorite butt of the professional humorist, and the cartoonist's pencil loves to linger over their physical peculiarities, but, however much the wittlings of the press may air their humor at the expense of these denizens of the dime museum, the life of a freak savors rather of tragedy than of comedy. At best, their professional career is ephemeral and precarious. It seldom averages more than two years, and some of them do not last half that time. Others, however, from the nature of their deformities contrive to keep on the boards for perhaps half a decade. No freak is ever "run" for more than a month at the same stand, unless he proves a very strong card, in which event his engagement is extended a few weeks; but even then he is not billed again for at least six months. Dozens of the most famous freaks of the last decade—freaks for whose services museum managers, from Barnum downward, outbade each other—are now no longer heard of, and one of the most pathetic objects imaginable is a played-out freak.

The physical lives of most freaks, like their professional careers, are short. The fat people usually die of apoplexy, and it is a good thing, too, for many of them suffer more than the public imagines. The giants and dwarfs generally live longer than their fellow curiosities, but, no matter how good they may be in their line, they become worse than useless as soon as they can no longer make themselves attractive in appearance. Only the other day I came across one of the most noted professional giants of his day—second only to the great Chang himself in stature—limping along Sixth Avenue between the boards of a sandwich advertisement of a cheap restaurant. It is only a few months since one of the leading fat men in the business fell ill and lost his flesh. As a result, he is now driving an ice-wagon in Brooklyn. When on the road, he received as much as fifty dollars a week. So, again, one who some few years back was accounted the most noted long-haired woman in the country is now working for ten dollars a week, addressing wrappers in a mailing agency on the west side. She used to get seventy dollars a week in the days when she was a star, but there are so many better heads of hair than hers in the market now that she can't get employment as a freak any longer.

The salaries paid, of course, vary largely. Thus, no fat woman, however fat, and no lean man, however lean, can command half as big a price as such "specialists" as the elastic-skinned man, the dog-faced boy, and the ossified man. Tattooed ladies and sword-swallowers, however, don't get paid anything like what they did formerly; and as for albinos and bearded ladies, they are a drug in the market.

Persons with two heads command a higher price than any other class of freaks. They are, of course, very scarce. Millie Christine, "the Two-Headed Nightingale," for a long time asked something like two hundred and fifty dollars a week for her services, and she got what she asked,—considerably more than is paid to the Chief Justice of the

United States. She had many offers of marriage, but declined them all, apparently not caring to follow the example of the Siamese twins, each of whom married and had a large family.

Like most people who acquire money easily, the majority of freaks are apt to be extravagant. Some of them, however, are sensible enough to save their money while they have the chance. A famous female dwarf whom Barnum brought out some years ago may be taken as a type of the latter class. She saved quite a small fortune during her professional career, which is now nothing more than what Bismarck would call "an agreeable reminiscence." She enjoys life, but is pestered by small boys whenever she goes out for a walk, for in make-up she is the double of Miss Moucher. At one time she was engaged to marry a professional strong man, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place on the stage of the dime museum where they were on exhibition, in order to boom the show. She jilted him, however, at the last minute, whereat he took to drink, and as a result lost his strength, so that to-day he cannot lift more than fifty pounds.

It sometimes happens that dwarfs grow tall, and consequently lose their value as freaks. This unhappy fate overtook one of the most noted midgets of the last decade, and she is now making a living as a snake-charmer. This is a favorite vocation for played-out freaks, who are loath to leave "the business" to engage in any legitimate trade. One of these women, who is constantly handling snakes, told me not long ago that, while she had no fear of them, she experienced a thrill of intense aversion whenever she placed her hand on one. This strange instinctive terror of the serpent, which nearly all people exhibit, is as much a part of the organism as is the desire for food. Yet there is something fascinating to the morbid-minded in the spectacle of a woman caressing a cobra,—a sort of flirtation with the greatest of terrors. A snake-charmer was recently on exhibition in New York who had been bitten several times. On each occasion she was given over by the doctors, and after each recovery she received an increase in salary.

The secrets of snake-charming are much simpler than most people imagine. The snakes to be handled are gorged with food until they become drowsy, or else they are drugged so that their senses are dazed. Sometimes they are kept in ice-boxes, and the cold puts them in a semi-torpid condition. In either case the snakes are only half alive. In handling the reptile the hand must always grasp it at certain places where the head can be guided and held from the body. This is the hardest thing to learn, but, like everything else, it comes with practice. By dint of dexterity and strength, the snake is easily passed from one hand to the other and is allowed to coil about the body. The snake-charmer, however, must always be on the alert. When the snake becomes too lively, it is put back into the ice-box. In handling a reptile with the fangs in,—which ought to be prohibited by law,—one requires great strength, as the strain on the system during the performance is very considerable. The grasp and movements must be precise and accurate. There is no room for hesitancy or uncertainty. Most of the snakes handled, however, are harmless, so far as poisoning is concerned.

Indeed, in some parts of the country they are made of parti-colored gutta-percha covered with slime, just as some alleged elastic-skinned men are really encased in a suit of rubber.

"Fake" freaks often draw better than genuine ones, but they do not last so long. A recent instance of this kind was an "electric girl." It was asserted that she was so charged with electricity that one received a shock upon shaking hands with her. This delusion was really produced by the girl standing on a wet mat charged with electricity from a hidden battery and large enough for the visitor to stand on also. Another fake of the same class, which I came across not long ago, was a "wild man of the woods" who was crouching in a dark corner of what appeared to be a heavily-barred cage, clanking the heavy chains that were attached to his limbs. A strong railing was placed in front, so as not to allow visitors to approach too close to the man. The lecturer told the audience how this remarkable creature had been found running wild by a party of hunters on the west coast of Africa, and that he had been in captivity only a few months, and was very dangerous,—so much so that his meat, which he would eat only in a raw state, had to be placed in the cage with a long iron fork. After the museum closed every night this wild man doffed his chains and suit of hair and took the car to his home, where he was accounted one of the mildest and most henpecked of men.

Although nearly as much ingenious "faking" is practised in dime museums nowadays as of old, there is a good deal more reality about these shows than there was formerly, including as they do mariners who have sailed over Niagara in barrels, men who have jumped off Brooklyn Bridge without being killed, and heroes of criminal *causes célèbres*.

"The business isn't what it used to be," said the manager of one of these museums to me recently. "The taste of the public has grown low. And, besides, the freaks are giving out. You couldn't have drawn a crowd in the old days with such attractions as we present to-day." Perhaps this may be the reason why his posters representing "The Fattest Woman on Earth" made her twice as large as of yore, but still dancing like one of Bouguereau's sylphs.

The Bowery, as is well known, is the head-quarters for swindling in freaks as well as in merchandise. It is here that such "fakes" as I have described are on their native heath. This most amazing of thoroughfares contains no less than six dime museums, and it is interesting to note with what artistic abandon the managers of these places pander to the morbid curiosity of the public. The *menu* of monstrosities which they offer for the small sum of a dime is calculated to lure even the most *blasé*. It is needless to say that the promise of good things is not fulfilled to the letter of the law. Inside it is a sad swindle. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is an image of the horned lady now living in Asia. This is an image of the two-headed calf now on exhibition in England." The dingy interior of these resorts also contrasts strangely with their pretentious exterior. There is a queer fustian smell about them, suggestive of the morgue, that causes an involuntary shudder such as follows the perusal of some extraordinary tale of Poe

or some *poésie macabre* of Baudelaire. The sickly half-darkness adds to the illusion, for, as a rule, the garish pictures of the freaks who are *not* on exhibition within completely conceal the front of the buildings and shut out the light. The windows, however, thus blocked up are not covered unintentionally, for it has been found that most of the freaks suffer less by gas-light than by the blaze of day. Indeed, the whole thing is a colossal and iridescent fraud, so much so that, although on entering you fully expect to be cheated, the swindle so far surpasses your expectations that when you emerge into the white radiance of the Bowery you look sneakingly about.

A single visit to these resorts is calculated to satisfy the average intelligent citizen, and the visit will naturally be paid in early youth. But the public at large is not characterized by any great measure of intelligence, and as a result these dime museums prosper and multiply, and it becomes possible for freaks to make more money by exhibiting their physical peculiarities than their well-formed fellows can earn in the pursuit of legitimate trades.

In at least two of these exhibitions the unwary stranger is certain to be robbed as well as cheated; but "that is another story."

Charles Robinson.

TO A PORTRAIT OF A JAPANESE PRINCESS.

FRAGILE, waxen dream of woman,
Cold, inscrutable, unhuman!
Ivory skin too dense for veining,
Hair as deepest shade remaining,
Tiny lips gold-tipped with silence,
Sealed to girlhood's gay beguillance.

I can dream that men may love thee;
But will all their loving move thee?
Can a heart sincere and tender
Beat beneath that garment's splendor?
Rich with gold the gorgeous sheathing
Cold above thy quiet breathing.

Thou art made of dew and shimmer
Of the moon where snow-crests glimmer,
Wrought of pure and scentless flowers,
Stilled with hush of starlit hours.
Deep the natal mystery gleaming
'Neath thine eyelids' heavy dreaming.

Mary McNeil Scott.

A HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

I ONCE (and, for the matter of that, a great many times) tried to do "something smart," and in contemplation of it beforehand rather pictured myself as a Reformer on a Grand Scale,—as one who stood on a pinnacle and cast an eye around upon the world with a glance of approval here or censure there, and made things over in a very successful and highly satisfactory way,—as one who really was at the centre of things and had the true theories of how things ought to be,—whom if one suited, one was "all right," and whom if one did not suit, one was in a bad and probably entirely hopeless way.

As though some Great Voice came out of the sky saying to all the world, "Here, now! form in line there and file along under Jenkins's eye" (my name is Jenkins). "If he approves, turn to the right into the eternal watermelon-patch. If not, go into the training-room, where Jenkins will take you in hand after the ceremony, and where, if you will immediately and forever drop everything original and take up 'Jenkins's improved and only way of doing things,' you may yet see the sunshine of his smile, and consequently be perfect for evermore,"—after which seats would be on sale at the corner drug-store for the millennium.

Now, the Robison family didn't suit me. Having lived, up to about a year or so ago, in ignorance of my existence, and consequently having grown up shut out from the correct methods and influences, they naturally—well, they didn't have the brand blown in the bottle: I didn't make them.

I am, or was, on intimate terms up there at Robisons'. I had rather taken them in training, as it were, and felt kindly towards them, hoping that, though they were, of course,—with reason, indeed,—considerably out of line, they might be made passable if they came under the forming process nicely, as any human being of any sense at all must naturally be glad to do.

And so, that evening, as I sat, making with them—father, mother, daughter, and son—a quiet reading group of five around their comfortable hearth, the lamps of home cementing us in cheerful friendliness, I "casually happened to notice" an article in a magazine that I held in my hand, and remarked that it was a curious thing. Whereupon the family assembled joined in asking me to read it aloud.

The fact is, I had written it myself on a sheet of paper, and now held it in the open magazine.

I then read as follows:

"A HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"A certain mercantile house in a great city complained continually and with great bitterness of the evil treatment it received,—from bankers, who held all the funds locked up,—from trusts, which used their power to grind individual firms into ruin,—from political organiza-

tions which made, destroyed, or changed tariffs,—and, in general, from all concerns which had more power than this house had, and used that power unjustly for their own aggrandizement, and went trundling along to glory, like Juggernaut, over the screaming wretches, their victims, heeding them not.

"But this firm cut in half the salaries of their employees in dead of winter, charged losses to them unjustly, required double service, discharged faithful men without cause, and promoted favorites, leaving patient merit to toil in heart-sick misery."

Here Robison set his jaw, a steely look came into his eyes, and he said, excitedly, "That man knows what he is saying. I know all about it. A more fiendish outrage could not be than the unfeeling way in which Muggs & Ruggs treat *me*. That a just God can sit and allow such things to be almost makes an infidel of *me*."

Mrs. Robison's eyes flashed too, and even the children had that hushed constraint which is their recognition of intense feeling witnessed but not understood.

Then I resumed reading:

"One of their abused employees, in particular, was loud in execration of their unfeeling and outrageous injustice, and agitated his fellows to deeds of retaliation.

"But this man went home to his patient wife and scolded and sneered and spoke in bitter innuendoes of how his mother could always do with less and was a help and not a hinderance and a burden, and he made her go without new clothes or spending-money, while he carried a roll of bills, smoked fine cigars, and went down-town at night, leaving her at home alone."

Here Mrs. Robison gave a little gasp and flashed a little frightened sidelong look at her husband. Such a little look! Not a look of reproach to him, not an "I-told-you-so" look, nor a "Thou-art-the-man" look: a little look that freely and for all time laid her heart down where he might step if he chose; a little look that had a fear in it that some one, afar off, who didn't know how willingly she would not only die, but live, for him, poor, unclothed, hungry, cold, miserable, unloved, if need be, for evermore, might gather up and count the unkind words he had said to her and reproach him with them, or hint, even with the waver of a single eyelash, that he had ever been unkind!—knowing that he had, yet fiercely denying to her own heart that it was so, forcing down the little pitiful hurts and pangs, and hating herself bitterly that she could have dared to feel them, or to think, for a second, that any one could, knowing all she knew, find any flaw in "Him."

Such a little look! All that in it, and a thousand times as much, and it only a flash, before the eyes dropped to her little rusty hands, nervously now fingering the folds of her rusty dress, which, please God, she would not at this moment trade for all the silks on earth.

And Jenkins, the fool, read on:

"And his wife, saying nothing, yet saw in her heart the days when he was all chivalry because she was yet free to choose, and thought how he had changed, since she was no longer free, and he was strong, while she was weak and had no time to be charming."

And then one of the little rusty hands faltered timidly to his knee, and a big brown one hovered down and swallowed it up, while the rusty dress fluttered over her heart.

"But this woman forgot that her little daughter was a picture of herself at ten, and had all the little girlish pride and ways she used herself to have, and she made her do things by force which she wished to do of her own free will; scolded her because she did not remember as older people do; repressed with taunts her buoyancy of spirit; humiliated her before her mates, and sometimes whipped her, for no fault, because she herself felt despondent and ill towards all the world."

And here the other little rusty hand reached out and played tenderly with a straying curl on the daughter's head, while another look, this time as of suddenly awakened wonder, seeming to say, "Is it so bad as this, little daughter?" rested lingeringly on the little unquiet, restless, spiritfui figure by her side.

"And this little girl would shed stormy tears on her pillow and ache with the deadly hurt of wounded pride, and her little body would thrill and tremble with wrath and grief until kind nature sent her to sleep with the tears not kissed from the long wet lashes, so pretty."

And then a pair of little white hands reached up with a quick impulsive grasp and took the rusty one and hugged it quick and hard against a heart that beat too fast by half.

"But this little girl would refuse to play with her little brother, would treat with high scorn his infantile ideas, pinch him and slap him and dare him to tell mamma, take away his toys, and assume over him grown-up airs which made his poor little heart lonesome with a lonesomeness big enough to fit a man. And his heart would ache, and gingerbread be no longer sweet, as with big far-off eyes he would wonder big wonders about places where little boys were men, and where people didn't want to boss—except mamma, who had a right."

There was more in my "House that Jack Built;" how the little boy abused the dog, and the dog the cat, and—oh, a lot of it; but I looked up and saw Her creep into His arms, with her cheek on his breast, and steal an arm around his neck, with tears shining in the eyes that used to be so pretty but are only lovely now, and I saw him lay his head down on her gray streaked hair and bring her, with the slow movement of tender love, up close to his heart, while the little daughter laid her fair, flushed, shamed face down deep in her mother's lap and, reaching up with both her arms, fondled her mother's face with both her hands.

And the little brother pulled gently at his sister's dress, saying, with the little quiver of the lip and the boyish repression of emotion, "Don't, sister, don't!—you didn't—I know you never did;" and I didn't read any more. For suddenly a great wave overwhelmed me, and I seemed to see, like a flash of brilliant light thrown into a yawning abyss, an awful gulf fixed between all goodness and gentleness and tenderness and any man who could come into such a sacred place and see or know that which was secret and sacred and altogether holy, and

not only see and know, but rudely jar, with ruthless hands, seeking to mend, where any hands but God's must be unskilled,—like some rough savage twanging a golden harp and jarring its delicate strings out of tune. Who knows its symphony may ever wake to the master's hand again?

Or like the boisterous wind which finds the leaflets resting on their bough, and, rushing to them, sets them wildly in commotion,—passing on, to leave them, some with broken stems, others with serrated edges, more with uneasy flutterings, and all set awry and lost to sweet security,—and all awake for evermore, to await another blast, or each to bemoan his own spoilt estimate of his own beauty, and to fear for evermore that his own damage glares patent to all others, hiding all his good.

The Robisons—they forgot to reproach me; they didn't know I was there. I? Who am I? Jenkins, the fool!

They had their little holy miseries, each, and they were—oh, I don't know what they are, nor what I am, except a fool, who will build no more Houses that Jack Built.

Philo Andrews Tucker.

MOODS.

WHEN violets fold their leaves about
 The shadows of the yew,
 Or star the grasses in and out
 Beneath the April blue,—
 I know not why, my heart is stirred
 With sense of sudden pain,
 For through the song of brook and bird
 I hear the winter rain,
 The rain,
 The bitter, beating rain!

But when the skies are wild and harsh
 Above the blackened hedge,
 When north winds blow across the marsh,
 To shake the straggling sedge,
 When snows are falling in the pine,
 And birds forget to sing,—
 Ah, then this wayward heart of mine
 Will only dream of Spring,
 Of Spring,
 Of laughter-loving Spring!

Martha T. Tyler.

TALKS WITH THE TRADE.

HAVE YOUNG WRITERS A CHANCE?

"I DOUBT it," says a Southern lady. "For instance, a friend of mine sent to a magazine an article of which some of the pages were gummed together; and it came back to him in the same condition, showing that those sheets had never been opened or read at all!"

Of course it did. Every well-regulated editor has the deepest respect for the rights of his contributors, and knows how sensitive they are about their MSS. They object (and justly) to having the pages defaced by pin-pricks, or folded the wrong way. If a writer takes the pains to fasten some of his sheets together on four, or three, or two sides, the editor infers that he wishes them to remain so, and would not presume to alter that arrangement. If our correspondent wishes to send us a MS. with *all* the sheets securely gummed together, or to empty the ink-bottle over them, we will try to return them in the same condition—always provided they come accompanied by the requisite stamps. Editors have as much idle curiosity as anybody, but professional honor forbids them to pry into what is thus carefully concealed. In fact, we can promise not to read anything which proves, after due examination, to be (from whatever cause) either entirely illegible or thoroughly unreadable. If writers want their pieces to be read, they will naturally put them in such shape that it is both possible and easy to read them.

"I would like to enjoy the privilege of contributing to your magazine, provided, of course, my work conforms to the standard of your requirements. Please inform me if this prerogative is confined entirely to those of literary fame.—S. D."

It is not, S. D. However bigoted you may think our attachment to the famous authors, there are not always enough of them to "go round," seeing that a good many periodicals exist besides ours. The prerogative, such as it is, of offering contributions is open to the meanest as to the greatest—provided, as you justly hint, that it is offset by the editorial privilege of sending back what cannot be used. As to "contributing" in the sense of having your offerings accepted and printed, *that* the greatest and the least alike must leave to the will of Heaven. We would not accept an article from the Khan of Tartary if it was not suited to the magazine; and we would gladly take one from Silas Jones of Wayback if it were such as to afford pleasure and profit to our readers.

M. R. G. has a good deal to say on this topic, and says it with engaging frankness, thus:

"I often think that if an editor received a bundle of mail, in which there was a MS. from W. D. Howells, another from R. H. Davis, and the third from some unknown like me, well! I can just imagine that editor grabbing up those two first names, and tossing aside the third. Of course young authors cannot hope for much. It is for the interest of the public, I suppose, that only the names of literary stars gleam on the title-pages of all the big magazines. There is no room for a new name, no space for an unknown. Although the story from the eager pen might have a vein of unique originality, might even contain a new

and singular style of expression, yet no attention is bestowed upon the MS. It is returned till some day the genius is recognized by scanty chance, and then come appreciation, popularity, fame.—I suppose all the writers had to go through the same mill."

The above contains a modicum of truth; but its more definite assertions could be disproved by almost any number of almost any magazine. New names are constantly coming to the front—so many of them as easily to outnumber those long familiar. *E.g.*, of our ten "Notable Stories," lately published, only three were by authors previously known to any extent worth mentioning. Whatever may be the experience of other offices, ours does not have to ask anybody for short stories, nor, except in rare cases, for essays, sketches, and special articles. They come in as volunteers from all quarters, and nine-tenths of them are by people never yet heard of, but aiming to make a name. When they have the requisite qualities, they are welcomed and used. An editor who understands his business is not a dead conservative, with sympathies limited to well-known names and a fixed routine: on the contrary, he delights to get something fresh from an unexpected source, to discover and encourage new talent. Nearly every writer who has risen from obscurity, and scores who are still struggling to rise, can bear witness to this fact.

Yet it would be idle to deny the value of established literary reputation. Mr. Howells, Mr. Davis, and several others whom M. R. G. does not mention, find it easier to dispose of their wares than any beginner can expect to do. For this there are two reasons, one obvious to all who think, the other generally overlooked by the novice.

The obscure reason may be called the commercial one. It comes, not from the whim of soulless intermediaries, but from the will of the dear and great and wise Public. It may be that M. R. G. can write as good a novel as Thomas Hardy or Walter Besant; but either of these names will sell a certain number of copies, which that of M. R. G. unfortunately cannot do as yet. This is of necessity a primary consideration with the publisher: it is a vital fact in the case of books, and of all extended magazine fiction, whether brought out serially or entire: it has weight, though to a less extent, in determining the "availability" and value even of short articles. The editor may believe that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and be eager to recognize the merit of his latest contributor; but he would be a fool to ignore the fact that his public will turn at once to a story that bears the name of Stevenson or Kipling, or a copy of verse signed "Tennyson," and turn away from the lucubrations of Brown or Smith. (We mention Tennyson because all the great poets are dead, and have left the field to the little ones, who have their golden opportunity now. It is otherwise with prose.)

The other reason is the obvious one. The well-known writers have won their spurs; the young beginners have not. Doubtless, many squires may have in them better stuff than some knights: then let them go ahead and show it, and win the honors of knighthood. Doubtless, also, reputation, or its increase, sometimes comes by a lucky accident, as with Mr. Stockton's "The Lady, or the Tiger?" but Mr. Stockton had written other stories as good as this, and so deserved whatever access of fame came to him by sudden chance. Again, it may be admitted that some reputations are rather loud than deep: these are safe to be valued—in magazine offices, as by the discerning elsewhere—for about what they are worth. Some writers, whose productions (not always "dime-novels" or

"penny-dreadfuls" either) have sold by the scores of thousands, are never seen in the better sort of periodicals: they write for their own circles, which are not the most select. But the solid reputations stand for real ability of one sort or another—ability carefully practised and improved. Readers and editors alike know (as a rule) what to expect from these authors. They command extra prices, because they do better work than most of us. Their names have commercial value, because their pen-products are of intrinsic value: if not important—which they often are, in one way or another—they are at least acceptable. Let M. R. G. write as well as Mr. Howells or Mr. Davis, and she will before long be in as much demand.

But has not Mr. Howells said that the larger part of the contents of the magazines is done to order, or got by prearrangement, and not from volunteers? That refers to novels (most, not all of them), to extended sketches of travel like those of Mr. Kennan and the late Theodore Child, and to heavy articles on politics, finance, education, etc., which are naturally procured from experts. The estimate probably covers the space occupied by these, rather than the number of them. On the other hand, one or two periodicals of peculiar character are said to decline all unsolicited contributions. These aim either at a narrow and technical character, or at the sensation supposed to be produced by great names; yet their celebrities are not all of literary celebrity by any means. A purely or chiefly literary magazine which was open merely to already approved writers would deserve a speedy death.

Yet there would be excuse for the conductors of a periodical whose motto was "No outsiders need apply." They would save a good deal in the salaries of clerks and editors, in weary hours spent in entering, and examining, and checking off MSS. either wholly worthless or hopelessly unavailable, which come through the mail only to go back again, like "the King of France with twenty thousand men." For among the multitude of "eager pens" are many that will never be of use to their owners or to anybody else, unless in the way of keeping accounts, copying documents, and other business and domestic services; and many more that may be trained to more ambitious tasks in time, but certainly have not learned the trade of letters yet. Some of these aspirants do not know how to spell, or punctuate, or construct a sentence. Not a few are girls and boys barely out of school. Others have nothing more to show for their experience of life than pointless dulness and "the deadly commonplace." Others, again, write well enough for an average paper at a dollar or two per column, but by no means well enough to command the more liberal rates and reach the higher standards of a reputable monthly. And most of these—especially the youngest and least furnished—are satisfied that they are unappreciated geniuses, who would spring into fame at once but for the base envies, the nefarious combinations, of editors and older authors, who wickedly block the way.

These younger brethren and sisters ought to understand that not only ability is needed, but also common sense; that without tact, taste, management, and art there can be no real literary success. M. R. G. thinks that a new hand may "have a vein of unique originality, or a new and singular style of expression." So it might, and yet be far astray. Language has its rules, and "a new and singular style of expression" is apt to be a bad style. So thought and invention too have their rules, understood or not, which originality, or what aims to be such (whether unique or not), is liable to forget or override. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was original enough, but it was not exactly a success for all that.

Baudelaire was original, but decent people desire no more originality of that kind. If an author cannot keep within the limits prescribed by good morals, good taste, and sound reason, let him either refrain from writing or take the consequences. "The eager pen" of youth, in its anxious pursuit of originality, often forgets to inquire whether a point is worth making or is fit to be made; but judicious readers are not equally forgetful.

The complaint of the barred-out, being analyzed, resolves itself into two. First, that a stern and narrow conventionalism prevails among the middlemen who have to pass on their offerings. There is some truth in this: originality is desired, but originality on approved lines and to approved results. When an editor or publisher returns your MS. as able but too startling, it does not necessarily mean that he personally is frightened by it, but that he fears his customers might not like it. The remedy for that woe is simple: acquaint yourself with the character and scope of the publications you are aiming at, and send your offspring to such as are more open-minded. You might as well offer a free-trade argument to a protectionist newspaper as attack a highly conservative magazine with a story which disregards literary canons or social traditions. There are publications which are all for sensation—of any kind: if none of them will have your work, select a new subject and try a different style. It is a free country, and you can't force people to buy or print or read your productions; if they will not do it willingly, you have no remedy, though you were a new Shakespeare.

The other grievance is this: that MSS. from unknown hands are hastily and carelessly examined (if at all), purely for form's sake, and probably by some dull assistant, who knows not good from bad. This may possibly be the case in some badly-managed offices; but the idea of course is that the sub rejects only the chaff, and hands up all possibly good grain to his chief. If M. R. G. or any one else is satisfied that "no attention" has been bestowed upon a deserving MS., the only remedy is to expose the guilty editor. If the complainant will then take charge of the office, he or she will soon give rise to other complaints of the same kind, and discover that writers are usually the worst critics of their own productions. There is no infallibility beneath the skies; some dispassionate person has to pass upon the value of the MSS. offered abundantly by high and low, rich and poor, famous and obscure, instructed and ignorant; it is the editor's business to do this, and, even if he had no special aptitude for his work at the start, he is likely to gain a tolerable knowledge of his trade in time, like Cooper's surgeon in "The Pioneers," by practising it.

It is often supposed that the known writers block the way for the unknown ones, so that there is "no room" for new arrivals. That is true in a way, of course; but it is equally true that the new-comers get in each other's way,—much as the loafers and loungers in a crowded street impede the progress of those who have the ability and will to move on more rapidly. There are so many mere pretenders and dabblers—so large a proportion of the MSS. sent in to any office is useless—that the presumption is heavily against any offering from an unknown source, and it is no wonder if good grain is sometimes overlooked in the mass of bad. The burden of proof rests on the new writer: he has to show that he is different from the herd. If he has the right stuff in him, and keeps on trying, he is likely to be detected sooner or later.

Books of the Month.

Two Offenders: An Ingrate. An Assassin. By Ouida.

"In Memory of Guy de Maupassant" is the inscription with which this last volume of Ouida opens, and in these few words we have the key-note of the pathetic tales which follow. Those who have read Maupassant's short stories for their infinite art and admirable fidelity to life will recognize in *Two Offenders* the serious vein of the talented Frenchman adapted to Mademoiselle de la Ramé's own sympathetic methods. The combination is one of irresistible charm, for no author of the generation has written stories of child-life more moving than Ouida, and none has pictured the toil and sweat of peasant-life in France more feelingly than Maupassant. These two elements make up the touching records of *An Ingrate* and *An Assassin*, the novelettes brought together in the single volume before us.

The first story is of a painter of genius whose most notable work was long ago bought for the Luxembourg, the highest honor in a French artist's life. In his old age, poverty has overtaken him. He lives in a garret with a little grandson and a pet dog; but a philanthropic institution seeks him out and thrusts its charities upon him to the undoing of his life. *An Assassin* deals with the hard existence of a peasant farmer of Italy. His family is large, vain, and idle, and his wife has brought him an illegitimate son by a land-owner of the neighborhood. This shallow coward wins the heart of Abbondio's little niece, whom he loved better than his own brood, and remorselessly ruins her, whereupon the life-long patience of Abbondio gives way, and, at last, he "struck through flesh and bone and muscle, straight to the heart of the wretch whom he had sheltered so many years." But "when justice is ever done, it always comes too late," and the heart of the reader grows sore over the sufferings of Abbondio Castellani's little household.

These delightful tales are full of the tender pathos which characterizes their author at her very best. They are handsomely published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., and will take rank with the most brilliant of their predecessors.

Early Sketches of George Washington. Reprinted with Biographical and Bibliographical Notes. By William S. Baker.

The personal views of every historian must, in a measure, bias his outlook. The value of evidence is as variable as human vision, and hence there is no history untinged by its author's personal convictions. This has driven many readers to prefer biography to history; and, better still, it has given rise to a class of books such as those by Mr. William S. Baker, the specialist in Washingtoniana, which bring into conjunction the materials out of which histories are made, and furnish the reader with impartial data upon which to found opinions of his own. Mr. Baker is a past-master in this craft. His instinct in giving needed information is unerring; and those whose good luck it is to secure one of the two hundred and fifty copies of *Early Sketches of George Washington* will find that these descriptions of Washington's personality provide elements from which a more human and tangible figure may be built up than any hitherto pictured by writers of history. It could be wished that Mr. Baker's wide knowledge might one day result in a biography of Washington based on the comparative method exem-

plified in the present volume, which is one of the handsomest of the recent Lippincott publications.

A Tragic Blunder.
By Mrs. Lovett
Cameron.

It would be hard to find, up and down the list of present-day fiction, a better story than *A Tragic Blunder*, just issued by the Lippincotts. The plot has the essentials of mystery and reality mingled with the utmost skill, together with that alluring quality which carries the reader on to the very last page. Mrs. Lovett Cameron has never written a brighter book, and to say this is to say all things in its favor. In *A Tragic Blunder* the course of true love runs by no means smooth; but it begins with a country idyl on the Thames which is in charming contrast with the grim fate that presently befalls the hero. His love is only just uttered and accepted when he is called away, and, by a very plausible accident, loses his memory and almost his life. Before his return to mental health he marries a woman whom he does not love, and the tragedy of the situation when his memory returns is evident.

Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons. By James Boaden. With Portrait.

The memory of Mrs. Siddons, "the greatest actress of any times," has taken on a halo, born of the regard and worship of contemporaries, and the reverence of all who have written of her since. Perhaps the fullest and most acceptable biography of this great tragédienne is that by James Boaden, the associate and biographer of her brother and of herself, and an enthusiastic lover of the stage, who died in 1839. This interesting work, which is as much a record of the English theatre in the first quarter of this century as a biography of Mrs. Siddons, has now been reissued by the J. B. Lippincott Co. in a limited edition of rare beauty, embellished with photogravures after Reynolds and Gainsborough, and in all respects rendered appreciable to bibliophiles.

An Introduction to Midwifery. By Archibald Donald, M.A., M.D., etc.

A valuable contribution to the practice of obstetrics is this *Introduction to Midwifery* by the learned author, Dr. Archibald Donald, who is a recognized authority on both sides of the Atlantic. The sub-title of the volume, issued by the Lippincotts, is *A Hand-Book for Medical Students and Midwives*, and this aim is thoroughly fulfilled in the contents and abundant illustrations. Even a layman may pick up from so lucid and direct an exposition of the subject knowledge sufficient to equip him for service; but to the midwife or student the book will be an invaluable companion.

Animal and Vegetable Fixed Oils, Fats, Butters, and Waxes: their Preparation and Properties. By O. R. Alder Wright, D.Sc., B.Sc., F.R.S., etc.

It would be hard to find a technical volume more comprehensive, and more substantial both in contents and in appearance, than this entitled *Animal and Vegetable Fixed Oils, Fats, Butters, and Waxes*, just put forth through the Messrs. Lippincott. The five hundred and sixty-nine octavo pages contain the last word upon a commercial product of the widest importance in modern life. The scientific author has exhausted the literature bearing upon the subject and has drawn upon his own very large theoretic experience; but, further than this, he has called to his aid some of the most extensive manufacturers in England, who have given him practical information and furnished diagrams of the most advanced machinery.

CURRENT NOTES.

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

WASHINGTON'S CABIN.—There are few buildings that attract the admirers of Washington that have more of interest in them than a decaying cabin which stands alone in an old pasture-field a half-mile from Berryville, in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

The old cabin was the home of Washington when he was a surveyor. He came here direct from the maternal roof to begin the arduous and, at the time, dangerous work of surveying the lands of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, who owned all the northern part of Virginia under the king's patent: the work was arduous because of the physical aspect of the country, then a dense wilderness, and dangerous because of the character of the inhabitants, who were principally Indians, or scarcely less wild trappers or squatters upon his lordship's domain.

Washington had been selected by the nobleman because of his belief in the youth's ability to cope with these elements, says the *Washington Post*, early in 1748, just after the completion of his sixteenth year, his only companion being George William Fairfax, nephew of old Lord Thomas.

Whether these boys erected the building or found it already in place, history does not state, but well-authenticated tradition says that they built it themselves. That they used it for an office, kept their instruments there, and slept in the upper room, there is ample proof.—*Boston Traveller*.

MRS. NOEAR.—“Do you think my daughter will be a musician?”

Professor.—“I gant zay, madame. She may. She dell me she gome of a long-lived vamily.”

WISCONSIN'S INDIANS.—In 1836, when Wisconsin was organized as a Territory, the civilized tribes of Indians living in Wisconsin were the Brothertowns, the Stockbridges, and the Oneidas. The two former were located on Lake Winnebago in Calumet County. By acts of Congress all the Brothertowns and a part of the Stockbridges were made citizens of the United States.

The uncivilized Indians were the Pottawatomies and the Winnebagoes.

We live in what was the Menominee Indian country in 1836. At that time they could muster at least two thousand warriors. Now they are civilized. They furnished many excellent soldiers for the Union army, and that service accelerated the civilization of the tribe. Probably they could not now furnish over three hundred men fit for military service.

The Chippewas diminish less rapidly, but the Pottawatomies are nearly extinct in this State. The Winnebagoes were sent to Nebraska, but several bands returned and have homestead lands in Northwest Wisconsin. They do not progress much in the direction of civilization.—*Appleton (Wis.) Crescent*.

THE Scriptures were first written on skins, linen cloth, or papyrus, and rolled up as we roll engravings. The Old Testament was written in the old Hebrew character,—an offshoot of the Phœnician. It was a symbol language, as written, having no vowels. The consonants only were written, and the vowel sound supplied by the voice. The words ran together in a continuous line. After the Hebrew became a dead language vowels were supplied to preserve usage, which was passing away. After the Babylonish captivity the written Hebrew was modified by the Aramaic, and schools of reading taught the accent and emphasis. Then came the separation of words from each other, then division into verses.—*St. Louis Republic*.



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that I have used the "Vin Mariani"
for many years. I consider it a
valuable stimulant, particularly serviceable.*

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Sir Morell Mackenzie*

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Public and Relig-
ious Institutions
everywhere.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

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ROOM IN TEXAS.—Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles. To the casual reader these figures may seem very little. They show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than fifty-four times as large as the State of Connecticut.

If it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg State, as given in the last census, at every trip, and upon its return to Connecticut there should be as many persons in the State as there were before the train left with its cargo, and if each person were placed upon an acre of ground upon his arrival in Texas, the train would be obliged to make two hundred and twenty-four trips, or to depopulate Connecticut two hundred and twenty-four times, before accomplishing its mission, and then there would remain in Texas 703,808 empty acres.

If the entire State of Texas were planted with corn and the hills were two feet apart and the rows were three feet apart, and if every man, woman, and child in the State of Connecticut were set to work in the field to hoe the corn, and each person were able to and did hoe two hills in five minutes, it would take this army of laborers seven years, two hundred and eighty days, and seven hours to hoe every hill of corn in the State, laboring continuously day and night, three hundred and sixty-five days each year.

The man who fears that he could not elbow his way around in the crowded West without chafing the nap of his coat-sleeves may gather some solace from the statement that the entire population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 souls, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half-acre lot, and there would still remain 50,000,000 vacant lots.—*Memphis Appeal-Avalanche*.

SLIGHTLY AMBIGUOUS.—Dabble.—“How do you like *The Aurora* since I took charge of it?”

Dibble.—“It is just such a paper as I should expect you to get out.”—*Boston Transcript*.

MILK AND THUNDER.—Science has disproved the rural belief that thunder sours milk. It is now known that the souring results from a fungous growth, and that this fungus is peculiarly fatal to nursing children. The old-time rural belief was that the concussion from thunder acted mechanically upon the milk, and first soured and then solidified it. The theory is a plausible one, easily derived from observing one set of facts without knowing about the existence of others more important to the situation. It happens that milk does sour during or just after thunder-storms, because the atmospheric conditions then prevailing are usually of a kind favorable to the rapid development of the fungous growth that sours milk.—*New Albany Ledger*.

TEN CHANCES TO ONE!—If you are feeling nervous, low-spirited, have a headache, sour stomach, growing thin, feeling weak, can't sleep, catch cold easily, you will be scared by reading some frightful tale into believing that you have consumption, grip, or are threatened with nervous prostration; don't you believe it. A disordered stomach will cause all of those difficulties, and more too. Burnham's Clam Bouillon is a delicious food, that is better than drugging. Diet on it for three days, and if your case is chronic, use it longer. You will discover its wonderful curative properties and enjoy the process.

USE POND'S EXTRACT

FOR
PILES
BURNS
SORE
EYES
WOUNDS
SORES
Headache
AND
ALL
PAIN

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that **RHEUMATISM** so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with **POND'S EXTRACT**, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the **POND'S EXTRACT** try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

FOR
COLDS
CUTS
BRUISES
SPRAINS
SORE
THROAT
Catarrh
AND
AFTER
SHAVING

QUINA-LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron
AND
Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 35 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.



Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,
INDIGESTION,
FEVER and AGUE.
NEURALGIA,
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POORNESS of BLOOD,
WASTING DISEASES,
and
RETARDED
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As a result of the recent publication of cheap editions of the "Scarlet Letter," Mr. Julian Hawthorne is reported to have received a number of encouraging letters from people who "discover in this powerful if improbable story" the promise of "extraordinary work in the future."

EYES OF DEEP-SEA FISH.—The eyes of deep-sea fish are very varied: some have neither eyes nor sight; others have greatly-enlarged eyeballs, so as to catch the least glimpse of light. Their eyes tend either to disappear or to be unusually efficient; but since no trace of sunlight can penetrate to any great depth, and it is probably quite dark beyond a depth of some two hundred fathoms, of what use can eyes be?

Fish have been captured at a depth of nearly three thousand fathoms, where there must be not only absolute stillness, but also total darkness, except for the fact that some of these deep-sea creatures are phosphorescent, and therefore luminous. This fact was first ascertained in the Challenger expedition. Since then Mr. Alcock, of the Indian Marine Survey, has found that some deep-sea crustaceans have a similar power, one large prawn quite lighting up a bucketful of water in which it was placed. Fish with large eyes have therefore a better chance of finding food (and mates), but they cannot wholly depend upon sight, since some have quite abandoned all attempts to see.

Some, again, have luminous organs on their head or body or tail, which are under their control, so that they can actually throw light at pleasure on their prey or extinguish it in times of danger. Thus the angler, among others, attracts its prey by means of these colored lures or phosphorescent lights. It has been well said that these "vast profounds of the deep have become a sort of almshouse or asylum, whereunto antiquated forms have retired, and amid the changeless environment have dwelt for ages unaltered."—*Chambers's Journal*.

EDUCATIONAL NOTE.—The German students are not required to attend the lectures unless they feel disposed to do so. A stranger in a German university city asks a young man,—

"Where is the university building?"

"I really don't know. I am a student here myself."—*Texas Siftings*.

SIR JOHN LENG AND HIS NEWSPAPERS.—Sir John Leng has done wonderful things with his Scotch newspapers on *The Dundee Advertiser* and its offspring. *The People's Journal*, which belongs to him, is a popular weekly newspaper in which general news is combined with literary features. Certain pages of the paper are reserved for local news and local advertisements, which, of course, vary according to the district in which the particular edition of the paper is circulating. In this way the paper is in one part of its composition one newspaper of immense circulation. In another sense *The People's Journal* is really made up of numerous papers. It has offices and local reporting corps in various head centres of the districts for which the newspaper is separately issued; but all the printing is done at head-quarters. The paper issues from one of the finest newspaper offices in the kingdom. Here also is printed *The People's Friend*, a purely literary paper by which much literary talent has been discovered and encouraged by Sir John Leng. He is a man of wonderful activity and public spirit, and now he very fitly represents Dundee in Parliament.—*Providence Journal*.

It Knocks At Your Door.



A true improvement always receives a welcome in the average American home, the most home-like home in the world. The coal stove, the gas, the water, the sewing machine and the clothes wringer have found an entrance everywhere. Another candidate now appears. It is

Cottolene

the new vegetable shortening and substitute for lard. Thousands have found this as great a blessing as its predecessors. It is now at your door. Will you accept its proffer of better cooking in your kitchen, better food

on your table, better health in your household? It is sold in three and five pound pails by all grocers. Beware of imitations. Genuine made only by



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

New York Office, Produce Exchange.

IT WAS CONVENIENT TO HER.—“Miss Gilgal,” he said, as he led her to a chair after the dance, “I crave permission to call upon you.”

“It is granted with pleasure,” she replied, graciously.

“What evening would it be convenient for me to come?”

“Oh,—let me see. Say next Tuesday.”

“Thanks, awfully.”

At eight o'clock on the evening named, Mr. Cosset, faultlessly attired, presented himself at the door of the Gilgal mansion and expressed his wish to see the daughter of the house.

“Miss Gilgal is not at home.”

“Awfully sorry! I'll leave my card.”

He left his card, and then left himself, thinking it was a trifle odd, but that perhaps Miss Gilgal had forgotten.

They met again in a week or two, and the young man remarked,—

“Oh—er—Miss Gilgal, I called at your house.”

“How kind of you, Mr. Cosset! I received your card after I returned home from the opera.”

“But, if you remember, you said it would be convenient for me to call on that evening.”

“Yes, I remember,” said the sweet girl. “I hope you found it so.”—*Vogue*.

A SUGGESTION ABOUT CALLING CARDS.—A Boston woman who has evidently been clearing out her card-receivers finds herself in print with the following suggestion: “I am going to propose among my friends a sort of exchange. Why shouldn't we save one another's cards and once a year sort them up and mail them back to our intimates at least? I am sure I would be very glad to get mine, and if one makes as many calls as I do the card bill is no mean item.”—*New York Times*.

A ROSE-JAR RECIPE.—I do not refer to the dry, soapy-smelling article of commerce labelled “Tea-Rose Potpourri from Japan,” but to the old-fashioned “rose-jar,” made from your own garden roses, blended with a sufficiency of other sweets to hold its perfume immutable. It is difficult to give a precise recipe for a rose potpourri, for no two ever turn out quite alike. I would say, however, with fat old Baron Brisse in the preface to an *entrée* in his “Petite Cuisine,” “There is a certain point in this preparation rather difficult to seize; but this is the way to set about it in order to be complimented.” The roses employed should be just blown, of the sweetest-smelling kinds, gathered in as dry a state as possible. After each gathering spread out the petals on a sheet of paper, and leave until free from all moisture; then place a layer of petals in the jar, sprinkling with coarse salt; then another layer and salt, alternating until the jar is full. Leave for a few days, or until a broth is formed; then incorporate thoroughly, and add more petals and salt, mixing daily for a week, when fragrant gums and spices should be added, such as benzoin, storax, cassia buds, cinnamon, cloves, cardamom, and vanilla bean. Mix again, and leave for a few days, when add essential oil of jasmine, violet, tuberose, and attar of roses, together with a hint of ambergris or musk in mixture with the flower ottos to fix the odor. Spices, such as cloves, should be sparingly used. A rose potpourri thus combined, without parsimony in supplying the flower ottos, will be found in the fullest sense a joy forever.—*The Garden's Story*.

HEALTHY FLESH

is a storehouse of latent vital strength which comes to the rescue in time of need. Losing flesh shows that there is a demand made for vital energy. Something is wrong.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, gives the system the nourishment it requires, and thus restores a normal condition. Thin, angular women need it. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Coughs and Colds,

Throat and Lung Troubles, Blood Diseases and Emaciation—all give way to Scott's Emulsion.

Don't be Deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New-York City. Druggists sell it.

"FATHER WINTER."—The Chamber has lost an original character in the person of M. de Gaste, deputy for Brest. He was a simple, honest fellow, and enjoyed the esteem not only of his colleagues of the Left, but also of his adversaries on the Right. He made himself celebrated by his everlasting fur coat, which he wore in all seasons, and which earned for him the name of "Père Hiver." He was likewise irreverently called "L'Homme-Chien," on account of his shaggy hair and whiskers, which he allowed to grow in wild confusion and made him look like a Skye terrier. His umbrella, his hat, and particularly the cut of his clothes, also rendered him famous. His colleagues smiled, but liked him none the less for his eccentricities. He had one great day in the Chamber, when as *doyen d'âge* in the place of M. Pierre Blanc, who was unwell, he presided over the first sitting of the session. On that occasion he delivered a speech in which he embraced every political question under the sun, and might have gone on occupying the House till doomsday had he not found it suddenly empty. He was most assiduous, arriving the first and leaving the last. He was born in 1811, and was originally a civil engineer of the first class. Unlike most of his Republican colleagues, he was a staunch Catholic. Every day, as regular as clock-work, he would mount the tribune and bring forward some unexpected motion which, much to his sorrow, was invariably shelved. Once, however, his motion was passed, and nobody was more surprised than himself. Of latter years he took to female emancipation, and attended the meetings of the strong-minded sisterhood, to which two of his daughters belong. At home in his native Brittany he was beloved by all for his generosity and the pleasure he took in doing service to his fellow-countrymen. His curious figure will long be remembered.—*London Globe.*

IN THE CEMETERY.—Tommy.—"All these people haven't gone to heaven, auntie."

Aunt.—"Hush, Tommy! Why do you say that?"

Tommy.—"Because I read on some of the tombstones, 'Peace to his ashes;' and they don't have ashes only where it's very hot."—*Ally Sloper.*

THE PLACE OF HAPPINESS.

In dreams an errant knight I seem to be;
Through deserts, under suns, by night obscure,
Love's paladin, I search for eagerly
The enchanted house of Happiness secure.

But now I'm faint, and worn, and like to flee,
My sword is broken, and my mail unsure. . . .
When, lo! I sight it shining, suddenly,
In all its pomp and airy formosure.

With many a blow I strike the gate, and cry,
"The Wanderer, the Disherited am I: . . .
Ye gates of gold, to my complaining ope!"

With a loud noise the golden gates fly wide. . . .
What faces me, o'ercome by grief, inside?
But death-like quiet and darkness without hope.

From the Portuguese of Anthero de Quental.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	colic	shortness of breath
indigestion (dyspepsia)	piles (hemorrhoids)	(dyspnoea)
sour stomach	backache	pain or oppression
sickness at the stomach	pain in the side	around the heart
(nausea)	drowsiness	fluttering of the heart
vomiting	sleeplessness (insomnia)	(palpitation)
heartburn	nightmare	irritability
water brash	hot and throbbing head	nervousness
loss of appetite (an-	coldness of hands and	depression of spirits
orexia)	feet	great mental depression
coated tongue	hot skin	general debility
bad taste in the mouth	dizziness (vertigo)	faintness
wind on the stomach	sick headache (megrin	exhaustion
(flatulence)	or hemicrania)	listlessness
torpid liver	nervous headache	weakness
jaundice	dull headache	poverty of the blood
bellyache	fulness of the stomach	(anaemia)
cramps	(distention)	pallor

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of most of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially in women; and it can all be prevented. They who call the cure for constipation a cure-all, are only half-wrong after all.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal Street, New York, for a little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents a box.

HOW TO TAKE THEM

First night, take one at bedtime. If this does not empty the bowels freely, the second night take two. If this fails the third night take three, and so on; for a child old enough to swallow a pill, one pill is the dose.

The object, in the beginning, is to empty the bowels freely.

The dose to go on with is generally one or

two pills; but a person very hard to move may require as many as eight for several nights in succession.

The nightly dose should be diminished gradually until a night can be skipped without missing the stool next morning.

The object now is to keep the bowels regular. The pills do that, if enough and not too many are taken. They do more. See that list at the top of the page.

A BIT OF REALISTIC ACTING.—Henry Irving's story of Charlotte Cushman gives you a better idea of the methods and style of this great artist than a dozen impersonal and well-padded essays would. She was acting Meg Merri-
 lies. In one scene, in answer to her appeal for money, he, personating an important character in the piece, hands her his purse filled with the broken crockery which is generally used for stage gold. One day Miss Cushman suggested gently to him the superior realism of opening the purse, selecting a coin, and giving it to her. No matter how magnificent it might look, it was hardly natural for a gentleman to hand over a purse full of money to a crazy beggar.
 —*San Francisco Argonaut.*

TRICKS OF ANCIENT GOLD-WORKERS.—There is a papyrus which gives recipes for various alloys used in the manufacture of cups and vases, for making gold and silver ink, for gilding and silvering, and for testing the purity of precious metals. Other recipes teach the method of falsifying them by adding baser metals,—an operation called *diplosis*, or doubling, for the mass of the gold and silver was doubled, while their color remained unchanged, and, as the compiler of the manual remarks, a skilled workman would find it difficult, or even impossible, to detect the fraud.

The recipes which recur most frequently describe various modes of preparing *asem*, a word which originally meant a natural alloy of gold and silver known to the Greeks as *electrum*. It was at first looked upon as a distinct metal, was considered sacred to Jupiter and was designated by the sign of that planet, but at a later period the name was applied to all alloys, and M. Berthelot remarks that in this fact seems to lie the explanation of the origin of alchemy. Both gold and silver could be extracted from genuine *asem*, and it seemed as though it could be changed at the will of the operator into either one or the other; it could also be made artificially by mingling gold and silver, or closely imitated by some of the numerous alloys, eleven or twelve varieties of which are described in the papyrus of Leyden.—*Edinburgh Review.*

HERE is some pleasant information for the unsuccessful novelist with high ideals of literary art. Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" is actually in its two-hundred-and-seventy-fifth thousand, and her "Channings" is in its one-hundredth thousand. Her other books taper down the list from the sixtieth thousand to nothing less than ten thousand. What does the unsuccessful novelist say to that?—*New York Tribune.*

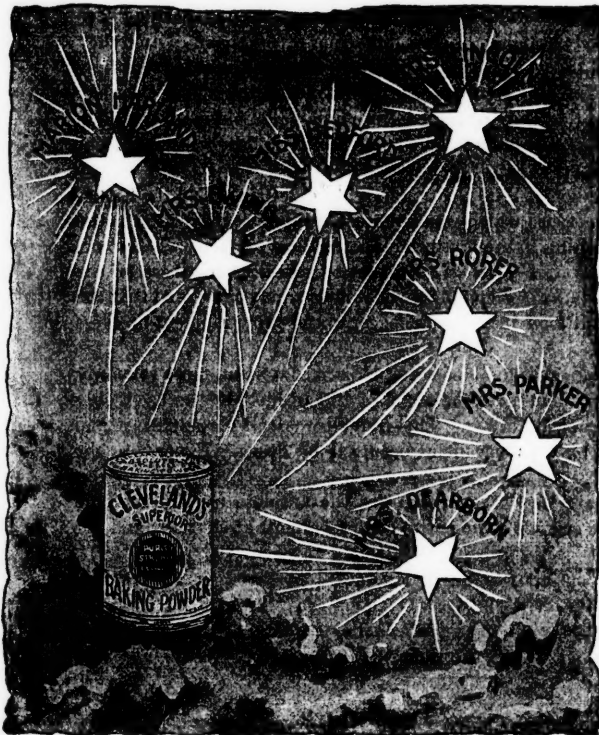
A COLLECTOR.—In Budapest, says our Vienna correspondent, lives an old tailor whose business it is to mend uniforms. His great wish when he was young was to serve in the army, but he is so diminutive in size that he was refused. To get over his disappointment he became an army tailor, and began to collect military relics, of which his little house is so full that there is scarcely any room left for himself and his small wife. Archduke Eugen discovered him some time ago, and told the aged Field-Marshal Archduke Albrecht about him. When he went to Budapest on Saturday the two archdukes visited the tiny tailor together, and made him tell his story and show his treasures. It was the happiest day of his life, and Archduke Eugen's order of a uniform delighted him hardly less than Archduke Albrecht's sending him his photograph and a purse of gold.—*London Daily News.*

Recipes for February.

Pompton Puffs.—By *Marion Harland*. 3 cups of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 heaping teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the frothed whites. Whip high and light and bake in cups in a quick oven.

Doughnuts.—By *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing*. Sift together 3 cups of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cup of granulated sugar and 3 teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ a cupful of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter over a well-beaten egg. Mix these ingredients into a very smooth dough. Roll out, cut into any form desired, and fry in boiling cottolene or lard.

A Bright Galaxy of Stars in the Domestic Firmament Shines Approval on Cleveland's Baking Powder



MARION HARLAND, *Author of "Common Sense in the Household"*
 MRS. CARRIE M. DEARBORN, *Late Principal of Boston Cooking School*
 MRS. S. T. RORER, *Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School*
 MRS. D. A. LINCOLN, *Author Boston Cook Book*
 MRS. EMMA P. EWING, *Principal Chautauqua Cooking School*
 MISS CORNELIA CAMPBELL BEDFORD, *Supt. New York Cooking School*
 MRS. ELIZA R. PARKER, *Author of "Economical Housekeeping,"*
 and all leading teachers of cookery and writers on Domestic
 Science use Cleveland's baking powder in their work.

Pot Pie Dumplings.—By *Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn*.

Mix and sift together 1 pint pastry flour, 1 heaping tea sp. Cleveland's Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tea sp. salt. Beat 1 egg until thick and light, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, stir this into the dry mixture, and enough more water to make a dough stiff enough to hold its shape when dropped from the spoon.

Drop the dumplings on a plate a little distance apart and cook in a closely covered steamer for fifteen minutes; or, drop them on top of the boiling stew and cook for the same length of time. The secret of having them light and tender lies in their not being disturbed while cooking, and in not having much liquid around them, if cooked on top of the stew. (Copyright, 1891.)

Waffles.—By *Mrs. Lincoln*.

Stir 1 tea sp. Cleveland's baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tea sp. salt into 1 pint sifted flour. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs light, add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk; stir this into the flour mixture. Then add 1 rounding table sp. butter, melted, and lastly the whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff. Give the batter a vigorous beating before filling the waffle iron. Have the iron hot, and grease both griddles with a small piece of butter twisted in a bit of clean cloth. Pour the mixture into the centre of the griddle over the fire, letting it come nearly to the edge. Drop the cover over the waffle, cook one or two minutes, then invert the iron and cook a little longer on the other side. Beat the batter and grease the iron for every waffle. Serve with butter and maple syrup or sugar. (Copyright.)

Our Cook Book Contains

400 Recipes

Free Send stamp and address

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
 82 Fulton St., New York

A DUPLICATION.—“Mr. Liner,” said the editor to his new reporter, “be careful to avoid tautology.”

“Yes, sir.”

“In this report you speak of Mr. Darley as a wealthy and influential man.”

—*Truth.*

A SNAKE STORY.—It is not generally known that the James River valley was once the home of the only species of snake which ever furnished an abundant and nutritious supply of food for the use of man. Recent and most exhaustive investigation proves it to be true. This valley, in which no snake is now found, was once full of a species of serpent called by the Sioux Indians the “food snake,” by reason of the size and delicious flavor of its eggs.

By untold dozens these eggs were laid in pits hollowed out of the soil for their reception. As a rule, the pits were from five to eight feet deep, eighteen inches in diameter, and contained from one hundred to two hundred eggs, snugly packed at the bottom and covered with dry grass and leaves. The eggs were a little larger than those of the domestic hen, and more palatable, but deadly poisonous.

Many of the Sioux, tempted by hunger, died from eating them. Often they were purposely exposed to the discovery of invading enemies in order that they should eat and die. Not only were these eggs imbued with poison, but they were equally peculiar in that they remained fresh and palatable in all weathers for thirteen years, and were finally hatched by the cold of the winter and not by the heat of the summer.

Three hundred years ago, Blue Goose, a mighty chieftain, ruled the Sioux. His wife discovered a mixture which was a perfect antidote to the poison in the eggs. The simplest washing in the mixture rendered them perfectly wholesome.

Blue Goose was a lover of war. He saw that by revealing the secret of the antidote the hunting of buffalo, then numerous, would largely cease, and that the people, finding abundant food in the snake eggs, would grow indolent and less warlike.

He therefore formed a council of several discreet women, most solemnly pledged to retain among themselves the secret of the antidote and to use it only in times of famine or defeat in war. This council was self-perpetuating, and elected new members only as vacancies occurred by death. Never was the secret betrayed.

Indian tradition says that seven times was the antidote used in times of need, when a pestilence swept off the entire country almost at a stroke, and the secret was lost.

The race of food snakes was never reconciled to this loss, and rapidly dwindled away. They utterly disappeared about the year 1820. It is interesting to note that the last place at which either the snakes or their nests were found was in the timber along the James River at Rondell.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

NO NEED OF PRAYER.—Deacon Ebony.—“I hab not seen you at ouah reviverl meetin's, Mistah Black.”

Mistah Black.—“Wot foh I want ob reviverl meetin's?”

“Don't you ebber pray?”

“No. I carry er rabbit's foot.”—*New York Weekly.*

The Crèche at the World's Fair.



10,000 Babies

Were cared for at *THE CRÈCHE* in the Children's Building at the World's Fair. They were fed exclusively on the only perfect substitute for mother's milk—**MELLIN'S FOOD**. The Highest Award given at the World's Fair for Infants' Food was received by

MELLIN'S FOOD.

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A., Oct. 14, 1893.

To *The Doliber-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.*

MELLIN'S FOOD is used in the Children's Building at the World's Fair, for feeding infants that are left at the Crèche. No other Infants' Food is used. After a fair trial of the other Foods, I find MELLIN'S FOOD gives the best satisfaction. I confidently recommend it to all mothers.

(Miss) Mary Hall.

*Matron of the Crèche and Day Nursery Exhibit, World's Fair, Chicago,
and of the Virginia Day Nursery, New York City.*

THE CANNON-BALL-TREE.—In British Guiana there grows a tree which is one of the myrtle family and closely related to the Brazil-nut-tree. It attains a height of from eighty to one hundred feet, and has no branches on its straight stem, the diameter of which may be as much as two feet. The tree is called the cannon-ball-tree because its fruit is a large brown globe as big as and not unlike a thirty-two-pound shot. The shell is often used as a drinking-dish, and its contents are eatable.

MEDALS FOR BRAVERY IN PAWN.—The student of human nature will find a good deal of food for moralizing by the study of a pawnbroker's window and the forfeited pledges displayed there. One exhibit I noticed in such a place the other day set me thinking of the straits that one man must have been reduced to to part with what must have been won by signal bravery and perhaps a wonderful display of valor in the face of death. The exhibit consisted of three medals,—one a Lucknow medal, another the Sebastopol medal, and the third a Balaklava medal,—and they had once belonged to a soldier of the Ninety-ninth British Light Infantry. Here was a man who perhaps was with Sir Henry Havelock at the relief of Lucknow, who may have ridden with Lord Cardigan and the famous six hundred in the charge at Balaklava, and who doubtless participated in the storming of Sebastopol, and who had been reduced to the necessity of raising the wind on the medals that testified to what he had done for his country.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

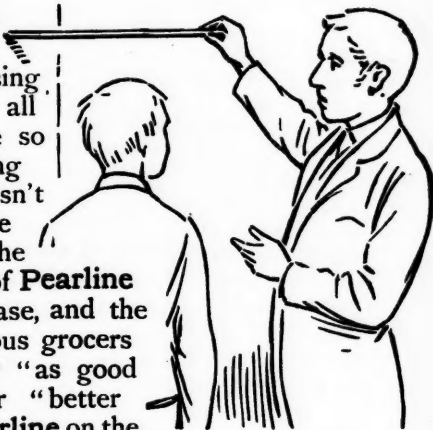
KEEPING ONE'S YOUTH.—There is a man in this town who is over fifty years old, and he looks thirty-five. His face is smooth, his eyes clear, and not a hair is white. It is true he lives a quiet life, and his pursuits are sedentary, but he attributes the continuation of youth to five-minute naps. "I cultivated the habit of sleeping off-hand when I was a youngster," he says, "and have kept it up ever since. I don't go to bed or lie down when I want a nap, but as soon as I feel drowsy I put my elbow on the back of my chair, rest my head upon my hand, and go off sound for five minutes. When I wake up, I am in first-class trim again. I have got so used to that way of napping that if I lie down I am wide awake in an instant."—*New York Sun*.

THE FIRST POSTS.—The first posts are said to have originated with the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B.C., who erected post-houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B.C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A.D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post-houses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about two thousand years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on post-horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."—*Chambers's Journal*.

Not Up to the Mark

—that's the way with the imitations of **Pearline**. It isn't surprising that so great a household help in all washing and cleaning should be so largely imitated; it isn't surprising that these imitations fail; and it isn't surprising that they make still more popular the article on which the fraud is attempted. The merits of **Pearline** alone would make its sales increase, and the claims of peddlers and unscrupulous grocers that they have "the same as" or "as good as" **Pearline**—mind you, never "better than" **Pearline**—have placed **Pearline** on the top notch.



Beware

send it back.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—**JAMES PYLE, New York.**

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PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. of Philadelphia.

Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

TOO MANY to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and druggists.

"If your neighbor's dog injures one of your chickens you can collect damages, but if he injures one of your children you cannot. What is the moral of that?"

"Raise chickens."

BIRD-SLAUGHTER FOR MILLINERS.—Beyond all dispute an enormous traffic is now being carried on in birds' skins and colored feathers, of which London and Paris are the two great marts for the supply of all Europe. How vast and wholesale that traffic is let the following facts speak for themselves:

"I have known," says the Commissioner of Sind, 'thirty thousand black partridges killed in certain provinces, within but a few days, to supply skins for the European markets. Blue jays, golden orioles, and hoopoes are bought up in any number, at almost any price.' 'I have known,' says another well-known authority, 'a single bird-catcher, in the province of Lahore, snare two hundred kingfishers in the course of a month.'"

One famous dealer in London has been known to receive in one single consignment thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds, eighty thousand skins of different aquatic birds, and eight hundred thousand pairs of wings of different small and brilliantly-colored birds; while a similar Parisian dealer advertises for a contract to supply forty thousand for one special season. At one well-known auction-room in London not long since were sold four hundred and four thousand bird-skins from the West Indies and Brazil, as well as three hundred and fifty-six thousand from the East Indies. All these were of choice and brilliant colors, and designed for millinery purposes.

The slaughter that is going on abroad is only a type of what is being perpetrated at home by bird-catchers, some so-called sporting men, gamekeepers, and thousands of other nondescripts regularly engaged in this foul traffic, who are well paid for their work. For example, the great skua gull, now found in Great Britain at only three stations in the Shetland Isles, is continually slaughtered at all times and at all seasons, no one apparently being at hand to enforce obedience to the Birds' Protection Act even in close time.

The exquisite wings of the kittiwake (*Larus tridactylus*) are in great demand for ladies' bonnets, and therefore always command a high price. The consequence is that the first day of August, on which day the close time expires, is a grand field day of slaughter, to which thousands of miscreants rush with unusual eagerness. The eggs of the kittiwake are laid at the end of June, so that by the first week in August the young birds, not full fledged, are barely able to fly, though the plumage of the wings may be in full beauty, as the robbers at Lundy Island very well know.

Thousands are thus massacred at the very time when the young birds are most helpless and fall an easy prey to the powder or shot, stone or stick, of every assailant; the wings, it is said, being often torn away from living birds, who are left to die slowly of their wounds or by starvation. "I have known," says Mr. Yarrell, "nine thousand of these charming birds butchered in this fashion within a single fortnight."—*Edinburgh Review*.

TEACHER.—"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

Johnny.—"Yes'm. You're in a bad humor this morning, and you've got to lick some one before you'll feel satisfied."—*Life*.



"The Father and Mother of the Puppies."

Bell-cap-sic Plasters

support and strengthen weak, painful and TRED muscles—cure coughs and colds, and prevent dangerous complications—cure weak backs, and ACHING sides. In short, Bell-cap-sic Plasters stop pain by removing the cause. The genuine have a picture of a bell on the back cloth.

A colored oleograph of the above picture, 11x14 in., without advertising, mounted ready for framing, and a Bell-cap-sic Plaster sent post paid to any address on receipt of 50c. (stamps.) In writing, please specify "Father and Mother of the Puppies."



J.M.GROSVENOR & CO.
103 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

KREMLIN CREAM makes pearly white teeth. Sample sent free. J. M. Grosvenor & Co., Boston.

TEN REASONS FOR USING DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP.

THE REASON WHY

- | |
|--|
| it is best from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity. |
| it is unscented, is because nothing is used in its manufacture that must be hidden or disguised. |
| it is cheapest to use, is because it is harder and dryer than ordinary soap, and does not waste away; also because it is not filled with rosin and clay as make-weights. |
| no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it—it being absolutely pure, can do its own work. |
| it leaves clothes washed with it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them. |
| it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse. |
| three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap. |
| it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless. |
| we paid \$50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it. |
| so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality. |

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IN a recent *Contemporary Review* Père Hyacinthe says, "Wipe out the blots of human ignorance from our catechisms, our sacred biography, our theological treatises, so as to bring them abreast of the ascertained results of historic and prehistoric science. Woe to the churches that look behind them, like Lot's wife! They will become mere monuments of death."

CHEESE.—Our fathers used to play on their own account a great many fantastic tricks with their rare old Stiltons. Glasses of port or of burgundy were frequently poured into the cheese, and sometimes the article was placed under the tap of a cask of strong ale, so as to imbibe the droppings thereof, and there are even cases on record in which unscrupulous butlers have striven to enhance the mouldy aspect of the cheese by pushing into it corking-pins of brass or copper, thus engendering the perilous presence of verdigris. It is not quite impossible that some reason for the decline in the popularity of Stilton may be due to the circumstance that it was formerly almost invariably eaten to the accompaniment of port wine.

"A gentleman," observed Beau Brummel, "always ports with his cheese," and, port wine having gone to a great extent out of fashion since smoking after dinner became general at the very best tables, Stilton may have shared for a time in the temporary obscurity which darkens the bright chronicle of the vintage of Oporto. It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that whenever a parcel of remarkably fine port comes on the market it is at once eagerly purchased; and with regard to Stilton, who shall say that there are not yet secluded temples of gastronomy where hoary adepts treat the fine old cheese with all its traditional rites, including the moistenings by means of port wine and strong ale, but sternly prohibiting, it is to be hoped, the reprehensible practice of sticking a ripening cheese with corking-pins?—*London Telegraph*.

NO MORE CHEAP NECKTIES.—There is a married man in Detroit whose wife has long assumed the privilege of supplying his neckties. Whenever she came across a "your-choice-for-a-quarter" lot she would lay in a big supply, and the poor fellow always appeared in something that never satisfied his fastidious taste and was sure to be a back number. He bore the thing with Job-like patience until the other day, when he found a job lot of old-time spring hats for ladies. He took the whole outfit, and had them delivered at the house. There was blood on the moon and streaming tears for a time, but peace was finally restored and a contract entered into that the husband should select his own toggery and the wife confine herself to purchasing what her individual wardrobe may require.—*Detroit Free Press*.

REASONS FOR BEING THANKFUL.—Mrs. Wayback, in from Long Island, saw the picture of a four-legged girl displayed in front of a Bowery museum. "Thank the Lord," she says, "that my girls wasn't born that way. We never could 'a' kept 'em in stockings."

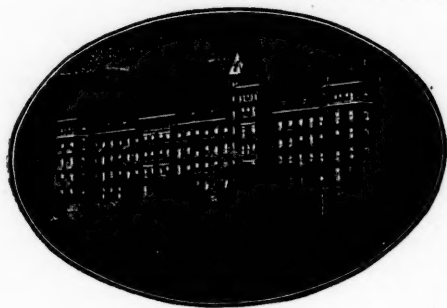
"How many daughters have you, madam?" the man who sat by her side ventured to inquire.

"Eight that ain't married," answered Mrs. Wayback.

"Four times eight is thirty-two," mused the man at Mrs. Wayback's side. "That would be tough on anybody who wasn't a millionaire."—*New York Times*.

The Jackson Sanatorium,

DANVILLE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.



ESTABLISHED 1858.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

Culinary Department under supervision of Mrs. Emma F. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School.

Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for health and beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone, etc.

For illustrated pamphlet, testimonials, and other information, address

Mention this Magazine. **J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, Danville, New York.**

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



GENUINE GUYOTS.—It goes without saying that the one ultra correct system of keeping your trousers in exactly the right position is by the use of the world-renowned and now internationally famous genuine Guyot suspenders.

Every intelligent man knows that his life can be made like his home—to be either a heaven or hell, according to the amount of comfort he knows how to get out of it. No article of wearing apparel is so conducive to perfect happiness as a perfect pair of suspenders. The button-holes will not tear; the movement is easy, light, and graceful, according to the wearer's motions, and they at once become a portion of the man himself.

Ostheimer Bros. are about to prosecute some fraudulent imitators, and dealers continue to abstain from buying any imitations of the popular Guyot suspenders.

PUGET SOUND FISH-STORIES.—Puget Sound swarms with fish. Wonderful stories are told of them. So plentiful are the salmon that during the season when they are running up the streams it is said they will rush up a brook so thickly as to wedge together and form a bridge that one can walk across. In jumping the falls of small creeks they often lacerate themselves terribly on sharp rocks. Salmon is the favorite fish of this country. Even the ladies like them. One old fisherman down on the wharf told how a lady up-town had a pet salmon. It stayed in a certain little cove. During the rainy season the lady would come each day to feed it with bread. When she would start back it would swim up the watery streets and follow her home, then swim down again to its little cove.

Very queer fish are caught in these waters. One kind is called candle-fish. It is dried and packed in boxes like candles. We are told the fishermen use them to light their homes, and that at one time all the boats on the Sound used them instead of sperm-oil lamps. By putting the head of the fish downward in a candlestick and lighting the tail, which, in conjunction with the backbone, acts as a wick, it burns like a candle. They eat this fish, and when cooking it is so fat it fries itself.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

PRECEPT versus PRACTICE.—Europe is peopled with nations who are professedly Christian, with the exception of the Turks in a small corner of the southeast, and peace on earth is one of the watchwords of the Christian creed. Yet it is unhappily the fact that in no quarter of the globe, not even among the most superstitious of savages or the most idolatrous of heathens, is there anything like the same gigantic and persistent preparation for taking human life that characterizes European civilization.—*London Telegraph*.

ALPHONSE DAUDET told an interviewer recently that he had a great admiration for the English people, as well as a great antipathy to them. "When I find myself in a railway-carriage with an Englishman," said he, "I feel as if I could—like this" (here the author struck out violently with both fists, as if pummelling a body). "Yes, I feel that I could give him this, and this," said the author, as he struck imaginary blows in the air. "He rasps my nerves."—*New York World*.

THE DOG SAVED HIS LIFE.—In the year 1758, when the English made an attack upon St. Malo, a French shepherd was compelled to act as guide to the Coldstream Guards, and purposely led them astray. General Vernon ordered him to be hanged. That officer used to say that he never witnessed anything more affecting than the efforts of the shepherd's dog to hinder the men from putting the rope round his master's neck. The executioner had no small difficulty in keeping the affectionate animal off, although assisted by two drummers who enjoyed the reputation of having been practised dog-stealers in Westminster.

"But John Bull is a poor creature when it comes to the pinch," General Vernon used to add when telling the story, "and I could not find it in my heart to put the stubborn fellow to death for his patriotism. So, after well frightening him, and almost breaking his heart by threatening to have his dog destroyed, I let him go, and the faithful creature with him."—*Naval and Military Sketch-Book*.

O SAY, can you see by the candle's dim light,
 What so badly I need for to-morrow's house-cleaning?
 I know if I have that, I'll get through by night!
 Yes it's 'that GOLD
 DUST POWDER'
 You well know my
 meaning!



With House-cleaning
 on hand.

There is nothing
 so handy
 as
 that
 great labor-saver

**Gold Dust
 Washing Powder.**

Sold
 Everywhere

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago.
 St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

THE C. H. & D. R. R. have issued a handsome panoramic view, five feet long, of Chicago and the World's Fair, showing relative heights of the principal buildings, etc., also a handsome photographic album of the World's Fair buildings, either of which will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address D. G. EDWARDS, General Passenger Agent World's Fair Route, 200 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR 'TATERS.—Farmer Begosh was nailing a picket to his fence when the huckster drove up. The conversation drifted from personal business to national topics.

"What kind of a currency basis do you favor?" asked the huckster.

"W-a-a-l," said Mr. Begosh, "I s'pose I'm no different from a hull lot of better known people in favorin' what I kin reach out and git the most of with the least trouble."

"Yer fur-silver, then, ain't ye?"

"Nope. I'm fur 'taters. I did expect ter be fur hay; but my 'taters has knocked my hay clean silly."—*Louisville Gazette.*

A MAN-EATER.—A young tigress had depopulated a district, killed dozens of men and women, and taken actual possession of a forest road and tract. She began her career in July by killing two women near a forest village, and by the end of the following December had slain at least thirty persons, becoming bolder and more cunning with each fresh murder. Her beat lay in some foothills, and she roamed over an area of twenty-five miles long by three or four broad.

The country was such that she could neither be tracked for any distance nor driven forth by beaters. She would not kill a tied buffalo, nor would she go back to a corpse if once disturbed. She became at last so bold that she would in open daylight carry off men and women when cutting crops in the terraced fields, stalking them from above and suddenly springing on them. The terror of her ferocity spread through the country. The villagers left their homes for safer regions, yet even in the forests the tigress learned to stalk the sound of an axe and made many victims before the woods were proved to be even more dangerous than the fields had been.

The method of attack adopted was so sudden as to prevent any possibility of escape, the blow dealt so deadly as to render even a cry for help impossible. The victim was dead and carried off before his companions knew what had occurred. Constant efforts were made for her destruction. Poison, spring guns, and dead-falls were ineffectually resorted to, any number of buffaloes were tied up at night, and many a time a fresh trail of a kill was taken up in hopes of obtaining a shot at the tigress, but with no result. At last a file of soldiers were requisitioned to see what force could do to remove this horrible animal, cunning having been found of no avail. The beast was killed, and was found to be a young tigress in perfect condition. The pad of her left forefoot had at one time been deeply cut from side to side, but had thoroughly healed, leaving, however, a deep scar, which proved her presence wherever she roamed.—EDWIN ARNOLD, in *London Telegraph.*

WHY THE FIGHT WAS PUT OFF.—"We always have fought at this season," said the Mussulmans and Hindoos of Lucknow in 1851 to the then acting Resident Major Hayes, "and we cannot help fighting." "But I shall fire at you both if you do." "Then we will postpone the fight for this year." They did, and it has not been fought ever since.—*London Spectator.*

RETIRED IN DISGUST.—"Strange death, that of the colonel?"

"Yes; ain't been the same man since the war; got so he couldn't tell a hoss's age or kill a man at twenty yards, an' he jes' went and died!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A

DESERT CLAIM.

BY

MARY E. STICKNEY,

AUTHOR OF "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE," "A PACIFIC ENCOUNTER," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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